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THE

(25)

POETICAL WORKS

OF

MATTHEW PRIOR.

With Memoir and Critical Dissertation,

BY THE

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8/1/20
29

EDINBURGH:

JAMES NICHOL, 104 HIGH STREET.

LONDON: JAMES NISBET & CO. DUBLIN: W. ROBERTSON.

M.DCCC.LVIII.

THE
LIFE OF MATTHEW PRIOR.

THE witty and ingenious author of "Alma" and "Solomon" was born of obscure parents. His father is said to have been a joiner either in London or in Winburn; for if seven cities contended for the honour of bearing Homer, two counties—Middlesex and Dorsetshire—have put in their claims to Prior. He was born 21st July 1664. In the College register, he is styled Filius Georgii Prior *generosi*—a term which would intimate that his father was in respectable circumstances. He is supposed to have had some property in Winburn, but perhaps had lost it, and been obliged to subsist by a mechanical profession. He died when Matthew was very young, and the boy was cast on the care of his uncle, Samuel Prior, who kept a respectable tavern near Charing Cross. His uncle treated him with much kindness, and sent him for some time to the famous Dr Busby of Westminster School. He seems to have made there considerable proficiency, but was soon taken back to his uncle's house, who proposed breeding him to his own trade. Genius has sometimes, though seldom, been developed in a tavern atmosphere—an atmosphere which, if coarse, is genial, and favourable to the observation of character in all its varieties. This, besides, was not an ordinary inn. The annual meeting of the nobility and gentry of the parish was sometimes held at "The Rummer," which was frequented, too, by many of the leading wits and literary patrons of the day. Among these was the Earl of Dorset, who, on one occasion, having started a question about the meaning of a passage in the Odes of Horace, a keen discussion arose in the company. At length, a gentleman remarked,

"I find we are not likely to agree in our criticisms; but if I am not mistaken, there is a young fellow in this house who is able to set us right." Prior is forthwith produced—explains the passage to the satisfaction of all present—and Dorset on the spot determines to send him to the University. He was sent to St John's College, Cambridge, and supported partly at his patron's expense. He entered College in 1682, in his eighteenth year; he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1686; and soon afterwards, having much distinguished himself, was elected a Fellow, a position he retained to the last. When afterwards chosen Ambassador, some one hinted that he should relinquish his Fellowship; but he very wisely replied, "that everything else he had was precarious, and when all failed, that would be bread and cheese at the last, and therefore he did not mean to part with it." Most prudential of poets! Two years after he was appointed Fellow, he wrote a poem on the Deity. It was the custom of this College, in acknowledgment of some ancient benefactions from his family, to send to the Earl of Exeter every year certain copies of sacred verses; and with this custom Prior complied in the above poem. It is thought that this led to some intercourse between the noble family of Exeter and our poet; but this is uncertain. During his residence at Cambridge, he became intimate with Charles Montague, afterwards the Earl of Halifax, and in company with him produced the "Country and City Mouse," in ridicule of Dryden's "Hind and Panther." It was published in 1687, and hailed with general laughter and applause by the Whig party. That Prior wrote the greater and better part of this clever brochure is probable; but the exact proportions belonging to each author are unknown. Spence represents himself as asking at Lord Peterborough, "Did not Halifax write the 'Country Mouse' with Mr Prior?" "Yes; just as if I was in a chaise with Mr Cheselden here, drawn by his fine horse, and should say, Lord, how finely we draw this chaise." Both authors having hit a particular taste of the public mind "between wind and water," became popular favourites, and were speedily promoted—Prior grumbling somewhat that Montague (the

"City Mouse") had the start of the "Country." His time, however, came; and in 1690-1, he was appointed secretary to the embassy which joined the Congress at the Hague. To this office, in which he was attached to the Earl of Berkeley, he was appointed by his old friend Dorset, who had been lord of the bedchamber to Charles II., and had now become chamberlain of the household to William and Mary. Here our poet conducted himself with such sense and skill, that King William made him one of the gentlemen of the bedchamber, in which office he remained for several years, quietly following his chosen pursuits of literature and poetry. He at this time, too, became acquainted with Mrs Elizabeth Singer, afterwards Mrs Elizabeth Rowe, and fascinated by her charms, poured out his passion in divers versicles. This lady's "Letters from the Dead to the Living," used to be very popular with that portion of the religious public which relished Hervey's "Meditations," and they somewhat resembled that famous production in rhapsodical language, and in pious sentimentalism. They are now nearly forgotten.

In 1695, Queen Mary, the good and amiable descendant of a long line of tyrants and fools—the one sensible and patriotic Stewart—a woman of whom her husband said, "She had no faults—none"—died, and what Johnson calls an "emulation of elegy" was the result. Dryden, indeed, old, neglected, driven from the Laureateship, had no poetical tears to shed; but most of the other poets, or poetasters, of the period, from Prior and Montague to Shadwell and Satcheverell, wrote verses on the occasion—some of them in English, and others in Latin—and all vying with each other in melodious grief. Prior's were presented to his Majesty; but it is not likely that the stern and silent widower-king, sunk in sorrow, and loaded with affairs, found leisure to read them.

1697 was a busy and a prosperous year with our poet. He was nominated principal Secretary of State in Ireland; he was employed as secretary to the English negotiations at the treaty of Ryswick, and so successfully did he conduct his share of the negotiations, that in September the Lord Justices made him a present of 200 guineas. In 1698 he went to

Paris, as secretary to the embassy to France, and continued there performing valuable service, and receiving high distinctions, both under the Earl of Portland and Lord Jersey, and for some time after the arrival of the Earl of Manchester. In August 1699 he went to Loo in Holland, and had a private interview with King William, and thence returned to England, to be Under Secretary in the room of Earl Jersey. He was soon, however, ordered back to Paris to assist the ambassador. It is recorded, that one day, surveying at Versailles the victories of Louis, painted by Lebrun, and accompanied by boastful inscriptions, and being asked whether the King of England's palace had any such decorations, he replied, "The monuments of my master's actions are to be seen everywhere but in his own house." This is, perhaps, the best rebuke, in the shape of a *bon-mot*, that biography recounts. The details of Prior's diplomatic career are not traced fully in any of his biographies which we have seen; but, as connected with the general politics of the period, will be found in the common histories, and are likely to be given in Macaulay's next volumes.

In the close of 1699 he produced his "*Carmen Seculare*," a long and glowing panegyric on the king—ranking in power and in truth with Waller's "*Panegyric to my Lord Protector*." Even Dr Johnson, greatly as he was prejudiced against William, calling him once to Boswell, "One of the most worthless rascals that ever existed," admits Prior's sincerity in this poem, and concedes to the king "the resplendent qualities of steady resolution and personal courage." It is not now, especially after Macaulay's recent full-length portraiture, necessary to enlarge on the calm yet daring courage, the decisive insight and inexorable purpose, the "silent magnanimity," the sublime fate-like coolness, the sense of duty, the solemn Calvinism of spirit and purpose, which dwelt in the poor, prematurely-old, and cough-shattered frame of the Orange-King; who never knew when he was beat, and in whom defeat always developed new resources and new greatness, and who, with all his faults of temper and outward phlegm, of firmness bordering on obstinacy, and severity

approaching at times the cruel, ranks with Alfred and Cromwell as one of the three best and noblest kings of England—best and noblest, because to courage, talent, and patriotism, they all added the fear of God, and a regard for His public cause in the world. Such a man as William might have been a “hero to his valet-de-chambre,” and much more to a man so penetrating as Prior, and who, as gentleman of the bed-chamber and secretary, had occasion to know him so thoroughly, and see him so nearly, and found him to be as great even in his undress as in public, since, unlike Napoleon and some other monarchs, the Prince of Orange was superior to all artifices and tricks of state.

In 1700 his university conferred the degree of M.A. on Prior. In the same year he succeeded Locke at the Board of Trade, and in 1701 was elected M.P. of East Grimstead, in Sussex. One inconsistency in his capacity of member was specially noticed. He voted for impeaching the lords who advised the Partition Treaty—a treaty in which he had himself been actively employed. His excuse was, that he had been a mere passive agent in the matter, and no more blameable than the pen which indites a deed of conspiracy. Shortly after commenced the brilliant series of Marlborough’s victories; and when Blenheim (Aug. 13, 1704) was fought, Prior, in common with Addison and others, celebrated it in verse, praising it both in his letter to Boileau, and in an ode to the queen. Two years after, when the battle of Ramillies took place, he again wrote a poetical panegyric. The custom of finding subjects of rhyme in victories, had existed at least from Dryden’s time, and had now come to its climax. Johnson complains, that in the wars of his day the fame of our counsellors and heroes was entrusted to the gazetteer, while the muses were silent. Since then war-poetry has flourished and faded alternately. Our first wars against the French Republicans were not popular with our poets, who were then all Jacobinically inclined, and hence Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge, left their celebration to Pye. The mighty contests of Napoleon scared and stunned the birds of song all over the world, and Lodi, Marengo, and Austerlitz have never

gathered their poetic fame. The glorious uprising of Spain and Portugal against their oppressors, and afterwards the field of Waterloo, aroused the genius of Scott and Southey, while Byron lowered askance, and found in these fights rather a subject for burning invective, and bitter satire, than for poetic enthusiasm. From Waterloo to the Crimean contest, no war, unless we except the struggle in Greece, furnished much material for our poets; and although some genuine bards have sung well of Alma and Inkermann, their strains did not awaken any lively response from the public. In reference to our present war in India, the obscurity of its causes, the various opinions as to its policy, and the horrors of its details, all combine in rendering it unfit for imaginative treatment. Yet Havelock's march to Lucknow was in itself a magnificent episode, although occurring in an epic hitherto as barren as it has been bloody.

The nation soon sickened of the war, and became weary even of its pet and pride—Marlborough. A systematic attempt began to eject the ministry, and to terminate the contest; and while Harley and his coadjutors were busy plotting in the cabinet, and declaiming in parliament, a literary cabal was formed against the Whigs, of which the dark-souled Swift was the master-demon; while Gay, Pope, and Prior, ranked among the subordinate agents. Hence came the *Examiner*—a paper in which the bitterness is still more remarkable than the talent, and the death of which was reserved for the killing smile and glancing rapier of Addison. Prior had, ere this, from a strong Whig become a flaming Tory, avoided by, and avoiding all his old political friends.

In 1711 we find him again in Paris, sent there privately, as minister-plenipotentiary to the court, to negotiate a peace. He remained there for a few weeks, and found that he was not altogether forgotten by his ancient friends. On his return, Monsieur Mesnager and the Abbe Gualtier accompanied our poet, who, however, as his commission from the new ministry had been private, was seized at Canterbury, but speedily released by the queen's orders. The negotiations for peace commenced at Prior's house, and from this time

forward his affairs became complicated with those of the Peace of Utrecht, of which he could say, "*Magna pars fui.*" Appointed our public minister in France—veering between London and Paris as a residence, surrounded by innumerable intrigues, and fascinated by the "fell genius" of Bolingbroke—his situation was, for some years, most uneasy and unhappy. He saw a tempest approaching, and had not the resolution or energy to prepare for it. His motives, nevertheless, were disinterested. His salary was ill-paid, his private fortune was insecure, and he knew that his party was tottering; yet he continued true to their interests, and was soon called to suffer in their cause. Returning home on the 25th of March 1715, he found an order of Council, which committed him to custody, waiting as his salutation. An examination before the Privy Council, an impeachment at the instance of Walpole, close imprisonment, and, in 1717, an exception from the Act of Grace, all followed in succession; and some probably expected that the author of the "Thief and the Cordelier" was to share the fate of his famous hero. Suddenly, however, and unaccountably, he was discharged. It is significant, that one of the principal accusations brought against him and Bolingbroke was, that they had been unseasonably witty during the most important and solemn negotiations. We believe the ruling passion would have been as strong at death with them as during negotiation; and that if tried for their lives and condemned, even as Danton and Camille Desmoulins, in similar circumstances, amused themselves with throwing paper pellets at their judges, Prior and Bolingbroke would have covered their everlasting retreat amidst a shower of word and wit missiles.

He was now at large, but it was for some time the liberty of a beggar. During his immersion in public life he had never altogether neglected literature. A good many years before this, he had published a collection of his "Poems," beginning with his "College Exercises," and ending with the "Nut-brown Maid." When reduced to his own resources, he sought to aid himself by collecting all his poems, and publishing them by subscription. The volume included

"Solomon," which was newly written, and was issued at two guineas. It produced for him, in all, the large amount of £4000. Lord Harley, at the same time, expended an equal sum in purchasing Down Hall, a villa in Essex, and munificently bestowed it on the Poet. He had, besides, the proceeds of his fellowship. And now, arrived at a mature but not very advanced age, possessed of a moderate competence, and with all his faculties in complete preservation, he was preparing to write a history of his own times, which would have been an exceedingly interesting as well as instructive work, when he was cut off by a slow fever, September 18, 1721. He was a month or two beyond fifty-seven years. He died at Wimple, near Cambridge, then the seat of the Earl of Oxford. He desired to be buried in Westminster Abbey, and left £500 to defray the expenses of a monument to his memory; and there, accordingly, he lies, beneath a bust by Coriveaux, and a long bad Latin inscription by an anonymous friend.

Not very much is known of the private life and manners of this Poet, and what is known is not very favourable. He excelled, indeed, in conversation, and especially in repartee; but his tastes, in certain directions, were coarse. He was never married; and except Mrs Rowe, the only objects—so far as we know—of his tenderness were quite unworthy of him. The one whom he called his Chloe was the widow of a little alehouse-keeper, and, after Prior's death, she married a cobbler. Her sobriquet was *Flanders Jane*. Another—Elizabeth Cox—whom, when he died, he had been about to marry, and who thought herself his *Emma*, is characterised by Dr Arbuthnot, in terms too coarse to be quoted, as a very worthless character. Pope says, "Prior was not a right good man;" and Richardson states that he would leave the company of Pope and Swift, and smoke a pipe with a common soldier and his wife in Longacre; yet by Harley and Bolingbroke he was loved, trusted, and esteemed. Of his personal habits little else is recorded, except, incidentally by Swift, "that he walked to make himself fat, and was generally troubled with a cough, which he called only a cold."

His writings have been accurately and comprehensively divided by Dr Johnson into his "Tales," his "Occasional Poems," "Alma," and "Solomon." His "Tales" are, so far as the incidents are concerned, in general, borrowed, but the handling is Prior's own. They are sprightly and amusing, and have been compared to the productions of that "fable tree," Fontaine. He that touches pitch must run his chance of being defiled, but Prior carries away less of it from his rather ticklish themes than might have been expected. Should any one insist that two or three of these stories are blots, he must, at the same time, admit that they are small in size; that they bear no proportion to the mass of his poetry; and that, as compositions, they are too clever and characteristic to be omitted. His "Occasional Poems" are of unequal merit. His love verses are often graceful and often very trifling. His translations from Callimachus are called by Johnson "licentious"—*i. e.*, too free in their rendering—and by other critics, stiff and hard. To us they read very much like a portion of Cowper's "Homer," and, like it, are full of a grave and true, if somewhat faint and sluggish, fire. His war poetry is, to a great extent, spoiled by its classical allusions, which are dragged in as by cart-ropes, instead of flowing naturally from the poet's memory or imagination. Johnson calls his "Henry and Emma" a "dull and tedious dialogue," and by doing so has subjected himself to the poetical anathema of Cowper. Certainly, as compared with the ancient ballad of the "Nut-brown Maid," "Henry and Emma" is artificial and poor; but this arises not from the subject, but from Prior's treatment of it. There is no task more difficult, and few more invidious, than that of modernising an ancient and favourite poem. It may be doubted if any one save Dryden has fully succeeded in it. Pope, in his "Temple of Fame," certainly has not; nor has Prior, in "Henry and Emma," in which, if the numbers are smoother than in the ancient poem, much of the race, and freshness, and the wild woodland charm, is lost. We cannot but count Johnson's criticism exceedingly prosaic and hypercritical, when he says, "The example of Emma, who resolves to fol-

low an outlawed murderer wherever fear and guilt shall drive him, deserves no imitation; and the experiment, by which Henry tries the lady's constancy, is such as must end either in infamy to her or in disappointment to himself." We suspect none ever thought that the Poet meant to recommend Emma's conduct as a model, and few were likely to follow it even though he had. The story is simply an ingenious artifice, such as Malcolm, in Macbeth, employs in blackening his own character to Macduff; and the object of the Poet is to shew how love, in certain circumstances, spurns the bounds of prudence, and sets "infamy" at defiance.

"Alma" is said, by Johnson, to be imitated from Butler's "Hudibras," although Cowper, on the contrary, says, "They were both favourites of mine, and I often read them, but never saw in them the least resemblance to each other; nor do I now, except that they are composed in the same measure." "Hudibras" has a story, although a very slight one, and one that fades away and is lost in the thick umbrage of the wit and learning. "Alma" has none. "Hudibras" laughs at religion—at least, the religion of the Puritans. "Alma" turns philosophy into ridicule. Butler has to repress and pack down his enormous mass of learned allusions, while Prior manages, by spreading his knowledge thin, to make it seem greater than in reality it is. "Butler pours out a negligent profusion, certain of the weight, but careless of the stamp. Prior has comparatively little, but with this little he makes a fine show." The two poems resemble each other more in their faults than in their merits. Both are often obscure and recondite in their allusions, and sometimes offensively coarse in their language. Next to his "Tales," however, "Alma" has been the most popular of Prior's works. It is ever lively, discursive, and entertaining.

We are, perhaps, singular in our opinion; but we cannot help, along with Prior himself, preferring "Solomon," to all his other productions. Heavy in parts, and in construction rather a planless paraphrase than a well-arranged story, with some broken lines and one egregiously absurd passage, in which Solomon is made to predict and describe the glories

of Great Britain, it is a grave, high-toned, and majestic poem. Its versification is in general rotund and rolling—its moral excellent—and its descriptions terse and graphic. The whole story of Abra is admirable, and has touches of nature in it little inferior to Shakspeare, as in that exquisite line—

“When I called another, Abra came.”

In no poem, and in no prose-work, we believe, has so much justice ever been done to the character of Israel's “Grand Monarque”—the most splendid of sensualists—the most gorgeous of love poets—the most amiable of despots—the most sententious of moralists—whose magnificent wealth, commercial enterprise, love of peace and of pomp, wondrous wisdom, and, for his age, universal knowledge, errors, and faults, which, like his merits and virtues, were on a colossal scale, and were gilded, though not redeemed, by the gusto with which he entered on them—whose fame, as the builder of the temple and of the forest palace of Lebanon, as the husband of Pharaoh's daughter, as the admired of the magnificent Queen of Sheba—whose memorable estrangement from God, and still more memorable return, recorded by himself in the Book of Ecclesiastes, all taken together, rendered him, if not the most consistent or lovely, certainly the greatest, broadest, and most brilliant of Israel's monarchs; so that in the lustre of the glory of Solomon, that of the deep-hearted David, the holy Hezekiah, and the pious and ardent Josiah, fades and dwindles away. Nowhere, save in his own page, is this extraordinary person pictured in such life-like and vivid colours as in Prior's “Solomon.”

This production is one of the best of a particular, and we may add, a very ambitious class of poems—those, namely, founded on Scripture history or Scripture song. Such, besides many others, are Cowley's “Davideis,” Giles Fletcher's “Christ's Victory,” Young's “Paraphrase of the Book of Job,” Smart's “David,” Moore's and Byron's “Hebrew Melodies,” Croly's “Scenes from Scripture,” and Thomas Aird's “Nebuchadnezzar,” and “Demoniac.” These, while all belonging to one class of poetry, and attesting one primal

fount of inspiration, vary exceedingly in character; Cowley's poem being at once clumsy and fragmentary, although shewing prodigious powers of misdirected genius, and misapplied learning; Fletcher's being a grand but unequal production—the abortive “Faery Queen” of Christianity; Young's being a translation of the sublime of Hebrew into the elegant of English poetry; Moore's “Hebrew Melodies” being mawkish, and Byron's morbid renderings of their respective originals—while Croly, Aird, Smart, and Prior have all, in different degrees, entered into the soul of the Scripture writers. Croly, in his “Dothan,” recalling the very spirit of the scene when the “Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw and behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha;” Aird, walking with emulous foot beside Ezekiel,

“Whose spirit stumbles on the corner-stones
Of realms disjointed, and of broken thrones;”

Smart mating with the magnificent aberrations, as well as the lofty flights of the lord of Adullam's cave—and Prior (as if he had written or read the lost volume, “The Book of the Acts of Solomon,”) recalling from the “sepulchre of the kings of Israel,” the majestic form of the Great Man to whom “God gave wisdom and understanding exceeding much, and greatness of heart, even as the sand that is by the sea-shore.”

Prior's place as a poet, is in the second rank of the Pope and Dryden School—beneath these two masters, but on a level with Swift and Gay. His imagination is fertile but not creative—his language, except in his “Tales,” is copious rather than terse—his wit is Swift's, but with the gall diluted; possessing Swift's ease, without his malignant *animus*—he displays the unvarying good sense, coolness, and self-command of a man of the world, rather than the ardour and enthusiasm of a bard, and has been well called the “most natural of artificial poets.”

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
DEDICATION	1	An Ode presented to the King,	
An Ode on Exod. iii. 14.—I am		on his Majesty's Arrival in	
that I am	9	Holland, after the Queen's	
To the Countess of Exeter, play-		death. MDCXCV.	42
ing on the Lute	13	In imitation of Anacreon	48
Picture of Seneca dying in a		An Ode	49
Bath. By Jordain	14	An English Ballad on the tak-	
An Ode	15	ing of Namur by the King of	
An Epistle to Fleetwood Shep-		Great Britain, MDCXCV.	49
herd, Esq.	17	Presented to the King, at his	
To the Countess of Dorset, writ-		Arrival in Holland, after the	
ten in her Milton, by Mr		Discovery of the Conspiracy,	
Bradbury	23	MDCXCVI.	55
To the Lady Dursley. On the		To Cloe Weeping	58
same subject	23	To Mr Howard. An Ode	58
To my Lord Buckhurst. Very		Love Disarmed	60
young, playing with a Cat	24	Cloe Hunting	61
An Ode	24	Cupid and Ganymede	62
A Song	25	Cupid Mistaken	64
The Despairing Shepherd	26	Venus Mistaken	65
To the Honourable Charles		A Song	65
Montague	27	The Dove	66
Hymn to the Sun. Set by Dr		A Lover's Anger	70
Purcell	29	Mercury and Cupid	71
The Lady's Looking-glass. In		On Beauty. A Riddle	73
imitation of an Idyllium of		The Question. To Lisetta	74
Moschus	31	Lisetta's Reply	75
Love and Friendship: A Pas-		The Garland	75
toral. By Mrs Elizabeth Singer	33	The Lady who offers her Look-	
To the Author of the foregoing		ing-glass to Venus	77
Pastoral	35	Cloe Jealous	77
To a Lady: She refusing to con-		Answer to Cloe Jealous. In the	
tinue a Dispute with me, and		same style	79
leaving me in the Argument.		A Better Answer	79
An Ode	36	Pallas and Venus. An Epigram	80
Seeing the Duke of Ormond's		To a Young Gentleman in Love.	
Picture at Sir Godfrey Knel-		A Tale	81
ler's	37	An English Padlock	83
Celia to Damon.	38	Hans Carvel	86

	PAGE		PAGE
A Dutch Proverb	90	Epilogue to Phædra and Hip-	186
Paulo Purganti and his Wife:		politus. By Mr Edmund Smith	
An Honest but a Simple		Epilogue to Lucius. A Tra-	
Pair	91	gedy, by Mrs De La Reviere	
The Ladle	96	Manley	188
Written at Paris. MDCC. In		The Thief and the Cordelier.	
the beginning of Robe's Geo-		A Ballad	189
graphy	101	An Epitaph	192
Written in the beginning of		Horace, Lib. i. Epist. ix. Imitated	194
Mezeray's History of France	102	To Mr Harley, wounded by	
Written in the Nouveaux Inter-		Guiscard. 1711	195
ets des Princes de l'Europe .	103	An Extempore Invitation to the	
Adriani Morientis ad Animam		Earl of Oxford, Lord High	
Suam	103	Treasurer. MDCCXII.	196
A passage in the Morise En-		Erle Robert's Mica. In Chau-	
comium of Erasmus imitated	104	cer's Style	197
To Dr Sherlock, on his Practical		A Flower Painted by Simon	
Discourse concerning Death	105	Verelst	199
Carmen Seculare, for the Year		To the Lady Elizabeth Harley,	
MDCC. To the King	107	since Marchioness of Carmar-	
An Ode. Inscribed to the		then, on a Column of her	
Memory of the Honourable		Drawing	200
Colonel George Villiers	125	Protopogenes and Apelles	200
Prologue, spoken at Court be-		Democritus and Heraclitus	203
fore the Queen, on Her Ma-		For my own Tombstone	203
jesty's Birthday, MDCCIV.	128	Gualterus Danistonus ad Amicos	203
A Letter to Monsieur Boileau		The First Hymn of Callimachus.	
Despreaux, occasioned by		To Jupiter	205
the Victory at Blenheim,		The Second Hymn of Calli-	
MDCCIV.	130	machus. To Apollo	209
For the Plan of a Fountain	136	Charity. A Paraphrase on the	
The Chameleon	136	Thirteenth Chapter of the	
Merry Andrew	138	First Epistle to the Corin-	
A Simile	139	thians	214
The Flies	140	Engraven on a Column in the	
From the Greek	140	Church of Halstead in Essex	216
Epigram	140	Written in Montaigne's Essays,	
To a Person who wrote Ill, and		given to the Duke of Shrews-	
spoke Worse against me	141	bury in France, after the	
'Quid sit futuram cras fuge		Peace, MDCCXIII.	216
querere'	142	An Epistle, desiring the Queen's	
Henry and Emma. A Poem	142	Picture	217
An Ode, humbly inscribed to		Alma; or, the Progress of the	
the Queen, on the Glorious		Mind. In Three Cantos.	218
Success of Her Majesty's		Solomon on the Vanity of the	
Arms. MDCCVI.	166	World. A Poem. In Three	
An Ode	168	Books:—	269
Cantata. Set by Monsieur Gal-		Knowledge: Book the	
liard	180	First	273
Her Right Name	181	Pleasure: Book the Second	297
Lines written in an Ovid	182	Power: Book the Third	327
A Reasonable Affliction	183	Considerations on part of the	
Phillis's Age	184	Eighty-Eighth Psalm	354
Forma Bonum Fragile	185	To the Rev. Dr Francis Turner,	
A Critical Moment	185	Bishop of Ely, who had	
An Epigram. Written to the		advised a Translation of	
Duke de Noailles	185	Prudentius	355

PAGE	PAGE
A Pastoral. To Dr Turner, Bishop of Ely, on his De- parture from Cambridge.	Nell and John 419
356	Bibo and Charon 419
An Epistle to Fleetwood Shep- herd, Esq.	Wives by the Dozen 419
358	Fatal Love 420
On the Taking of Namur	The Modern Saint 420
360	The Parallel 420
Ode in Imitation of Horace, iii. od. ii.	To a Young Lady, who was fond of Fortune Telling 421
351	A Greek Epigram Imitated 422
Prologue spoken by Lord Buck- hurst at Westminster School, at a Representation of Dry- den's Cleomenes, at Christ- mas, MDCXCV.	The Wandering Pilgrim 422
369	Venus's Advice to the Muses 424
The Secretary	Cupid turned Ploughman 425
370	Pontius and Pontia 425
The Remedy Worse than the Disease	Cupid turned Stroller. From Anacreon 426
371	To a Poet of Quality. Praising the Lady Hinchinbroke 428
Upon this Passage in the Scaligeriana—'Les Allemans ne se soucient pas quel Vin ils boivent pourveu que ce soit Vin, ni quel Latin ils par- lent pourveu que ce soit Latin	The Pedant 428
372	Cautious Alice 428
To a Child of Quality.	The Incurable 429
372	To Fortune 429
Partial Fame	Nonpareil 429
373	Chaste Florimel 430
To Cloe	Doctors Differ 431
373	Epigram on Bishop Atterbury On Bishop Atterbury's burying the Duke of Buckingham MDCXX. 432
To the Right Honourable the Countess Dowager of Devon- shire.	Upon Honour. A Fragment 433
374	Enigma 433
A Fable from Phædrus	The Old Gentry 434
376	The Insatiable Priest 435
On my Birthday, July 21	A French Song Imitated 435
376	A Case Stated 435
Epitaph, Extempore	Upon playing at Ombre with Two Ladies 436
377	Cupid's Promise, a French Song Paraphrased 437
For my own Monument	To the Earl of Oxford. Written Extempore in Lady Oxford's Study, 1717 438
377	A Letter to the Honourable Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, when a Child 438
Cupid in Ambush	Lines written under the Print of Tom Britton the Small-coal- man, painted by Mr Woolas- ton 439
379	Truth Told at Last 439
The Turtle and Sparrow	Written in Lady Howe's Ovid's Epistles 439
379	An Epistle. MDCCXVI. 440
Application, wirtten long after the Tale	Another Epistle 440
392	True's Epitaph 440
Down-hall. A Ballad	Epigram 441
393	The Viceroy. A Ballad 441
Versesspoken to Lady Henrietta Cavendish-Holles Harley, Countess of Oxford. In the Library of St John's College, Cambridge	Apology to a Lady, who told me
400	
Prologue to the Orphan	
401	
Husband and Wife	
402	
Truth and Falsehood. A Tale	
402	
The Conversation. A Tale	
404	
The Female Phaeton	
407	
The Judgment of Venus.	
408	
Daphne and Apollo: imitated, from the First Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses	
410	
The Mice. To Mr Adrian Drift. MDCCVIII.	
414	
Two Riddles	
417	
Epigram Extempore	
418	

	PAGE		PAGE
I could not love her heartily, because I had loved others . . .	449	When the Cat is away, the Mice may Play	452
Against Modesty in Love . . .	450	The Widow and her Cat. A Fable	455
On a Young Lady's going to Town in the Spring	451	A Paraphrase from the French	457

SONGS SET TO MUSIC BY THE MOST EMINENT MASTERS.

I. Reading ends in me- lancholy	458	XV. Once I was uncon- fined and free. . .	465
II. Whither would my passion run	458	XVI. Farewell, Amynta, we must part . . .	466
III. Strephonetta, why d'ye fly me	458	XVII. Accept, my love, as true a heart . . .	467
IV. Come, weep no more, for 'tis in vain	459	XVIII. Nanny blushes when I woo her	467
V. Let perjured fair Amynta know	460	XIX. Since we your hus- band daily see. . .	468
VI. Phillis, since we have both been kind	460	XX. Phillis, give this humour over . . .	469
VII. Phillis, this pious talk give o'er	461	XXI. Haste, my Nannette, my lovely maid . .	469
VIII. Still, Dorinda, I adore IX. Is it, O love, thy want of eyes	461	XXII. Since by ill fate I'm forced away. . . .	470
X. Why, Harry, what ails you	463	XXIII. In vain, alas! poor Strephon tries . . .	470
XI. Since my words, though ne'er so tender	463	XXIV. Well, I will never more complain . . .	471
XII. Morella, charming without art	464	XXV. Chloe beauty has and wit.	472
XIII. Love, inform thy faithful creature	464	XXVI. Since, Moggy, I mun bid adieu	473
XIV. Touch the lyre, on every string	465	XXVII. Some kind angel, gently flying . . .	473
		XXVIII. Whilst others pro- claim	474

PRIOR'S POETICAL WORKS.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE LIONEL, EARL OF DORSET
AND MIDDLESEX.¹

It looks like no great compliment to your Lordship, that I prefix your name to this epistle; when, in the preface, I declare the book is published almost against my inclination. But, in all cases, my Lord, you have an hereditary right to whatever may be called mine. Many of the following pieces were written by the command of your excellent father; and most of the rest, under his protection and patronage.

The particular felicity of your birth, my Lord; the natural endowments of your mind, which, without suspicion of flattery, I may tell you, are very great; the good education with which these parts have been improved; and your coming into the world, and seeing men very early; make us expect from your Lordship all the good, which our hopes can form in favour of a young nobleman. *Tu Marcellus eris*; our eyes and our hearts are turned on you. You must be a judge and master of polite learning; a friend and patron to men of letters and merit; a faithful and able counsellor to your prince; a true patriot to your country; an ornament and honour to the titles you possess; and in one word, a worthy son to the great Earl of Dorset.²

It is as impossible to mention that name, without desiring to commend the person, as it is to give him the commendations which his virtues deserved. But I assure myself, the most agreeable compliment I can bring your Lordship, is to pay a grateful respect to your father's memory. And my own obligations to him were such, that the world must pardon my endeavouring at his character, however I may miscarry in the attempt.

A thousand ornaments and graces met in the composition of this great man, and contributed to make him universally beloved and esteemed. The figure of his body was strong, proportionable, beautiful: and was his picture well drawn, it must deserve the praise given to the portraits of Raphael; and, at once, create love and respect. While the greatness of his mien informed men, they were approaching the nobleman, the sweetness of it invited them to come nearer to the patron. There was in his look and gesture something that is more easily conceived than described; that gained upon you in his favour, before he spake one word. His behaviour was easy and courteous to all; but distinguished and adapted to each man in particular, according to his station and quality. His civility was free from the formality of rule, and flowed immediately from his good sense.

Such were the natural faculties and strength of his mind, that he had occasion to borrow very little from education; and he owed those advantages to his own good parts, which others acquire by study and imitation. His

¹ Afterwards created Duke of Dorset.—² Born 24 January, 1637, died 29 January, 1705-6.

wit was abundant, noble, bold. Wit in most writers is like a fountain in a garden, supplied by several streams brought through artful pipes, and playing sometimes agreeably. But the Earl of Dorset's was a source rising from the top of a mountain, which forced its own way, and with inexhaustible supplies, delighted and enriched the country through which it passed. This extraordinary genius was accompanied with so true a judgment in all parts of fine learning, that whatever subject was before him, he discoursed as properly of it, as if the peculiar bent of his study had been applied that way; and he perfected his judgment by reading and digesting the best authors, though he quoted them very seldom,

Contemnebat potius literas, quàm nesciebat :

and rather seemed to draw his knowledge from his own stores, than to owe it to any foreign assistance.

The brightness of his parts, the solidity of his judgment, and the candour and generosity of his temper distinguished him in an age of great politeness, and at a Court abounding with men of the finest sense and learning. The most eminent masters in their several ways appealed to his determination. Waller thought it an honour to consult him in the softness and harmony of his verse: and Dr Sprat, in the delicacy and turn of his prose. Dryden determines by him,¹ under the character of Eugenius, as to the laws of dramatic poetry. Butler owed it to him that the Court tasted his Hudibras; Wycherley that the town liked his Plain Dealer; and the late Duke of Buckingham deferred to publish his Rehearsal, till he was sure (as he expressed it) that my Lord Dorset would not *rehearse* upon him again. If we wanted foreign testimony, La Fontaine and St Evremont have acknowledged, that he was a perfect master of the beauty and fineness of their language, and of all that they call *les Belles Lettres*. Nor was this nicety of his judgment confined only to books and literature, but was the same in statuary, painting, and all other parts of art. Bernini would have taken his opinion upon the beauty and attitude of a figure; and King Charles did not agree with Lely, that my lady Cleveland's picture was finished, till it had the approbation of my Lord Buckhurst.

As the judgment which he made of others' writings could not be refuted, the manner in which he wrote will hardly ever be equalled. Every one of his pieces is an ingot of gold, intrinsically and solidly valuable; such as, wrought or beaten thinner, would shine through a whole book of any other author. His thought was always new; and the expression of it so particularly happy, that every body knew immediately, it could only be my Lord Dorset's: and yet it was so easy too, that every body was ready to imagine himself capable of writing it. There is a lustre in his verses, like that of the sun in Claude Lorraine's landscapes: it looks natural, and is inimitable. His love-verses have a mixture of delicacy and strength. They convey the wit of Petronius in the softness of Tibullus. His satire indeed is so severely pointed, that in it he appears, what his great friend the Earl of Rochester (that other prodigy of the age) says he was;—

The best good man, with the worst natur'd Muse.

Yet even here, that character may justly be applied to him, which Persius gives of the best writer in this kind, that ever lived :

¹ See Dryden's Essay on Dramatic Poesie.

*Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit.*

And the gentleman had always so much the better of the satirist, that the persons touched did not know where to fix their resentments; and were forced to appear rather ashamed than angry. Yet so far was this great author from valuing himself upon his works, that he cared not what became of them, though every body else did. There are many things of his not extant in writing, which however are always repeated: like the verses and sayings of the ancient Druids, they retain an universal veneration, though they are preserved only by memory.

As it is often seen, that those men who are least qualified for business, love it most; my Lord Dorset's character was, that he certainly understood it, but did not care for it.

Coming very young to the possession of two plentiful estates, and in an age when pleasure was more in fashion than business, he turned his parts rather to books and conversation than to politics, and what more immediately related to the public. But whenever the safety of his country demanded his assistance, he readily entered into the most active parts of life, and underwent the greatest dangers with a constancy of mind which showed, that he had not only read the rules of philosophy, but understood the practice of them.

In the first Dutch war he went a volunteer under the Duke of York. His behaviour, during that campaign, was such as distinguished the Sackville descended from that Hildebrand of the name, who was one of the greatest captains that came into England with the Conqueror. But his making a song¹ the night before the engagement (and it was one of the prettiest that ever was made) carries with it so sedate a presence of mind, and such an unusual gallantry, that it deserves as much to be recorded, as Alexander's jesting with his soldiers, before he passed the Granicus; or William the First of Orange, giving order over night for a battle, and desiring to be called in the morning, lest he should happen to sleep too long.

From hence, during the remaining part of King Charles' reign, he continued to live in honourable leisure. He was of the bed-chamber to the king, and possessed not only his master's favour, but (in a great degree) his familiarity; never leaving the Court, but when he was sent to that of France, on some short commissions and embassies of compliment: as if the king designed to show the French (who would be thought the politest nation), that one of the finest gentlemen in Europe was his subject; and that we had a prince who understood his worth so well, as not to suffer him to be long out of his presence.

The succeeding reign neither relished my Lord's wit, nor approved his maxims: so he retired altogether from Court. But as the irretrievable mistakes of that unhappy government went on to threaten the nation with something more terrible than a Dutch war, he thought it became him to resume the courage of his youth, and once more to engage himself in defending the liberty of his country. He entered into the Prince of Orange's interest, and carried on his part of that great enterprise here in London, and

¹ The song began, 'To all you ladies now at land,' and may be found in old collections of the Minor Poets.

under the eye of the Court, with the same resolution; as his friend and fellow-patriot, the late Duke of Devonshire, did in open arms at Nottingham, till the dangers of those times increased to extremity, and just apprehensions arose for the safety of the princess, our present glorious queen: then the Earl of Dorset was thought the properest guide of her necessary flight, and the person under whose courage and direction the nation might most safely trust a charge so precious and important.

After the establishment of their late majesties upon the throne, there was room again at Court for men of my Lord's character. He had a part in the councils of those princes, a great share in their friendship, and all the marks of distinction with which a good government could reward a patriot. He was made chamberlain of their majesties' household, a place which he so eminently adorned by the grace of his person, the fineness of his breeding, and the knowledge and practice of what was decent and magnificent, that he could only be rivalled in these qualifications by one great man, who has since held the same staff.

The last honours he received from his sovereign (and indeed they were the greatest which a subject could receive), were, that he was made Knight of the Garter, and constituted one of the Regents of the kingdom, during his majesty's absence. But his health, about that time, sensibly declining, and the public affairs not threatened by any imminent danger, he left the business to those who delighted more in the state of it, and appeared only sometimes at council, to show his respect to the commission; giving as much leisure as he could to the relief of those pains, with which it pleased God to afflict him, and indulging the reflections of a mind, that had looked through the world with too piercing an eye, and was grown weary of the prospect. Upon the whole, it may very justly be said of this great man, with regard to the public, that through the course of his life, he acted like an able pilot in a long voyage; contented to sit quiet in the cabin, when the winds were allayed, and the waters smooth; but vigilant and ready to resume the helm, when the storm arose, and the sea grew tumultuous.

I ask your pardon, my Lord, if I look yet a little more nearly into the late Lord Dorset's character; if I examine it not without some intention of finding fault; and (which is an odd way of making a panegyric) set his blemishes and imperfections in open view.

The fire of his youth carried him to some excesses, but they were accompanied with a most lively invention, and true humour. The little violences and easy mistakes of a night too gaily spent (and that too in the beginning of life), were always set right the next day, with great humanity, and ample retribution. His faults brought their excuse with them, and his very failings had their beauties. So much sweetness accompanied what he said, and so great generosity what he did, that people were always prepossessed in his favour; and it was in fact true, what the late Earl of Rochester said in jest to King Charles; that he did not know how it was, but my Lord Dorset might do any thing, yet was never to blame.

He was naturally very subject to passion; but the short gust was soon over, and served only to set off the charms of his temper, when more composed. That very passion broke out with a force of wit, which made even anger agreeable. While it lasted, he said and forgot a thousand things, which

other men would have been glad to have studied and wrote; but the impetuosity was corrected upon a moment's reflection, and the measure altered with such grace and delicacy, that you could scarce perceive where the key was changed.

He was very sharp in his reflections; but never in the wrong place. His darts were sure to wound; but they were sure to hit none but those whose follies gave him a very fair aim. And when he allowed no quarter, he had certainly been provoked by more than common error; by men's tedious and circumstantial recitals of their affairs, or by their multiplied questions about his own; by extreme ignorance and impertinence; or the mixture of these, an ill-judged and never-ceasing civility; or lastly, by the two things which were his utter aversion, the insinuation of a flatterer, and the whisper of a talebearer.

If, therefore, we set the piece in its worst position; if its faults be most exposed, the shades will still appear very finely joined with their lights; and every imperfection will be diminished by the lustre of some neighbouring virtue. But if we turn the great drawings and wonderful colourings to their true light, the whole must appear beautiful, noble, admirable.

He possessed all those virtues in the highest degree, upon which the pleasure of society, and the happiness of life depend; and he exercised them with the greatest decency and best manners. As good nature is said, by a great¹ author, to belong more particularly to the English than to any other nation, it may again be said, that it belonged more particularly to the late Earl of Dorset than to any other Englishman.

A kind husband he was, without fondness; and an indulgent father, without partiality; so extraordinary good a master, that this quality ought indeed to have been numbered among his defects; for he was often served worse than became his station, from his unwillingness to assume an authority too severe. And during those little transports of passion, to which I have just now said he was subject, I have known his servants get into his way, that they might make a merit of it immediately after; for he that had the good fortune to be chid, was sure of being rewarded for it.

His table was one of the last that gave us an example of the old house-keeping of an English nobleman. A freedom reigned at it, which made every one of his guests think himself at home; and an abundance, which showed that the master's hospitality extended to many more than those who had the honour to sit at table with him.

In his dealings with others, his care and exactness that every man should have his due, was such, that you would think he had never seen a Court: the politeness and civility with which this justice was administered, would convince you he never had lived out of one.

He was so strict an observer of his word, that no consideration whatever could make him break it; yet so cautious, lest the merit of his act should arise from that obligation only, that he usually did the greatest favours without making any previous promise. So inviolable was he in his friendship, and so kind to the character of those whom he had once honoured with a more intimate acquaintance; that nothing less than a demonstration of some essential fault could make him break with them; and then too, his good

¹ Sprat, *Hist. of the Royal Society*.

nature did not consent to it, without the greatest reluctance and difficulty. Let me give one instance of this amongst many. When, as Lord Chamberlain, he was obliged to take the king's pension from Mr Dryden, who had long before put himself out of a possibility of receiving any favour from the Court, my Lord allowed him an equivalent out of his own estate. However displeased with the conduct of his old acquaintance, he relieved his necessities; and while he gave him his assistance in private, in public he extenuated and pitied his error.

The foundation indeed of these excellent qualities, and the perfection of my Lord Dorset's character, was that unbounded charity which ran through the whole tenor of his life, and sat as visibly predominant over the other faculties of his soul, as she is said to do in Heaven, above her sister virtues.

Crowds of poor daily thronged his gates, expecting thence their bread; and were still lessened by his sending the most proper objects of his bounty to apprenticeships, or hospitals. The lazar and the sick, as he accidentally saw them, were removed from the street to the physician; and many of them not only restored to health, but supplied with what might enable them to resume their former callings, and make their future lives happy. The prisoner has often been released, by my Lord's paying the debt; and the condemned has been saved by his intercession with the sovereign, where he thought the letter of the law too rigid. To those whose circumstances were such as made them ashamed of their poverty, he knew how to bestow his munificence without offending their modesty; and under the notion of frequent presents, gave them what amounted to a subsistence. Many yet alive know this to be true, though he told it to none, nor ever was more uneasy than when any one mentioned it to him.

We may find among the Greeks and Latins, Tibullus and Gallus, the noblemen that writ poetry; Augustus and Mæcenas, the protectors of learning; Aristides, the good citizen; and Atticus, the well bred friend; and bring them in, as examples of my Lord Dorset's wit, his judgment, his justice, and his civility. But for his charity, my Lord, we can scarce find a parallel in history itself.

Titus was not more the *deliciae humani generis*, on this account, than my Lord Dorset was; and, without any exaggeration, that prince did not do more good in proportion out of the revenue of the Roman empire, than your father out of the income of a private estate. Let this, my Lord, remain to you and your posterity a possession for ever; to be imitated, and, if possible, to be excelled.

As to my own particular, I scarce knew what life was, sooner than I found myself obliged to his favour; nor have had reason to feel any sorrow so sensibly as that of his death.

"Ille dies—quem semper acerbum
Semper honoratum (sic Dī voluistis) habebo."

Aeneas could not reflect upon the loss of his own father with greater piety, my Lord, than I must recall the memory of yours; and when I think whose son I am writing to, the least I promise myself from your goodness is an uninterrupted continuance of favour, and a friendship for life. To which, that I may with some justice entitle myself, I send your Lordship a dedication,

not filled with a long detail of your praises, but with my sincerest wishes that you may deserve them. That you may employ those extraordinary parts and abilities with which heaven has blessed you, to the honour of your family, the benefit of your friends, and the good of your country; that all your actions may be great, open, and noble, such as may tell the world whose son and whose successor you are.

What I now offer to your Lordship is a collection of poetry, a kind of garland of good-will. If any verses of my writing should appear in print, under another name and patronage, than that of an Earl of Dorset, people might suspect them not to be genuine. I have attained my present end, if these poems prove the diversion of some of your youthful hours, as they have been occasionally the amusement of some of mine; and I humbly hope, that as I may hereafter bind up my fuller sheaf, and lay some pieces of a very different nature (the product of my severer studies) at your Lordship's feet, I shall engage your more serious reflection: happy, if in all my endeavours I may contribute to your delight or to your instruction. I am, with all duty and respect,

My Lord,
Your Lordship's most obedient, and
Most humble Servant,
MAT. PRIOR.

PREFACE.

THE greatest part of what I have written having been already published, either singly or in some of the miscellanies, it would be too late for me to make any excuse for appearing in print. But a collection of poems has lately appeared under my name, though without my knowledge, in which the publisher has given me the honour of some things that did not belong to me; and has transcribed others so imperfectly, that I hardly knew them to be mine. This has obliged me, in my own defence, to look back upon some of those lighter studies, which I ought long since to have quitted, and to publish an indifferent collection of poems, for fear of being thought the author of a worse.

Thus I beg pardon of the public for reprinting some pieces, which as they came singly from their first impression, have (I fancy) lain long and quietly in Mr Tonson's shop; and adding others to them, which were never before printed, and might have lain as quietly, and perhaps more safely, in a corner of my own study.

The reader will, I hope, make allowance for their having been written at very distant times, and on very different occasions, and take them as they happen to come: public panegyrics, amorous odes, serious reflections, or idle tales, the product of his leisure hours, who had business enough upon his hands, and was only a poet by accident.

I take this occasion to thank my good friend and school-fellow, Mr Dibben,¹ for his excellent version of the *Carmen Seculare*,² though my gratitude may justly carry a little envy with it; for, I believe, the most accurate judges will find the translation exceed the original.

¹ Thomas Dibben, afterwards doctor of divinity, rector of Great Fontmell, in Dorsetshire, precentor of St Paul's—a man of high literary promise, who afterwards died mad.

—² Dibben's Latin translation is not given in this edition.

I must likewise own myself obliged to Mrs Singer,¹ who has given me leave to print a pastoral of her writing; that poem having produced the verses immediately following it. I wish she might be prevailed with to publish some other pieces of that kind, in which the softness of her sex, and the fineness of her genius, conspire to give her a very distinguishing character.

POSTSCRIPT.

I must help my preface by a postscript, to tell the reader, that there are ten years' distance between my writing the one and the other; and that (whatever I thought then, and have somewhere said, that I would publish no more poetry) he will find several copies of verses scattered through this edition, which were not printed in the first. Those relating to the public stand in the order they did before, and according to the several years in which they were written, however the disposition of our national affairs, the actions, or the fortunes of some men, and the opinions of others may have changed. Prose, and other human things may take what turn they can; but poetry, which pretends to have something of divinity in it, is to be more permanent. Odes once printed cannot well be altered, when the author has already said, that he expects his works should live for ever. And it had been very foolish in my friend Horace, if some years after his *Exegi Monumentum*, he should have desired to see his building taken down again.

The dedication, likewise, is reprinted to the Earl of Dorset, in the foregoing leaves, without any alteration; though I had the fairest opportunity, and the strongest inclination to have added a great deal to it. The blooming hopes, which I said the world expected from my then very young patron, have been confirmed by most noble and distinguished first-fruits; and his life is going on towards a plentiful harvest of all accumulated virtues. He has in fact exceeded whatever the fondness of my wishes could invent in his favour: his equally good and beautiful lady enjoys in him an indulgent and obliging husband; his children, a kind and careful father; and his acquaintance, a faithful, generous, and polite friend. His fellow peers have attended to the persuasion of his eloquence; and have been convinced by the solidity of his reasoning. He has long since deserved and attained the honour of the Garter. He has managed some of the greatest charges of the kingdom with known ability; and laid them down with entire disinterestment. And as he continues the exercises of these eminent virtues (which that he may do to a very old age, shall be my perpetual wish) he may be one of the greatest men that our age, or possibly our nation has bred; and leave materials for a panegyric, not unworthy the pen of some future Pliny.

From so noble a subject as the Earl of Dorset, to so mean a one as myself, is (I confess) a very Pindaric transition. I shall only say one word, and trouble the reader no farther. I published my poems formerly, as Monsieur Jourdain sold his silk: he would not be thought a tradesman, but ordered some pieces to be measured out to his particular friends. Now I give up my shop, and dispose of all my poetical goods at once: I must therefore desire, that the public would please to take them in the gross; and that every body would turn over what he does not like.²

¹ Afterwards the celebrated Mrs Elizabeth Rowe. It is said that Mr Prior, about the time this poem was written, made his addresses to this lady.—² A list of subscribers, some 2000 in number, precedes the poem in the folio edition of 1718, and appears to include all the most celebrated names of that time.

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS BY
MATTHEW PRIOR.

AN ODE

ON EXOD. III. 14.—I AM THAT I AM.

WRITTEN IN 1688, AS AN EXERCISE AT ST JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

- 1 MAN! foolish man!
 Scarce know'st thou how thyself began;
 Scarce hast thou thought enough to prove thou art;
 Yet steeled with studied boldness, thou darest try
 To send thy doubting reason's dazzled eye
 Through the mysterious gulf of vast immensity.
 Much thou canst there discern, much thence impart.
 Vain wretch! suppress thy knowing pride;
 Mortify thy learned lust!
 Vain are thy thoughts, while thou thyself art dust.
- 2 Let Wit her sails, her oars let Wisdom lend;
 The helm let politic Experience guide:
 Yet cease to hope thy short-lived bark shall ride
 Down spreading Fate's unnavigable tide.
 What, though still it farther tend?
 Still 'tis farther from its end;
 And, in the bosom of that boundless sea,
 Still finds its error lengthen with its way.
 With daring pride and insolent delight
 Your doubts resolved you boast, your labours crowned;
 And "ΕΤΡΗΚΑ! your god, forsooth is found
 Incomprehensible and infinite.

But is he therefore found? vain searcher! no:
 Let your imperfect definition show,
 That nothing you, the weak definer, know.

3 Say, why should the collected main
 Itself within itself contain?
 Why to its caverns should it sometimes creep,
 And with delighted silence sleep
 On the loved bosom of its parent deep?
 Why should its numerous waters stay
 In comely discipline, and fair array,
 Till winds and tides exert their high command?
 Then prompt and ready to obey,
 Why do the rising surges spread
 Their opening ranks o'er earth's submissive head,
 Marching through different paths to different lands?

4 Why does the constant sun
 With measured steps his radiant journeys run?
 Why does he order the diurnal hours
 To leave earth's other part, and rise on ours?
 Why does he wake the correspondent moon,
 And fill her willing lamp with liquid light,
 Commanding her with delegated powers
 To beautify the world, and bless the night?
 Why does each animated star
 Love the just limits of its proper sphere?
 Why does each consenting sign
 With prudent harmony combine
 In turns to move, and subsequent appear,
 To gird the globe, and regulate the year?

5 Man does with dangerous curiosity
 These unfathomed wonders try:

With fancied rules and arbitrary laws
 Matter and motion he restrains;
 And studied lines and fictitious circles draws:
 Then with imagined sovereignty
 Lord of his new hypothesis he reigns.
 He reigns : how long ! till some usurper rise,
 And he too, mighty thoughtful, mighty wise,
 Studies new lines, and other circles feigns.
 From this last toil again what knowledge flows ?
 Just as much, perhaps, as shows,
 That all his predecessor's rules
 Were empty cant, all jargon of the Schools;
 That he on the other's ruin rears his throne;
 And shows his friend's mistake, and thence con-
 firms his own.

6. On earth, in air, amidst the seas and skies,
 Mountainous heaps of wonders rise;
 Whose towering strength will ne'er submit
 To Reason's batteries, or the mines of Wit:
 Yet still inquiring, still mistaking man,
 Each hour repulsed, each hour dare onward press;
 And levelling at God his wandering guess,
 (That feeble engine of his reasoning war,
 Which guides his doubts, and combats his despair)
 Laws to his Maker the learn'd wretch can give:
 Can bound that nature, and prescribe that will,
 Whose pregnant word did either ocean fill:
 Can tell us whence all beings are, and how they
 move and live.
 Through either ocean, foolish man !
 That pregnant word sent forth again,
 Might to a world extend each atom there;
 For every drop call forth a sea, a heaven for every star.

- 7 Let cunning Earth her fruitful wonders hide;
And only lift thy staggering reason up
To trembling Calvary's astonished top;
Then mock thy knowledge, and confound thy pride,
Explaining how Perfection suffered pain,
Almighty languished, and eternal died:
How by her patient victor Death was slain;
And earth profaned, yet blessed with deicide.
Then down with all thy boasted volumes, down;
Only reserve the sacred one:
Low, reverently low,
Make thy stubborn knowledge bow;
Weep out thy reason's, and thy body's eyes;
Deject thyself, that thou may'st rise;
To look to Heaven, be blind to all below.
- 8 Then Faith, for Reason's glimmering light, shall give
Her immortal perspective;
And Grace's presence Nature's loss retrieve:
Then thy enlivened soul shall see,
That all the volumes of philosophy,
With all their comments, never could invent
So politic an instrument,
To reach the Heaven of Heavens, the high abode,
Where Moses places his mysterious God,
As was that ladder which old Jacob reared,
When light divine had human darkness cleared;
And his enlarged ideas found the road,
Which Faith had dictated, and Angels trod.
-

TO THE COUNTESS OF EXETER,*

PLAYING ON THE LUTE.

WHAT charms you have, from what high race you
sprung,

Have been the pleasing subjects of my song:
Unskilled and young, yet something still I writ,
Of Ca'ndish beauty joined to Cecil's wit.
But when you please to show the labouring Muse
What greater theme your music can produce,
My babbling praises I repeat no more,
But hear, rejoice, stand silent, and adore.

The Persians thus, first gazing on the sun,
Admired how high 'twas placed, how bright it shone; 10
But, as his power was known, their thoughts were
raised;

And soon they worshipped, what at first they praised.

Eliza's glory lives in Spenser's song;
And Cowley's verse keeps fair Orinda young.
That as in birth, in beauty you excel,
The Muse might dictate, and the Poet tell:
Your art no other art can speak; and you,
To show how well you play, must play anew:
Your music's power your music must disclose;
For what light is, 'tis only light that shows. 20

Strange force of harmony, that thus controls
Our thoughts, and turns and sanctifies our souls;
While with its utmost art your sex could move
Our wonder only, or at best our love:
You far above both these your God did place,
That your high power might worldly thoughts destroy;

¹ Anne, daughter of William Earl of Devonshire, and sister to the first Duke of Devonshire, widow also to Charles Lord Rich, was married to John Cecil Lord Burleigh, afterwards Earl of Exeter.

That with your numbers you our zeal might raise, 27
And, like himself, communicate your joy.

When to your native Heaven you shall repair,
And with your presence crown the blessings there,
Your lute may wind its strings but little higher,
To tune their notes to that immortal choir.
Your art is perfect here; your numbers do,
More than our books, make the rude atheist know,
That there's a Heaven, by what he hears below.

As in some piece, while Luke his skill expressed,
A cunning angel came, and drew the rest:
So, when you play, some godhead does impart
Harmonious aid, divinity helps art;
Some cherub finishes what you begun, 40
And to a miracle improves a tune.

To burning Rome when frantic Nero played,
Viewing that face, no more he had surveyed
The raging flames; but, struck with strange surprise,
Confessed them less than those of Anna's eyes:
But, had he heard thy lute, he soon had found
His rage eluded, and his crime atoned:
Thine, like Amphion's hand, had waked the stone,
And from destruction called the rising town:
Malice to Music had been forced to yield; 50
Nor could he burn so fast, as thou could'st build.

PICTURE OF SENECA DYING IN A BATH.

BY JORDAIN. AT THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF EXETER'S
AT BURLEIGH HOUSE.

WHILE cruel Nero only drains
The moral Spaniard's ebbing veins,
By study worn, and slack with age,
How dull, how thoughtless is his rage!

Heightened revenge he should have took; 5
 He should have burnt his tutor's book;
 And long have reigned supreme in vice:
 One nobler wretch can only rise;
 'Tis he whose fury shall deface
 The stoic's image in this piece.
 For while unhurt, divine Jordain,
 Thy work and Seneca's remain,
 He still has body, still has soul,
 And lives and speaks, restored and whole.

AN ODE.

- 1 WHILE blooming youth, and gay delight
 Sit on thy rosy cheeks confessed,
 Thou hast, my dear, undoubted right
 To triumph o'er this destined breast.
 My reason bends to what thy eyes ordain;
 For I was born to love, and thou to reign.

- 2 But would you meanly thus rely
 On power, you know I must obey?
 Exert a legal tyranny;
 And do an ill, because you may?
 Still must I thee, as atheists Heaven adore;
 Not see thy mercy, and yet dread thy power?

- 3 Take heed, my dear, youth flies apace;
 As well as Cupid, Time is blind;
 Soon must those glories of thy face
 The fate of vulgar beauty find;
 The thousand loves, that arm thy potent eye,
 Must drop their quivers, flag their wings, and die.

4 Then wilt thou sigh, when in each frown
 A hateful wrinkle more appears;
 And putting peevish humours on,
 Seems but the sad effect of years;
Kindness itself too weak a charm will prove,
To raise the feeble fires of aged love.

5 Forced compliments and formal bows
 Will show thee just above neglect:
 The heat with which thy lover glows,
 Will settle into cold respect;
A talking dull platonic I shall turn;
Learn to be civil, when I cease to burn.

6 Then shun the ill, and know, my dear,
 Kindness and constancy will prove
 The only pillars fit to bear
 So vast a weight as that of love:
If thou canst wish to make my flames endure,
Thine must be very fierce, and very pure.

7 Haste, Celia, haste, while youth invites,
 Obey kind Cupid's present voice;
 Fill every sense with soft delights,
 And give thy soul a loose to joys;
Let millions of repeated blisses prove,
That thou all kindness art, and I all love.

8 Be mine, and only mine; take care
 Thy looks, thy thoughts, thy dreams to guide
 To me alone; nor come so far,
 As liking any youth beside:
What men e'er court thee, fly them, and believe,
They're serpents all, and thou the tempted Eve.

9 So shall I court thy dearest truth,
 When beauty ceases to engage;
 So thinking on thy charming youth,
 I'll love it o'er again in age;
 So time itself our raptures shall improve,
 While still we wake to joy, and live to love.

AN EPISTLE TO FLEETWOOD SHEPHERD,¹
 ESQ.

BURLEIGH, MAY 14, 1689.

SIR,

As once a twelvemonth to the priest,
 Holy at Rome, here antichrist,
 The Spanish king presents a jennet,
 To show his love;—that's all that's in it:
 For if his holiness would thump
 His reverend bum 'gainst horse's rump,
 He might be equipped from his own stable
 With one more white, and eke more able.

Or as with gondolas, and men, his
 Good excellence the Duke of Venice
 (I wish, for rhyme, it had been the king)
 Sails out, and gives the Gulf a ring;
 Which trick of state, he wisely maintains,
 Keeps kindness up 'twixt old acquaintance:
 For else, in honest truth the sea
 Has much less need of gold, than he.

Or, not to rove, and pump one's fancy
 For popish similes beyond sea;
 As folks from mud-walled tenement
 Bring landlords pepper-corn for rent;

10

20

¹ A friend of Lord Dorset's, who introduced the poet to that Earl.

Present a turkey, or a hen
To those might better spare them ten;
Even so, with all submission, I
(For first men instance, then apply)
Send you each year a homely letter,
Who may return me much a better.

21

Then take it, Sir, as it was writ,
To pay respect and not show wit;
Nor look askew at what it saith;
There's no petition in it,—'Faith.

30

Here some would scratch their heads, and try
What they should write, and how, and why;
But I conceive, such folks are quite in
Mistakes, in theory of writing.
If once for principle 'tis laid,
That thought is trouble to the head;
I argue thus: the world agrees,
That he writes well who writes with ease;
Then he, by sequel logical,
Writes best who never thinks at all.

40

Verse comes from Heaven, like inward light;
Mere human pains can ne'er come by 't:
The God, not we, the poem makes;
We only tell folks what he speaks.
Hence when anatomists discourse,
How like brutes' organs are to ours;
They grant, if higher powers think fit,
A bear might soon be made a wit;
And that for any thing in nature,
Pigs might squeak love-odes, dogs bark satire.
Memnon, though stone, was counted vocal;
But 'twas the God, meanwhile, that spoke all.
Rome oft has heard a cross haranguing,
With prompting priest behind the hanging:

50

The wooden head resolved the question; 55
While you and Pettis helped the jest on.

Your crabbed rogues, that read Lucretius,
Are against gods, you know, and teach us,
The God makes not the poet; but
The thesis, vice-versâ put, 60

Should Hebrew-wise be understood;
And means, the Poet makes the God.
• Egyptian gardeners thus are said to
Have set the leeks they after prayed to;
And Romish bakers praise the deity
They chipped, while yet in its pantiety.

That when you poets swear and cry,
The God inspires; I rave, I die;
If inward wind does truly swell ye,
It must be the colic in your belly; 70
That writing is but just like dice,
And lucky mains make people wise;
That jumbled words, if fortune throw 'em,
Shall, well as Dryden, form a poem;
Or make a speech, correct and witty,
As you know who—at the committee.

So atoms dancing round the centre,
They urge, made all things at a venture.

But granting matters should be spoke
By method, rather than by luck; 80
This may confine their younger styles,
Whom Dryden pedagogues at Will's;
But never could be meant to tie
Authentic wits, like you and I:
For as young children, who are tried in
Go-carts, to keep their steps from sliding,
When members knit, and legs grow stronger,
Make use of such machine no longer;

But leap pro libitu, and scout
 On horse called hobby, or without;
 So when at school we first declaim,
 Old Busby walks us in a theme,
 Whose props support our infant vein,
 And help the rickets in the brain;
 But when our souls their force dilate,
 And thoughts grow up to wit's estate,
 In verse or prose, we write or chat,
 Not six-pence matter upon what.

89

'Tis not how well an author says;
 But 'tis how much, that gathers praise.
 Tonson, who is himself a wit,
 Counts writers' merits by the sheet.
 Thus each should down with all he thinks,
 As boys eat bread, to fill up chinks.

100

Kind Sir, I should be glad to see you;
 I hope you're well; so God be wi' you;
 Was all I thought at first to write;—
 But things, since then, are altered quite;
 Fancies flow in, and Muse flies high,
 So God knows when my clack will lie;
 I must, Sir, prattle on, as afore,
 And beg your pardon yet this half hour.

110

So at pure barn of loud Non-con,
 Where with my grannam I have gone,
 When Lobb had sifted all his text,
 And I well hoped the pudding next,
 Now TO APPLY, has plagued me more
 Than all his villain cant before.

For your religion, first, of her
 Your friends do savoury things aver;
 They say she's honest as your claret,
 Not soured with cant, nor stummed with merit.

120

Your chamber is the sole retreat
 Of chaplains every Sunday night;
 Of grace, no doubt, a certain sign,
 When layman herds with man divine;
 For if their fame be justly great,
 Who would no Popish nuncio treat;
 That his is greater, we must grant,
 Who will treat nuncios Protestant.
 •One single positive weighs more,
 You know, than negatives a score.

123

130

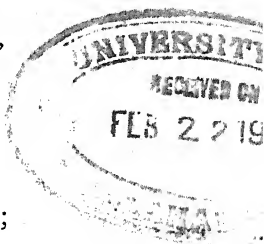
In politics, I hear, you're stanch,
 Directly bent against the French;
 Deny to have your free-born toe
 Dragooned into a wooden shoe;
 Are in no plots, but fairly drive at
 The public welfare, in your private;
 And will, for England's glory, try
 Turks, Jews, and Jesuits to defy,
 And keep your places till you die.

140

For me, whom wandering Fortune threw
 From what I loved, the town and you;
 Let me just tell you how my time is
 Past in a country-life.—Imprimis,
 As soon as Phœbus' rays inspect us,
 First, Sir, I read, and then I breakfast;
 So on, till foresaid God does set,
 I sometimes study, sometimes eat.
 Thus, of your heroes and brave boys,
 With whom old Homer makes such
 noise,

150

The greatest actions I can find,
 Are, that they did their work, and dined.
 The books of which I'm chiefly fond,
 Are such as you have whilom conned;



That treat of China's civil law, 156
 And subjects' rights in Golconda;
 Of highway-elephants at Ceylon,
 That rob in clans, like men of the Highland;
 Of apes that storm, or keep a town, 160
 As well almost as count Lauzun;
 Of unicorns and alligators,
 Elks, mermaids, mummies, witches, satyrs,
 And twenty other stranger matters;
 Which, though they're things I've no concern in,
 Make all our grooms admire my learning.

Critics I read on other men,
 And hypers upon them again;
 From whose remarks I give opinion
 On twenty books, yet ne'er look in one. 170

Then all your wits, that flee and sham,
 Down from Don Quixote to Tom Tram;
 From whom I jests and puns purloin,
 And slily put them off for mine:
 Fond to be thought a country wit:
 The rest,—when fate and you think fit.

Sometimes I climb my mare, and kick her
 To bottled ale and country vicar;
 Sometimes at Stamford take a quart,
 Squire Shephard's health,—with all my heart. 180

Thus, without much delight, or grief,
 I fool away an idle life;
 Till Shadwell from the town retires,
 (Choked up with fame and sea-coal fires,)
 To bless the wood with peaceful lyric;
 Then hey for praise and panegyric;
 Justice restored, and nations freed,
 And wreaths round William's glorious head.

TO THE COUNTESS OF DORSET,

WRITTEN IN HER MILTON, BY MR BRADBURY.

SEE here how bright the first-born virgin shone,
 And how the first fond lover was undone.
 Such charming words our beauteous mother spoke,
 As Milton wrote, and such as yours her look.
 Yours, the best copy of the original face,
 Whose beauty was to furnish all the race.
 Such chains no author could escape but he;
 There's no way to be safe, but not to see.

TO THE LADY DURSLEY.¹

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

HERE reading how fond Adam was betrayed,
 And how by sin Eve's blasted charms decayed;
 Our common loss unjustly you complain;
 So small that part of it, which you sustain.

You still, fair mother, in your offspring trace
 The stock of beauty destined for the race:
 Kind nature, forming them, the pattern took
 For Heaven's first work, and Eve's original look.

You, happy saint, the serpent's power control:
 Scarce any actual guilt defiles your soul; 10
 And hell does o'er that mind vain triumph boast,
 Which gains a Heaven, for earthly Eden lost.

With virtue strong as yours had Eve been armed,
 In vain the fruit had blushed, or serpent charmed:
 Nor had our bliss by penitence been bought;
 Nor had frail Adam fallen, nor Milton wrote.

¹ Elizabeth, daughter of Baptist Noel, Viscount Campden, and wife of Charles Earl of Berkeley, who had been envoy extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the States of Holland.

TO MY LORD BUCKHURST.¹

VERY YOUNG, PLAYING WITH A CAT.

THE amorous youth, whose tender breast
 Was by his darling cat possest,
 Obtained of Venus his desire,
 Howe'er irregular his fire.
 Nature the power of love obeyed;
 The cat became a blushing maid;
 And, on the happy change, the boy
 Employed his wonder, and his joy.
 Take care, O beauteous child, take care,
 Lest thou prefer so rash a prayer: 10
 Nor vainly hope, the queen of love
 Will e'er thy favourite's charms improve.
 O quickly from her shrine retreat;
 Or tremble for thy darling's fate.

The queen of love, who soon will see
 Her own Adonis live in thee,
 Will lightly her first loss deplore;
 Will easily forgive the boar:
 Her eyes with tears no more will flow;
 With jealous rage her breast will glow; 20
 And on her tabby rival's face
 She deep will mark her new disgrace.

AN ODE.

1 WHILE from our looks, fair nymph, you guess
 The secret passions of our mind,
 My heavy eyes, you say, confess
 A heart to love and grief inclined.

¹ Lionel, Duke of Dorset, to whom Prior dedicated the first edition of his poems.

- 2 There needs, alas! but little art,
 To have this fatal secret found;
 With the same ease you threw the dart,
 'Tis certain you may show the wound.
- 3 How can I see you, and not love,
 While you as opening east are fair?
 While cold as northern blasts you prove,
 How can I love, and not despair!
- 4 The wretch in double fetters bound
 Your potent mercy may release;
 Soon, if my love but once were crowned,
 Fair prophetess, my grief would cease.
-

A SONG.

IN vain you tell your parting lover,
 You wish fair winds may waft him over.
 Alas! what winds can happy prove,
 That bear me far from what I love!
 Alas! what dangers on the main
 Can equal those that I sustain,
 From slighted vows, and cold disdain!

Be gentle, and in pity choose
 To wish the wildest tempests loose:
 That, thrown again upon the coast,
 Where first my shipwrecked heart was lost,
 I may once more repeat my pain;
 Once more in dying notes complain
 Of slighted vows, and cold disdain.

THE DESPAIRING SHEPHERD.

- 1 ALEXIS shunned his fellow swains,
Their rural sports, and jocund strains,
(Heaven guard us all from Cupid's bow !)
He lost his crook, he left his flocks;
And wandering through the lonely rocks,
He nourished endless woe.
- 2 The nymphs and shepherds round him came:
His grief some pity, others blame,
The fatal cause all kindly seek;
He mingled his concern with theirs,
He gave them back their friendly tears,
He sighed, but would not speak.
- 3 Clorinda came among the rest;
And she too kind concern expressed,
And asked the reason of his woe;
She asked, but with an air and mien,
That made it easily foreseen,
She feared too much to know.
- 4 The shepherd raised his mournful head;
And will you pardon me, he said,
While I the cruel truth reveal;
Which nothing from my breast should tear,
Which never should offend your ear,
But that you bid me tell?
- 5 'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appeared upon the plain;
You are the cause of all my care:

Your eyes ten thousand dangers dart,
Ten thousand torments vex my heart,
I love and I despair.

- 6 Too much, Alexis, I have heard;
'Tis what I thought; 'tis what I feared:
And yet I pardon you, she cried;
But you shall promise ne'er again
To breathe your vows, or speak your pain:
He bowed, obeyed, and died!

TO THE HONOURABLE CHARLES
MONTAGUE:¹

- 1 HOWE'ER, 'tis well, that while mankind
Through Fate's perverse meander errs,
He can imagined pleasures find,
To combat against real cares.
- 2 Fancies and notions he pursues,
Which ne'er had being but in thought;
Each, like the Grecian artist,² woos
The image he himself has wrought.
- 3 Against experience he believes;
He argues against demonstration;
Pleased, when his reason he deceives;
And sets his judgment by his passion.
- 4 The hoary fool, who many days
Has struggled with continued sorrow,
Renews his hope, and blindly lays
The desperate bet upon to-morrow.

¹ Afterwards Earl of Halifax.—² Apelles.

- 5 To-morrow comes; 'tis noon, 'tis night;
This day like all the former flies:
Yet on he runs, to seek delight
To-morrow, till to-night he dies.
- 6 Our hopes, like towering falcons, aim
At objects in an airy height;
The little pleasure of the game
Is from afar to view the flight.
- 7 Our anxious pains we, all the day,
In search of what we like, employ;
Scorning at night the worthless prey,
We find the labour gave the joy.
- 8 At distance through an artful glass
To the mind's eye things well appear;
They lose their forms, and make a mass
Confused and black if brought too near.
- 9 If we see right, we see our woes;
Then what avails it to have eyes;
From ignorance our comfort flows.
The only wretched are the wise.
- 10 We wearied should lie down in death;
This cheat of life would take no more;
If you thought fame but empty breath;
I, Phillis, but a perjured whore.
-

HYMN TO THE SUN.

SET BY DR PURCELL.

AND INTENDED TO BE SUNG BEFORE THEIR MAJESTIES ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY,

1698-4. WRITTEN AT THE HAGUE.

- 1 LIGHT of the world, and ruler of the year,
 With happy speed begin thy great career;
 And, as thou dost thy radiant journeys run,
 Through every distant climate own,
 That in fair Albion thou hast seen
 The greatest prince, the brightest queen,
 That ever saved a land, or blessed a throne,
 Since first thy beams were spread, or genial power
 was known.

- 2 So may thy godhead be confessed,
 So the returning year be blest,
 As his infant months bestow
 Springing wreaths for William's brow;
 As his summer's youth shall shed
 Eternal sweets around Maria's head:
 From the blessings they bestow,
 Our times are dated, and our eras move;
 They govern and enlighten all below,
 As thou dost all above.

- 3 Let our hero in the war
 Active and fierce, like thee, appear;
 Like thee, great son of Jove, like thee,
 When clad in rising majesty,
 Thou marchest down o'er Delos' hills confessed,
 With all thy arrows armed, in all thy glory dressed.
 Like thee, the hero does his arms employ,
 The raging Python to destroy,
 And give the injured nations peace and joy.

- 4 From fairest years, and Time's more happy stores,
Gather all the smiling hours;
Such as with friendly care have guarded
Patriots and kings in rightful wars;
Such as with conquest have rewarded
Triumphant victors' happy cares:
Such as story has recorded
Sacred to Nassau's long renown,
For countries saved, and battles won.
- 5 March them again in fair array,
And bid them form the happy day,
The happy day designed to wait
On William's fame, and Europe's fate.
Let the happy day be crowned
With great event, and fair success;
No brighter in the year be found,
But that which brings the victor home in peace.
- 6 Again thy godhead we implore,
Great in wisdom as in power;
Again, for good Maria's sake, and ours,
Choose out other smiling hours;
Such as with joyous wings have fled,
When happy counsels were advising;
Such as have lucky omens shed
O'er forming laws, and empires rising;
Such as many courses ran,
Hand in hand, a goodly train,
To bless the great Eliza's reign;
And in the typic glory show,
What fuller bliss Maria shall bestow.
- 7 As the solemn hours advance,
Mingled send into the dance

Many fraught with all the treasures,
 Which thy eastern travel views;
 Many winged with all the pleasures,
 Man can ask, or Heaven diffuse;
 That great Maria all those joys may know,
 Which, from her cares, upon her subjects flow.

8 For thy own glory sing our sovereign's praise,
 . God of verses and of days;
 Let all thy tuneful sons adorn
 Their lasting work with William's name;
 Let chosen Muses yet unborn
 Take great Maria for their future theme.
 Eternal structures let them raise,
 On William's and Maria's praise;
 Nor want new subject for the song;
 Nor fear they can exhaust the store,
 Till Nature's music lies unstrung;
 Till thou, great God, shalt lose thy double power;
 And touch thy lyre, and shoot thy beams no more.

THE LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS.

IN IMITATION OF AN IDYLLIUM OF MOSCHUS.

CELIA and I the other day
 Walked o'er the sand-hills to the sea;
 The setting sun adorned the coast,
 His beams entire, his fierceness lost;
 And on the surface of the deep,
 The winds lay only not asleep.
 The nymph did like the scene appear,
 Serenely pleasant, calmly fair;

Soft fell her words, as flew the air:
With secret joy I heard her say,
That she would never miss one day
A walk so fine, a sight so gay.

9

But, oh the change! the winds grow high;
Impending tempests charge the sky;
The lightning flies; the thunder roars;
And big waves lash the frightened shores.
Struck with the horror of the sight,
She turns her head, and wings her flight;
And trembling vows, she'll ne'er again
Approach the shore, or view the main.

20

Once more at least look back, said I;
Thyself in that large glass descry;
When thou art in good humour dressed,
When gentle reason rules thy breast,
The sun upon the calmest sea
Appears not half so bright as thee.
'Tis then, that with delight I rove
Upon the boundless depth of love;
I bless my chain, I hand my oar;
Nor think on all I left on shore.

30

But when vain doubt, and groundless fear
Do that dear foolish bosom tear;
When the big lip, and watery eye
Tell me, the rising storm is nigh;
'Tis then, thou art yon angry main,
Deformed by winds, and dashed by rain;
And the poor sailor, that must try
Its fury, labours less than I.

Shipwrecked, in vain to land I make;
While Love and Fate still drive me back;
Forced to dote on thee thy own way,
I chide thee first, and then obey.

40

Wretched when from thee, vexed when nigh, 43
I with thee, or without thee, die!

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP :

A PASTORAL. BY MRS ELIZABETH SINGER.¹

AMARYLLIS.

WHILE from the skies the ruddy sun descends,
And rising night the evening shade extends;
While pearly dews o'erspread the fruitful field,
And closing flowers reviving odours yield;
Let us, beneath these spreading trees, recite
What from our hearts our Muses may indite;
Nor need we, in this close retirement, fear,
Lest any swain our amorous secrets hear.

SILVIA.

To every shepherd I would mine proclaim;
Since fair Aminta is my softest theme: 10
A stranger to the loose delights of love,
My thoughts the nobler warmth of friendship prove;
And, while its pure and sacred fire I sing,
Chaste goddess of the groves, thy succour bring.

AMARYLLIS.

Propitious God of Love, my breast inspire
With all thy charms, with all thy pleasing fire;
Propitious God of Love, thy succour bring,
Whilst I thy darling, thy Alexis sing.
Alexis, as the opening blossoms fair,
Lovely as light, and soft as yielding air. 20

¹ Afterwards Mrs Elizabeth Rowe, celebrated then—now nearly forgotten.
Her most popular work was entitled, 'Letters from the Dead to the Living.'

For him each virgin sighs; and on the plains
The happy youth above each rival reigns.
Nor to the echoing groves, and whispering spring,
In sweeter strains does artful Conon sing;
When loud applauses fill the crowded groves,
And Phæbus the superior song approves.

SILVIA.

Beauteous Aminta is as early light,
Breaking the melancholy shades of night;
When she is near, all anxious trouble flies,
And our reviving hearts confess her eyes.
Young love, and blooming joy, and gay desires,
In every breast the beauteous nymph inspires;
And on the plain when she no more appears,
The plain a dark and gloomy prospect wears.
In vain the streams roll on; the eastern breeze
Dances in vain among the trembling trees;
In vain the birds begin their evening song,
And to the silent night their notes prolong:
Nor groves, nor crystal streams, nor verdant field
Does wonted pleasure in her absence yield.

AMARYLLIS.

And in his absence, all the pensive day,
In some obscure retreat I lonely stray;
All day to the repeating caves complain,
In mournful accents, and a dying strain;
Dear lovely youth, I cry to all around;
Dear lovely youth, the flattering vales resound.

SILVIA.

On flowery banks, by every murmuring stream,
Aminta is my Muse's softest theme;

'Tis she that does my artful notes refine: 49
With fair Aminta's name my noblest verse shall
shine.

AMARYLLIS.

I'll twine fresh garlands for Alexis' brows,
And consecrate to him eternal vows;—
The charming youth shall my Apollo prove;
He shall adorn my songs, and tune my voice to love.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE FOREGOING
PASTORAL.

Br Silvia if thy charming self be meant,
If friendship be thy virgin vows' extent,
O! let me in Aminta's praises join;
Hers my esteem shall be, my passion thine.
When for thy head the garland I prepare,
A second wreath shall bind Aminta's hair,
And when my choicest songs thy worth proclaim,
Alternate verse shall bless Aminta's name;
My heart shall own the justice of her cause,
And Love himself submit to Friendship's laws. 10

But, if beneath thy numbers' soft disguise,
Some favoured swain, some true Alexis lies;
If Amaryllis breathes thy secret pains,
And thy fond heart beats measure to thy strains,
Mayst thou, howe'er I grieve, for ever find
The flame propitious, and the lover kind;
May Venus long exert her happy power,
And make thy beauty, like thy verse, endure;
May every God his friendly aid afford,
Pan guard thy flock, and Ceres bless thy board. 20

But, if by chance the series of thy joys
 Permit one thought less cheerful to arise,
 Piteous, transfer it to the mournful swain,
 Who loving much, who not beloved again,
 Feels an ill-fated passion's last excess,
 And dies in woe, that thou mayst live in peace.

TO A LADY:

SHE REFUSING TO CONTINUE A DISPUTE WITH ME, AND
 LEAVING ME IN THE ARGUMENT.

AN ODE.

- 1 SPARE, generous Victor, spare the slave,
 Who did unequal war pursue;
 That more than triumph he might have,
 In being overcome by you.
- 2 In the dispute whate'er I said,
 My heart was by my tongue belied;
 And in my looks you might have read
 How much I argued on your side.
- 3 You, far from danger as from fear,
 Might have sustained an open fight;
 For seldom your opinions err;
 Your eyes are always in the right.
- 4 Why, fair one, would you not rely
 On Reason's force with Beauty's joined;
 Could I their prevalence deny,
 I must at once be deaf and blind.
- 5 Alas! not hoping to subdue,
 I only to the fight aspired;

To keep the beauteous foe in view
Was all the glory I desired.

6 But she, howe'er of victory sure,
Contemns the wreath too long delayed;
And, armed with more immediate power,
Calls cruel silence to her aid.

7 Deeper to wound, she shuns the fight:
She drops her arms, to gain the field:
Secures her conquest by her flight:
And triumphs, when she seems to yield.

8 So when the Parthian turned his steed,
And from the hostile camp withdrew;
With cruel skill the backward reed
He sent; and as he fled, he slew.

SEEING THE DUKE OF ORMOND'S¹ PICTURE

AT SIR GODFREY KNELLER'S.

Out from the injured canvas, Kneller, strike
These lines too faint; the picture is not like.
Exalt thy thought, and try thy toil again.
Dreadful in arms on Landen's glorious plain
Place Ormond's duke; independent in the air
Let his keen sabre, comet-like, appear,

5

¹ James, Duke of Ormond, eldest son of Thomas, Earl of Ossory. He, after holding many considerable posts during the reigns of King William and Queen Anne, was, in the beginning of the reign of George the First, attainted of high treason on account of his being concerned in the unpopular measures of the last four years of Queen Anne's reign. He died in exile in the year 1745, in a very advanced age. At the battle of Landen he was taken prisoner, after his horse was shot under him, and he had received many wounds.

Where'er it points, denouncing death. Below 7
 Draw routed squadrons, and the numerous foe
 Falling beneath, or flying from his blow;
 Till weak with wounds, and covered o'er with blood,
 Which from the patriot's breast in torrents flowed,
 He faints; his steed no longer feels the rein,
 But stumbles o'er the heap his hand had slain.
 And now exhausted, bleeding, pale he lies;
 Lovely, sad object! In his half-closed eyes
 Stern vengeance yet, and hostile terror stand;
 His front yet threatens, and his frowns command;
 The Gallic chiefs their troops around him call;
 Fear to approach him, though they see him fall.

O Kneller, could thy shades and lights express 20
 The perfect hero in that glorious dress,
 Ages to come might Ormond's picture know,
 And palms for thee beneath his laurels grow;
 In spite of Time thy work might ever shine,
 Nor Homer's colours last so long as thine.

CELIA TO DAMON.

*Atque in amore mala hæc proprio, summeque secundo
 Inveniuntur—*

LUCRET. lib. iv.

WHAT can I say, what arguments can prove
 My truth, what colours can describe my love;
 If its excess and fury be not known,
 In what thy Celia has already done?

Thy infant flames, whilst yet they were concealed
 In timorous doubts, with pity I beheld;
 With easy smiles dispelled the silent fear
 That durst not tell me what I died to hear;
 In vain I strove to check my growing flame,
 Or shelter passion under friendship's name;

You saw my heart, how it my tongue belied, 11
And when you pressed, how faintly I denied.

Ere guardian thought could bring its scattered aid,
Ere reason could support the doubting maid,
My soul surprised, and from herself disjoined,
Left all reserve, and all the sex behind;
From your command her motions she received;
And not for me, but you, she breathed and lived.

But ever blest be Cytherea's shrine,
And fires eternal on her altars shine; 20
Since thy dear breast has felt an equal wound,
Since in thy kindness my desires are crowned,
By thy each look, and thought, and care, 'tis shown,
Thy joys are centred all in me alone;
And sure am I, thou wouldst not change this hour
For all the white ones Fate has in its power.

Yet thus beloved, thus loving to excess,
Yet thus receiving and returning bliss,
In this great moment, in this golden Now,
When every trace of what, or when, or how 30
Should from my soul by raging love be torn,
And far on swelling seas of rapture borne;
A melancholy tear afflicts my eye,
And my heart labours with a sudden sigh;
Invading fears repel my coward joy,
And ills foreseen the present bliss destroy.

Poor as it is, this beauty was the cause,
That with first sighs your panting bosom rose:
But with no owner beauty long will stay,
Upon the wings of Time borne swift away: 40
Pass but some fleeting years, and these poor eyes
(Where now without a boast some lustre lies)
No longer shall their little honours keep;
Shall only be of use to read, or weep.

And on this forehead, where your verse has said, 45
The Loves delighted, and the Graces played;
Insulting Age will trace his cruel way,
And leave sad marks of his destructive sway.

Moved by my charms, with them your love may cease,
And as the fuel sinks, the flame decrease; 50
Or angry Heaven may quicker darts prepare,
And Sickness strike what Time awhile would spare.
Then will my swain his glowing vows renew;
Then will his throbbing heart to mine beat true;
When my own face deters me from my glass,
And Kneller only shows what Celia was?

Fantastic fame may sound her wild alarms;
Your country, as you think, may want your arms;
You may neglect, or quench, or hate the flame,
Whose smoke too long obscured your rising name, 60
And quickly cold indifference will ensue;
When you Love's joys, through Honour's optic, view.

Then Celia's loudest prayer will prove too weak,
To this abandoned breast to bring you back;
When my lost lover the tall ship ascends,
With music gay, and wet with jovial friends,
The tender accents of a woman's cry
Will pass unheard, will unregarded die;
When the rough seaman's louder shouts prevail;
When fair occasion shows the springing gale; 70
And Interest guides the helm, and Honour swells the sail.

Some wretched lines from this neglected hand
May find my hero on a foreign strand,
Warm with new fires, and pleased with new command;
While she who wrote them, of all joy bereft,
To the rude censure of the world is left;
Her mangled fame in barbarous pastime lost,
The coxcomb's novel, and the drunkard's toast.

But nearer care (O pardon it!) supplies
 Sighs to my breast, and sorrow to my eyes:
 Love, Love himself (the only friend I have)
 May scorn his triumph, having bound his slave.
 That tyrant god, that restless conqueror
 May quit his pleasure, to assert his power;
 Forsake the provinces that bless his sway,
 To vanquish those which will not yet obey.

79

Another nymph with fatal power may rise,
 To damp the sinking beams of Celia's eyes;
 With haughty pride may hear her charms confessed;

And scorn the ardent vows that I have blessed;
 You every night may sigh for her in vain,
 And rise each morning to some fresh disdain;
 While Celia's softest look may cease to charm,
 And her embraces want the power to warm;
 While these fond arms, thus circling you, may
 prove

90

More heavy chains than those of hopeless love.

Just gods! all other things their like produce;
 The vine arises from her mother's juice;
 When feeble plants, or tender flowers decay,
 They to their seed their images convey;
 Where the old myrtle her good influence sheds,
 Sprigs of like leaf erect their filial heads;
 And when the parent rose decays and dies,
 With a resembling face the daughter-buds arise.
 That product only which our passions bear,
 Eludes the planter's miserable care;
 While blooming Love assures us golden fruit,
 Some inborn poison taints the secret root;
 Soon fall the flowers of joy; soon seeds of hatred
 shoot.

100

Say, shepherd, say, are these reflections true; 110
 Or was it but the woman's fear, that drew
 This cruel scene, unjust to Love and you;
 Will you be only, and for ever mine;
 Shall neither time, nor age our souls disjoin;
 From this dear bosom shall I ne'er be torn;
 Or you grow cold, respectful, and forsworn?
 And can you not for her you love do more,
 Than any youth for any nymph before!

AN ODE

PRESENTED TO THE KING, ON HIS MAJESTY'S ARRIVAL IN
 HOLLAND, AFTER THE QUEEN'S DEATH. MDCXCV.¹

*Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
 Tam cari capitis? Præcipe lugubres
 Cantus, Melpomene.*

- 1 At Mary's tomb, (sad sacred place!)
 The virtues shall their vigils keep:
 And every Muse, and every Grace
 In solemn state shall ever weep.
- 2 The future, pious, mournful fair,
 Oft as the rolling years return,
 With fragrant wreaths, and flowing hair,
 Shall visit her distinguished urn.
- 3 For her the wise and great shall mourn,
 When late records her deeds repeat;
 Ages to come, and men unborn
 Shall bless her name, and sigh her fate.
- 4 Fair Albion shall, with faithful trust,
 Her holy Queen's sad reliques guard;

¹ Queen Mary died on the 28th December, 1694, in the 33d year of her age.

Till Heaven awakes the precious dust,
And gives the saint her full reward.

5 But let the king dismiss his woes,
Reflecting on his fair renown;
And take the cypress from his brows,
To put his wonted laurels on.

6 If pressed by grief our monarch stoops;
In vain the British lions roar:
If he, whose hand sustained them, droops,
The Belgic darts will wound no more.

7 Embattled princes wait the chief,
Whose voice should rule, whose arm should lead,
And, in kind murmurs, chide that grief,
Which hinders Europe being freed.

8 The great example they demand,
Who still to conquest led the way;
Wishing him present to command,
As they stand ready to obey.

9 They seek that joy, which used to glow,
Expanded on the hero's face;
When the thick squadrons pressed the foe,
And William led the glorious chase.

10 To give the mourning nations joy,
Restore them thy auspicious light,
Great sun, with radiant beams destroy
Those clouds, which keep thee from our sight.

11 Let thy sublime meridian course
For Mary's setting rays atone;

Our lustre with redoubled force
Must now proceed from thee alone.

12 See, pious King, with different strife
Thy struggling Albion's bosom torn;
So much she fears for William's life,
That Mary's fate she dares not mourn.

13 Her beauty, in thy softer half
Buried and lost, she ought to grieve:
But let her strength in thee be safe,
And let her weep, but let her live.

14 Thou, guardian angel, save the land
From thy own grief, her fiercest foe:
Lest Britain, rescued by thy hand,
Should bend and sink beneath thy woe.

15 Her former triumphs all are vain,
Unless new trophies still be sought;
And hoary majesty sustain
The battles, which thy youth has fought.

16 Where now is all that fearful love,
Which made her hate the war's alarms;
That soft excess, with which she strove
To keep her hero in her arms!

17 While still she chid the coming spring,
Which called him o'er his subject seas:
While, for the safety of the king,
She wished the victor's glory less.

18 'Tis changed, 'tis gone; sad Britain now
Hastens her lord to foreign wars;

- Happy, if toils may break his woe,
Or danger may divert his cares.
- 19 In martial din she drowns her sighs,
Lest he the rising grief should hear:
She pulls her helmet o'er her eyes,
Lest he should see the falling tear.
- 20 Go, mighty prince, let France be taught,
How constant minds by grief are tried;
How great the land, that wept and fought,
When William led, and Mary died.
- 21 Fierce in the battle make it known,
Where death with all his darts is seen,
That he can touch thy heart with none,
But that which struck the beauteous queen.
- 22 Belgia indulged her open grief,
While yet her master was not near;
With sullen pride refused relief,
And sat obdurate in despair.
- 23 As waters from their sluices, flowed
Unbounded sorrow from her eyes;
To earth her bended front she bowed,
And sent her wailings to the skies.
- 24 But when her anxious lord returned,
Raised is her head, her eyes are dried;
She smiles, as William ne'er had mourned;
She looks, as Mary ne'er had died.
- 25 That freedom which all sorrows claim,
She does for thy content resign;

Her piety itself would blame,
If her regrets should waken thine.

26 To cure thy woe, she shows thy fame;
Lest the great mourner should forget,
That all the race, whence Orange came,
Made Virtue triumph over Fate.

27 William his country's cause could fight,
And with his blood her freedom seal;
Maurice and Henry guard that right,
For which their pious parents fell.

28 How heroes rise, how patriots set,
Thy father's bloom and death may tell;
Excelling others these were great,
Thou, greater still, must these excel.

29 The last fair instance thou must give,
Whence Nassau's virtue can be tried,
And show the world, that thou canst live,
Intrepid, as thy consort died.

30 Thy virtue, whose resistless force
No dire event could ever stay,
Must carry on its destined course,
Though Death and Envy stop the way.

31 For Britain's sake, for Belgia's, live;
Pierced by their grief forget thy own;
New toils endure, new conquest give;
And bring them ease, though thou hast none.

32 Vanquish again, though she be gone,
Whose garland crowned the victor's hair;

And reign, though she has left the throne,
Who made thy glory worth thy care.

33 Fair Britain never yet before
Breathed to her king a useless prayer;
Fond Belgia never did implore,
While William turned averse his ear.

34 But should the weeping hero now
Relentless to their wishes prove;
Should he recall, with pleasing woe,
The object of his grief and love;

35 Her face with thousand beauties blest,
Her mind with thousand virtues stored,
Her power with boundless joy confessed,
Her person only not adored;

36 Yet ought his sorrow to be checked;
Yet ought his passions to abate;
If the great mourner would reflect,
Her glory in her death complete.

37 She was instructed to command,
Great king, by long obeying thee;
Her sceptre, guided by thy hand,
Preserved the isles, and ruled the sea.

38 But oh! 'twas little, that her life
O'er earth and water bears thy fame;
In death, 'twas worthy William's wife,
Amidst the stars to fix his name.

39 Beyond where matter moves, or place
Receives its forms, thy virtues roll;

From Mary's glory, angels trace
The beauty of her partner's soul.

40 Wise Fate, which does its Heaven decree
To heroes, when they yield their breath,
Hastens thy triumph. Half of thee
Is deified before thy death.

41 Alone to thy renown 'tis given,
Unbounded through all worlds to go;
While she, great saint, rejoices Heaven;
And thou sustain'st the orb below.

IN IMITATION OF ANACREON.

LET 'em censure: what care I?
The herd of critics I defy.
Let the wretches know, I write,
Regardless of their grace, or spite.
No, no; the fair, the gay, the young
Govern the numbers of my song.
All that they approve is sweet,
And all is sense that they repeat.
Bid the warbling Nine retire;
Venus, string thy servant's lyre;
Love shall be my endless theme;
Pleasure shall triumph over Fame:
And when these maxims I decline,
Apollo, may thy fate be mine:
May I grasp at empty praise;
And lose the nymph, to gain the bays.

AN ODE.

- 1 THE merchant, to secure his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrowed name:
Euphelia serves to grace my measure;
But Cloe is my real flame.
- 2 My softest verse, my darling lyre,
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay;
When Cloe noted her desire,
That I should sing, that I should play.
- 3 My lyre I tune, my voice I raise;
But with my numbers mix my sighs:
And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
I fix my soul on Cloe's eyes.
- 4 Fair Cloe blushed: Euphelia frowned:
I sung and gazed: I played and trembled;
And Venus to the Loves around
Remarked, how ill we all dissembled.

AN ENGLISH BALLAD

ON THE TAKING OF NAMUR BY THE KING OF GREAT
BRITAIN, MDCXCV.

*Dulce est desipere in loco.*¹

- 1 SOME folks are drunk, yet do not know it;
So might not Bacchus give you law?
Was it a Muse, O lofty Poet,
Or virgin of St Cyr, you saw?

¹ The taking of Namur by the French in the year 1692, and the retaking it by the British in the year 1695, were considered by each nation as events which contributed to raise the honour and reputation of the respective kingdoms. Both sieges were carried on by the rival monarchs in person, and the success of each was celebrated by the best writers of the times.

Why all this fury? What's the matter,
That oaks must come from Thrace to dance;
Must stupid stocks be taught to flatter,
And is there no such wood in France?
Why must the winds all hold their tongue?
If they a little breath should raise,
Would that have spoiled the Poet's song,
Or puffed away the monarch's praise?

- 2 Pindar, that eagle, mounts the skies:
While Virtue leads the noble way:
Too like a vulture Boileau flies,
Where sordid Interest shows the prey.
When once the Poet's honour ceases,
From reason far his transports rove;
And Boileau, for eight hundred pieces,
Makes Louis take the wall of Jove.
- 3 Neptune and Sol came from above,
Shaped like Megrigny and Vauban:¹
They armed these rocks, then showed old Jove
Of Marli wood the wondrous plan.
Such walls, these three wise gods agreed,
By human force could ne'er be shaken;
But you and I in Homer read
Of gods, as well as men, mistaken.
Sambre and Maese their waves may join;
But ne'er can William's force restrain:
He'll pass them both, who passed the Boyne;
Remember this and arm the Seine.

- 4 Full fifteen thousand lusty fellows
With fire and sword the fort maintain;

¹ Two celebrated engineers.

Each was a Hercules, you tell us,
 Yet out they marched like common men.
 Cannons above, and mines below,
 Did death and tombs for foes contrive;
 Yet matters have been ordered so,
 That most of us are still alive.

5 If Namur be compared to Troy;
 Then Britain's boys excelled the Greeks:
 Their siege did ten long years employ;
 We've done our business in ten weeks.
 What godhead does so fast advance,
 With dreadful power those hills to gain?
 'Tis little Will, the scourge of France;
 No godhead, but the first of men.
 His mortal arm exerts the power
 To keep even Mons's victor under:¹
 And that same Jupiter no more
 Shall fright the world with impious thunder.

6 Our king thus trembles at Namur,
 Whilst Villeroy, who ne'er afraid is,²
 To Bruxelles marches on secure,
 To bomb the monks and scare the ladies.
 After this glorious expedition,
 One battle makes the Marshal great;
 He must perform the king's commission;
 Who knows but Orange may retreat!
 Kings are allowed to feign the gout,
 Or be prevailed with not to fight:
 And mighty Louis hoped, no doubt,
 That William would preserve that right.

¹ Mons surrendered to Louis XIV. 10th April, 1691.—² While King William was carrying on the siege of Namur, Marshal Villeroy, in order to compel him to relinquish that design, marched to Brussels and bombarded that town.

- 7 From Seine and Loire, to Rhone and Po,
See every mother's son appear:
In such a case ne'er blame a foe,
If he betrays some little fear.
He comes, the mighty Villeroy comes;
Finds a small river in his way;
So waves his colours, beats his drums,
And thinks it prudent there to stay.
The Gallic troops breathe blood and war;
The Marshal cares not to march faster;
Poor Villeroy moves so slowly here,
We fancied all, it was his master.
- 8 Will no kind flood, no friendly rain
Disguise the Marshal's plain disgrace?
No torrents swell the low Mehayne?
The world will say, he durst not pass.
Why will no Hyades appear,
Dear Poet, on the banks of Sambre;
Just as they did that mighty year,
When you turned June into December?
The water-nymphs are too unkind
To Villeroy; are the land-nymphs so;
And fly they all, at once combined
To shame a general, and a beau?
- 9 Truth, Justice, Sense, Religion, Fame,
May join to finish William's story;
Nations set free may bless his name,
And France in secret own his glory.
But Ypres, Maestricht, and Cambray,
Besançon, Ghent, St Omers, Lisle,
Courtray, and Dole—ye critics, say,
How poor to this was Pindar's style!

With ekes and alsos tack thy strain,
 Great bard; and sing the deathless prince,
 Who lost Namur the same campaign,
 He bought Dixmuyd, and plundered Deynse !

- 10 I'll hold ten pound my dream is out;
 I'd tell it you, but for the rattle
 Of those confounded drums; no doubt
 . Yon bloody rogues intend a battle.
 Dear me ! a hundred thousand French
 With terror fill the neighbouring field;
 While William carries on the trench,
 Till both the town and castle yield.
 Villeroy to Boufflers should advance,
 Says Mars, through cannons' mouths in fire;
Id est, one mareschal of France
 Tells t'other, he can come no nigher.

- 11 Regain the lines the shortest way,
 Villeroy, or to Versailles take post;
 For, having seen it, thou canst say
 The steps, by which Namur was lost.
 The smoke and flame may vex thy sight;
 Look not once back, but as thou goest,
 Quicken the squadrons in their flight,
 And bid the d—l take the slowest.
 Think not what reason to produce,
 From Louis to conceal thy fear;
 He'll own the strength of thy excuse;
 Tell him that William was but there.

- 12 Now let us look for Louis' feather,
 That used to shine so like a star;
 The generals could not get together,
 Wanting that influence, great in war.

O Poet! thou hadst been discreeter,
Hanging the monarch's hat so high;
If thou hadst dubbed thy star a meteor,
That did but blaze, and rove, and die.

13 To animate the doubtful fight,
Namur in vain expects that ray:
In vain France hopes, the sickly light
Should shine near William's fuller day;
It knows Versailles, its proper station,
Nor cares for any foreign sphere;
Where you see Boileau's constellation,
Be sure no danger can be near.

14 The French had gathered all their force,
And William met them in their way;
Yet off they brushed, both foot and horse.
What has friend Boileau left to say!
When his high Muse is bent upon 't,
To sing her king—that great commander,
Or on the shores of Hellespont,
Or in the valleys near Scamander;
Would it not spoil his noble task,
If any foolish Phrygian there is
Impertinent enough to ask,
How far Namur may be from Paris?

15 Two stanzas more before we end,
Of death, pikes, rocks, arms, bricks, and
fire;
Leave them behind you, honest friend,
And with your countrymen retire.
Your ode is spoiled; Namur is freed;
For Dixmuyd something yet is due:

So good Count Guiscard may proceed;¹
 But Boufflers, sir, one word with you:

16 'Tis done. In sight of these commanders,
 Who neither fight, nor raise the siege,
 The foes of France march safe through Flanders;
 Divide to Bruxelles, or to Liege.
 Send, Fame, this news to Trianon,
 That Boufflers may new honours gain;
 He the same play by land has shown,
 As Tourville did upon the main.²
 Yet is the Marshal made a peer!
 O William, may thy arms advance;
 That he may lose Dinant next year,
 And so be constable of France.

PRESENTED TO THE KING,

AT HIS ARRIVAL IN HOLLAND, AFTER THE DISCOVERY OF
 THE CONSPIRACY,³ MDCXCVI.

Serus in cœlum redeas; diuque
 Lætus intersis populo Quirini:
 Neve te nostris vitiis iniquum
 Ocyor aura
 Tollat——— Hor. ad Augustum.

YE careful angels, whom eternal Fate
 Ordains, on earth and human acts to wait;
 Who turn with secret power this restless ball,
 And bid predestined empires rise and fall;
 Your sacred aid religious monarchs own,
 When first they merit, then ascend the throne:

¹ Count Guiscard was commander of the town of Namur, Marshal Boufflers of the castle there.—² M. de Tourville was commander of the French squadron which engaged Admiral Russell in 1692, off La Hogue.—³ This conspiracy is generally called the Assassination Plot. Sir John Fenwick was executed for being concerned in it. See Macaulay.

But tyrants dread ye, lest your just decree
 Transfer the power, and set the people free.
 See rescued Britain at your altars bow;
 And hear her hymns your happy care avow;
 That still her axes and her rods support
 The judge's frown, and grace the awful court;
 That Law with all her pompous terror stands,
 To wrest the dagger from the traitor's hands;
 And rigid justice reads the fatal word,
 Poises the balance first, then draws the sword.

Britain her safety to your guidance owns,
 That she can separate parricides from sons;
 That, impious rage disarmed, she lives and reigns,
 Her freedom kept by him, who broke her chains. 20

And thou, great minister, above the rest
 Of guardian spirits, be thou for ever blest;
 Thou, who of old wert sent to Israel's court,
 With secret aid, great David's strong support,
 To mock the frantic rage of cruel Saul,
 And strike the useless javelin to the wall;
 Thy later care o'er William's temples held,
 On Boyne's propitious banks, the heavenly shield;
 When power divine did sovereign right declare,
 And cannons marked whom they were bid to spare. 30

Still, blessed angel, be thy care the same;
 Be William's life untouched, as is his fame!
 Let him own thine, as Britain owns his hand:
 Save thou the king, as he has saved the land!

We angels' forms in pious monarchs view;
 We reverence William; for he acts like you;
 Like you, commissioned to chastise and bless,
 He must avenge the world, and give it peace.

Indulgent Fate our potent prayer receives;
 And still Britannia smiles, and William lives

The hero dear to earth, by Heaven beloved, 41
By troubles must be vexed, by dangers proved :
His foes must aid to make his fame complete,
And fix his throne secure on their defeat.

So, though with sudden rage the tempest comes ;
Though the winds roar, and though the water foams,
Imperial Britain on the sea looks down,
And smiling sees her rebel subject frown ;
Striking her cliff, the storm confirms her power ;
The waves but whiten her triumphant shore ; 50
In vain they would advance, in vain retreat ;
Broken they dash, and perish at her feet.

For William still new wonders shall be shown :
The powers that rescued, shall preserve the throne.
Safe on his darling Britain's joyful sea,
Behold, the monarch ploughs his liquid way ;
His fleets in thunder through the world declare,
Whose empire they obey, whose arms they bear.
Blessed by aspiring winds, he finds the strand
Blackened with clouds ; he sees the nations stand 60
Blessing his safety, proud of his command.
In various tongues he hears the captains dwell
On their great leader's praise ; by turns they tell,
And listen, each with emulous glory fired,
How William conquered, and how France retired ;
How Belgia freed the hero's arm confessed,
But trembled for the courage which she blessed.

O Louis, from this great example know,
To be at once a hero, and a foe ;
By sounding trumpets, hear, and rattling drums, 70
When William to the open vengeance comes ;
And see the soldier plead the monarch's right,
Heading his troops, and foremost in the fight.

Hence then, close Ambush and perfidious War,

Down to your native seats of Night repair. 75
 And thou, Bellona, weep thy cruel pride
 Restrained, behind the victor's chariot tied
 In brazen knots, and everlasting chains,
 (So Europe's peace, so William's fate ordains).
 While on the ivory chair, in happy state, 80
 He sits, secure in innocence, and great
 In regal clemency; and views beneath
 Averted darts of rage, and pointless arms of death.

TO CLOE WEEPING.

SEE, whilst thou weep'st, fair Cloe, see
 The world in sympathy with thee!
 The cheerful birds no longer sing,
 Each droops his head, and hangs his wing;
 The clouds have bent their bosom lower,
 And shed their sorrows in a shower;
 The brooks beyond their limits flow;
 And louder murmurs speak their woe;
 The nymphs and swains adopt thy cares,
 They heave thy sighs, and weep thy tears; 10
 Fantastic nymph! that grief should move
 Thy heart obdurate against Love.
 Strange tears! whose power can soften all,
 But that dear breast on which they fall.

TO MR HOWARD.¹

AN ODE.

1 DEAR Howard, from the soft assaults of Love,
 Poets and painters never are secure;

¹ Hugh Howard, better known by these verses than by his own works, was son of Ralph Howard, doctor of physic, and was born in Dublin, February 7, 1675.

- Can I untouched the fair ones' passions move,
Or thou draw beauty, and not feel its power!
- 2 To great Apelles when young Ammon brought¹
The darling idol of his captive heart;
And the pleased nymph with kind attention sat,
To have her charms recorded by his art;
- 3 The amorous master owned her potent eyes;
Sighed when he looked, and trembled as he drew;
Each flowing line confirmed his first surprise,
And as the piece advanced, the passion grew.
- 4 While Philip's son, while Venus' son was near,
What different tortures does his bosom feel!
Great was the rival, and the god severe:
Nor could he hide his flame, nor durst reveal.
- 5 The prince, renowned in bounty as in arms,
With pity saw the ill-concealed distress;
Quitted his title to Campaspe's charms,
And gave the fair one to the friend's embrace.
- 6 Thus the more beauteous Cloe sat to thee,
Good Howard, emulous of the Grecian art;
But happy thou, from Cupid's arrow free,
And flames that pierced thy predecessor's heart.
- 7 Had thy poor breast received an equal pain,
Had I been vested with the monarch's power,
Thou must have sighed, unlucky youth, in vain;
Nor from my bounty hadst thou found a cure.
- 8 Though to convince thee, that the friend did feel
A kind concern for thy ill-fated care,

¹ See Pliny's Natural History, b. 35. c. 10.

I would have soothed the flame I could not heal;
Given thee the world, though I withheld the fair.

LOVE DISARMED.

BENEATH a myrtle's verdant shade
As Cloe half asleep was laid,
Cupid perched lightly on her breast,
And in that heaven desired to rest:
Over her paps his wings he spread;
Between, he found a downy bed,
And nestled in his little head.

Still lay the god: the nymph surprised,
Yet mistress of herself, devised
How she the vagrant might enthrall, 10
And captive him, who captives all.

Her boddice half-way she unlaced;
About his arms she slily cast
The silken bond, and held him fast.

The god awaked, and thrice in vain
He strove to break the cruel chain;
And thrice in vain he shook his wing,
Incumbered in the silken string.

Flutt'ring the god, then weeping said,
Pity poor Cupid, generous maid, 20
Who happened, being blind, to stray,
And on thy bosom lost his way;
Who strayed, alas! but knew too well,
He never there must hope to dwell:
Set an unhappy prisoner free,
Who ne'er intended harm to thee.

To me pertains not, she replies,
To know or care where Cupid flies,
What are his haunts, or which his way;

Where he would dwell, or whither stray ; 30
 Yet will I never set thee free,
 For harm was meant, and harm to me.

Vain fears that vex thy virgin heart !
 I'll give thee up my bow and dart :
 Untangle but this cruel chain,
 And freely let me fly again.

Agreed: secure my virgin heart :
 • Instant give up thy bow and dart :
 The chain I'll in return untie ;
 And freely thou again shalt fly. 40

Thus she the captive did deliver ;
 The captive thus gave up his quiver.

The god disarmed, e'er since that day
 Passes his life in harmless play :
 Flies round, or sits upon her breast,
 A little, fluttering, idle guest.

E'er since that day the beauteous maid
 Governs the world in Cupid's stead ;
 Directs his arrow as she wills ;
 Gives grief, or pleasure ; spares, or kills. 50

CLOE HUNTING.

BEHIND her neck her comely tresses tied,
 Her ivory quiver graceful by her side,
 A-hunting Cloe went. She lost her way,
 And through the woods uncertain chanced to stray.
 Apollo passing by beheld the maid ;
 And, Sister dear, bright Cynthia, turn, he said ;
 The hunted hind lies close in yonder brake.
 Loud Cupid laughed, to see the god's mistake ;
 And laughing, cried, Learn better, great divine,
 To know thy kindred, and to honour mine. 10

Rightly advised, far hence thy sister seek, 11
 Or on Meander's bank, or Latmos' peak.
 But in this nymph, my friend, my sister know:
 She draws my arrows, and she bends my bow:
 Fair Thames she haunts, and every neighbouring grove,
 Sacred to soft recess, and gentle love.
 Go, with thy Cynthia, hurl the pointed spear
 At the rough boar, or chase the flying deer;
 I and my Cloe take a nobler aim:
 At human hearts we fling, nor ever miss the game. 20

CUPID AND GANYMEDE.

IN Heaven, one holiday, you read
 In wise Anacreon, Ganymede
 Drew heedless Cupid in, to throw
 A main, to pass an hour, or so;
 The little Trojan, by the way,
 By Hermes taught, played all the play.
 The god unhappily engaged,
 By nature rash, by play enraged,
 Complained, and sighed, and cried, and fretted;
 Lost every earthly thing he betted: 10
 In ready-money, all the store
 Picked up long since from Danaë's shower;
 A snuff-box, set with bleeding hearts,
 Rubies, all pierced with diamond darts;
 His nine-pins made of myrtle-wood
 (The tree in Ida's forest stood);
 His bowl pure gold, the very same
 Which Paris gave the Cyprian dame;
 Two table-books in shagreen covers;
 Filled with good verse from real lovers; 20

Merchandise rare! a billet-doux, 21
Its matter passionate, yet true;
Heaps of hair rings, and ciphered seals;
Rich trifles; serious bagatelles.

What sad disorders play begets!
Desperate and mad, at length he sets
Those darts, whose points make gods adore
His might, and deprecate his power;
Those darts, whence all our joy and pain
Arise: those darts—Come, seven's the main, 30
Cries Ganymede; the usual trick;
Seven, slur a six; eleven, a nick.

Ill news go fast: 'twas quickly known,
That simple Cupid was undone.
Swifter than lightning Venus flew:
Too late she found the thing too true.
Guess how the goddess greets her son:
Come hither, sirrah! no, begone;
And, hark ye, is it so indeed?
A comrade you for Ganymede! 40
An imp as wicked, for his age,
As any earthly lady's page;
A scandal and a scourge to Troy;
A prince's son! a blackguard boy;
A sharper, that with box and dice
Draws in young deities to vice.
All Heaven is by the ears together,
Since first that little rogue came hither;
Juno herself has had no peace:
And truly I've been favoured less: 50
For Jove, as Fame reports (but Fame
Says things not fit for me to name),
Has acted ill for such a god,
And taken ways extremely odd.

And thou, unhappy child, she said 55
 (Her anger by her grief allayed),
 Unhappy child, who thus hast lost
 All the estate we e'er could boast;
 Whither, O whither wilt thou run,
 Thy name despised, thy weakness known? 60
 Nor shall thy shrine on earth be crowned;
 Nor shall thy power in Heaven be owned;
 When thou, nor man, nor god canst wound.
 Obedient Cupid kneeling cried,
 Cease, dearest mother, cease to chide:
 Gany's a cheat, and I'm a bubble:
 Yet why this great excess of trouble?
 The dice were false: the darts are gone:
 Yet how are you or I undone?
 The loss of these I can supply 70
 With keener shafts from Cloe's eye:
 Fear not we e'er can be disgraced,
 While that bright magazine shall last.
 Your crowded altars still shall smoke;
 And man your friendly aid invoke:
 Jove shall again revere your power,
 And rise a swan, or fall a shower.

CUPID MISTAKEN.

- 1 As after noon, one summer's day,
 Venus stood bathing in a river,
 Cupid a-shooting went that way,
 New strung his bow, new filled his quiver.
- 2 With skill he chose his sharpest dart,
 With all his might his bow he drew;

Swift to his beauteous parent's heart
The too well-guided arrow flew.

3 I faint! I die! the goddess cried;
O cruel, couldst thou find none other,
To wreck thy spleen on? Parricide!
Like Nero, thou hast slain thy mother.

4 Poor Cupid sobbing scarce could speak;
Indeed, mamma, I did not know ye:
Alas! how easy my mistake;
I took you for your likeness Cloe.

VENUS MISTAKEN.

1 WHEN Cloe's picture was to Venus shown,
Surprised, the goddess took it for her own.
And what, said she, does this bold painter mean,
When was I bathing thus, and naked seen?

2 Pleased Cupid heard, and checked his mother's pride:
And who's blind now, mamma? the urchin cried.
'Tis Cloe's eye, and cheek, and lip, and breast:
Friend Howard's genius fancied all the rest.

A SONG.

IF wine and music have the power
To ease the sickness of the soul;
Let Phœbus every string explore,
And Bacchus fill the sprightly bowl.
Let them their friendly aid employ,
To make my Cloe's absence light;
And seek for pleasure, to destroy
The sorrows of this live-long night.

But she to-morrow will return;
 Venus, be thou to-morrow great;
 Thy myrtles strow, thy odours burn;
 And meet thy favourite nymph in state.
 Kind goddess, to no other powers
 Let us to-morrow's blessings own:
 Thy darling loves shall guide the hours,
 And all the day be thine alone.

9

THE DOVE.

—*Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?*—*VIRG.*

- 1 IN Virgil's sacred verse we find,
 That passion can depress or raise
 The heavenly, as the human mind;
 Who dare deny what Virgil says!
- 2 But if they should, what our great master
 Has thus laid down, my tale shall prove;
 Fair Venus wept the sad disaster
 Of having lost her favourite Dove.
- 3 In complaisance poor Cupid mourned;
 His grief relieved his mother's pain;
 He vowed he'd leave no stone unturned,
 But she should have her Dove again.
- 4 Though none, said he, shall yet be named,
 I know the felon well enough;
 But be she not, mamma, condemned
 Without a fair and legal proof.
- 5 With that, his longest dart he took,
 As constable would take his staff;

That gods desire like men to look,
Would make e'en Heraclitus laugh.

6 Love's subalterns, a duteous band,
Like watchmen round their chief appear:
Each had his lantern in his hand:
And Venus masked brought up the rear.

7 Accoutred thus, their eager step
To Cloe's lodging they directed:
(At once I write, alas! and weep,
That Cloe is of theft suspected.)

8 Late they set out, had far to go:
St Dunstan's, as they passed, struck one.
Clöe, for reasons good, you know,
Lives at the sober end of the town.

9 With one great peal they rap the door,
Like footmen on a visiting day.
Folks at her house at such an hour!
Lord! what will all the neighbours say?

10 The door is open: up they run:
Nor prayers, nor threats divert their speed:
Thieves! thieves! cries Susan; we're undone;
They'll kill my mistress in her bed.

11 In bed indeed the nymph had been
Three hours; for all historians say,
She commonly went up at ten,
Unless piquet was in the way.

12 She waked, be sure, with strange surprise,
O Cupid, is this right or law,

Thus to disturb the brightest eyes,
That ever slept, or ever saw?

13 Have you observed a sitting hare,
Listening, and fearful of the storm
Of horns and hounds, clap back her ear,
Afraid to keep, or leave her form?

14 Or have you marked a partridge quake,
Viewing the towering falcon nigh?
She cuddles low behind the brake:
Nor would she stay; nor dares she fly.

15 Then have you seen the beauteous maid;
When gazing on her midnight foes,
She turned each way her frightened head,
Then sunk it deep beneath the clothes.

16 Venus this while was in the chamber
Incognito; for Susan said,
It smelt so strong of myrrh and amber—
And Susan is no lying maid.

17 But since we have no present need
Of Venus for an episode,
With Cupid let us e'en proceed;
And thus to Cloe spoke the god:

18 Hold up your head: hold up your hand:
Would it were not my lot to show ye
This cruel writ, wherein you stand
Indicted by the name of Cloe:

19 For that by secret malice stirred,
Or by an emulous pride invited,

- You have purloined the favourite bird
In which my mother most delighted.
- 20 Her blushing face the lovely maid
Raised just above the milk-white sheet,
A rose-tree in a lily bed
Nor glows so red, nor breathes so sweet.
- 21 Are you not he whom virgins fear,
And widows court? is not your name
Cupid? If so, pray come not near—
Fair maiden, I'm the very same.
- 22 Then what have I, good Sir, to say,
Or do with her, you call your mother?
If I should meet her in my way,
We hardly courtesy to each other.
- 23 Diana chaste, and Hebe sweet,
Witness that what I speak is true:
I would not give my paroquet
For all the Doves that ever flew.
- 24 Yet, to compose this midnight noise,
Go freely search where'er you please:
(The rage that raised, adorned her voice)
Upon yon toilet lie my keys.
- 25 Her keys he takes, her doors unlocks;
Through wardrobe, and through closet bounces;
Peeps into every chest and box,
Turns all her furbelows and flounces.
- 26 But Dove, depend on 't, finds he none;
So to the bed returns again;

And now the maiden, bolder grown,
Begins to treat him with disdain.

27 I marvel much, she smiling said,
Your poultry cannot yet be found;
Lies he in yonder slipper dead,
Or may be, in the tea-pot drowned!

28 No, traitress, angry Love replies,
He's hid somewhere about your breast;
A place nor god nor man denies,
For Venus' Dove the proper nest.

29 Search then, she said, put in your hand,
And Cynthia, dear protectress, guard me;
As guilty I, or free may stand,
Do thou, or punish, or reward me.

30 But ah! what maid to Love can trust;
He scorns, and breaks all legal power;
Into her breast his hand he thrust;
And in a moment forced it lower.

31 O, whither do those fingers rove,
Cries Cloe, treacherous urchin, whither?
O Venus! I shall find thy Dove,
Says he; for sure I touch his feather.

A LOVER'S ANGER.

As Cloe came into the room t'other day,
I peevish began; where so long could you stay?
In your life-time you never regarded your hour:
You promised at two; and (pray look, child) 'tis four.

A lady's watch needs neither figures nor wheels; 5
 'Tis enough, that 'tis loaded with baubles and seals.
 A temper so heedless no mortal can bear—
 Thus far I went on with a resolute air.
 Lord bless me, said she; let a body but speak:
 Here's an ugly hard rose-bud fall'n into my neck; 10
 It has hurt me, and vexed me to such a degree—
 See here! for you never believe me; pray see,
 On the left side my breast what a mark it has made!
 So saying, her bosom she careless displayed:
 That seat of delight I with wonder surveyed,
 And forgot every word I designed to have said.

MERCURY AND CUPID.

In sullen humour one day Jove
 Sent Hermes down to Ida's grove,
 Commanding Cupid to deliver
 His store of darts, his total quiver;
 That Hermes should the weapons break,
 Or throw them into Lethe's lake.

Hermes, you know, must do his errand:
 He found his man, produced his warrant;
 Cupid, your darts—this very hour—
 There's no contending against power. 10

How sullen Jupiter, just now,
 I think I said; and you'll allow,
 That Cupid was as bad as he:
 Hear but the youngster's repartee.

Come, kinsman (said the little god),
 Put off your wings, lay by your rod;
 Retire with me to yonder bower,
 And rest yourself for half an hour;
 'Tis far indeed from hence to Heaven,

But you fly fast; and 'tis but seven. 20
 We'll take one cooling cup of nectar;
 And drink to this celestial hector—

He break my dart, or hurt my power!
 He, Leda's swan, and Danae's shower!
 Go, bid him his wife's tongue restrain,
 And mind his thunder, and his rain.—
 My darts! O certainly I'll give them:
 From Cloe's eyes he shall receive them.
 There's one, the best in all my quiver,
 Twang! through his very heart and liver, 30

He then shall pine, and sigh, and rave:
 Good lord! what bustle shall we have!
 Neptune must straight be sent to sea,
 And Flora summoned twice a day:
 One must find shells, and t'other flowers,
 For cooling grots, and fragrant bowers,
 That Cloe may be served in state:
 The Hours must at her toilet wait:
 Whilst all the reasoning fools below
 Wonder their watches go too slow. 40

Lybs must fly south, and Eurus east,
 For jewels for her hair and breast;
 No matter though their cruel haste
 Sink cities, and lay forests waste;
 No matter though this fleet be lost;
 Or that lie wind-bound on the coast.
 What whispering in my mother's ear!
 What care, that Juno should not hear!
 What work among you scholar gods!
 Phoebus must write him amorous odes: 50
 And thou, poor cousin, must compose
 His letters in submissive prose;
 Whilst haughty Cloe, to sustain

The honour of my mystic reign, 36
 Shall all his gifts and vows disdain;
 And laugh at your old bully's pain.

Dear coz., said Hermes in a fright,
 For Heaven's sake, keep your darts! good night.

ON BEAUTY.

A RIDDLE.

RESOLVE me, Cloe, what is this:
 Or forfeit me one precious kiss.
 'Tis the first offspring of the Graces;
 Bears different forms in different places;
 Acknowledged fine, where'er beheld;
 Yet fancied finer, when concealed.
 'Twas Flora's wealth, and Circe's charm;
 Pandora's box of good and harm:
 'Twas Mars's wish, Endymion's dream;
 Apelles' draught, and Ovid's theme. 10
 This guided Theseus through the maze;
 And sent him home with life and praise.
 But this undid the Phrygian boy;
 And blew the flames that ruined Troy.
 This showed great kindness to old Greece,
 And helped rich Jason to the fleece.
 This through the east just vengeance hurled,
 And lost poor Anthony the world.
 Injured, though Lucrece found her doom;
 This banished tyranny from Rome. 20
 Appeased though Lais gained her hire;
 This set Persepolis on fire.
 For this Alcides learned to spin:
 His club laid down, and lion's skin.
 For this Apollo deigned to keep,

With servile care, a mortal's sheep.
 For this the father of the gods,
 Content to leave his high abodes,
 In borrowed figures loosely ran,
 Europa's bull, and Leda's swan,
 For this he reassumes the nod,
 (While Semele commands the god)
 Launches the bolt, and shakes the poles;
 Though Momus laughs, and Juno scolds.

26

Here listening Cloe smiled and said;
 Your riddle is not hard to read:
 I guess it—Fair one, if you do;
 Need I, alas! the theme pursue?
 For this thou see'st, for this I leave,
 Whate'er the world thinks wise or grave;
 Ambition, business, friendship, news,
 My useful books, and serious Muse.
 For this I willingly decline
 The mirth of feasts, and joys of wine;
 And choose to sit and talk with thee
 (As thy great orders may decree)
 Of cocks and bulls, and flutes and fiddles,
 Of idle tales, and foolish riddles.

40

THE QUESTION, TO LISETTA.

WHAT nymph should I admire, or trust,
 But Cloe, beauteous Cloe, just!
 What nymph should I desire to see,
 But her who leaves the plain for me!
 To whom should I compose the lay,
 But her who listens when I play!
 To whom, in song, repeat my cares,
 But her who in my sorrow shares!

For whom should I the garland make,
 But her who joys the gift to take,
 And boasts she wears it for my sake!
 In love am I not fully blest?
 Lisetta, pr'ythee tell the rest.

9

 LISETTA'S REPLY.

• SURE, Cloe just, and Cloe fair,
 Deserves to be your only care;
 But when you and she to-day
 Far into the wood did stray,
 And I happened to pass by,
 Which way did you cast your eye!
 But when your cares to her you sing,
 Yet dare not tell her whence they spring;
 Does it not more afflict your heart,
 That in those cares she bears a part!
 When you the flowers for Cloe twine,
 Why do you to her garland join
 The meanest bud that falls from mine!
 Simplest of swains! the world may see,
 Whom Cloe loves, and who loves me.

10

 THE GARLAND.

- 1 THE pride of every grove I chose,
 The violet sweet, and lily fair,
 The dappled pink, and blushing rose,
 To deck my charming Cloe's hair.
- 2 At morn the nymph vouchsafed to place
 Upon her brow the various wreath;
 The flowers less blooming than her face;
 The scent less fragrant than her breath.

- 3 The flowers she wore along the day;
And every nymph and shepherd said,
That in her hair they looked more gay
Than glowing in their native bed.
- 4 Undressed at evening when she found
Their odours lost, their colours past;
She changed her look, and on the ground
Her garland and her eye she cast.
- 5 That eye dropped sense distinct and clear,
As any Muse's tongue could speak,
When from its lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.
- 6 Dissembling what I knew too well,
My love, my life, said I, explain
This change of humour; pr'ythee, tell:
That falling tear—What does it mean!
- 7 She sighed; she smiled; and to the flowers
Pointing, the lovely moralist said;
See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,
See yonder, what a change is made.
- 8 Ah me! the blooming pride of May,
And that of beauty are but one;
At morn both flourish bright and gay,
Both fade at evening, pale, and gone.
- 9 At dawn poor Stella danced and sung;
The amorous youth around her bowed;
At night her fatal knell was rung;
I saw, and kissed her in her shroud.
- 10 Such as she is, who died to-day,
Such I, alas! may be to-morrow;

Go, Damon, bid thy Muse display
The justice of thy Cloe's sorrow.

THE LADY WHO OFFERS HER LOOKING
GLASS TO VENUS.¹

VENUS, take my votive glass,
Since I am not what I was;
What from this day I shall be,
Venus, let me never see.

CLOE JEALOUS.

- 1 FORBEAR to ask me, why I weep;
Vexed Cloe to her shepherd said;
'Tis for my two poor straggling sheep
Perhaps, or for my squirrel dead.
- 2 For mind I what you late have writ?
Your subtle questions, and replies;
Emblems, to teach a female wit
The ways, where changing Cupid flies.
- 3 Your riddle purposed to rehearse
The general power that beauty has;
But why did no peculiar verse
Describe one charm of Cloe's face?
- 4 The glass, which was at Venus' shrine,
With such mysterious sorrow laid;
The garland (and you call it mine)
Which showed how youth and beauty fade.

¹ From an epigram of Plato. See Rambler, Number 143.

- 5 Ten thousand trifles light as these
Nor can my rage, nor anger move:
She should be humble, who would please;
And she must suffer, who can love.
- 6 When in my glass I chanced to look;
Of Venus what did I implore?
That every grace which thence I took,
Should know to charm my Damon more.
- 7 Reading thy verse, who heeds, said I,
If here or there his glances flew;
O free for ever be his eye,
Whose heart to me is always true!
- 8 My bloom indeed, my little flower
Of beauty quickly lost its pride;
For, severed from its native bower,
It on thy glowing bosom died.
- 9 Yet cared I not what might presage,
Or withered wreath, or fleeting youth;
Love I esteemed more strong than age,
And Time less permanent than Truth.
- 10 Why then I weep, forbear to know:
Fall uncontrolled my tears, and free;
O Damon! 'tis the only woe
I ever yet concealed from thee.
- 11 The secret wound with which I bleed
Shall lie wrapped up even in my hearse;
But on my tombstone thou shalt read
My answer to thy dubious verse.

ANSWER TO CLOE JEALOUS.

IN THE SAME STYLE. THE AUTHOR SICK.

- 1 Yes, fairest proof of Beauty's power,
Dear idol of my panting heart,
Nature points this my fatal hour:
And I have lived,—and we must part.
- 2 While now I take my last adieu,
Heave thou no sigh, nor shed a tear;
Lest yet my half-closed eye may view
On earth an object worth its care.
- 3 From Jealousy's tormenting strife
For ever be thy bosom freed;
That nothing may disturb thy life,
Content I hasten to the dead.
- 4 Yet when some better-fated youth
Shall with his amorous parley move thee:
Reflect one moment on *his* truth
Who, dying thus, persists to love thee.

A BETTER ANSWER.

- 1 DEAR Cloe, how blubbered is that pretty face,
Thy cheek all on fire, and thy hair all uncured;
Pry'thee quit this caprice; and (as old Falstaff says)
Let us even talk a little like folks of this world.
- 2 How canst thou presume, thou hast leave to destroy
The beauties, which Venus but lent to thy keeping?
Those looks were designed to inspire love and joy:
More ordinary eyes may serve people for weeping.

- 3 To be vexed at a trifle or two that I writ,
 Your judgment at once, and my passion you
 wrong;
 You take that for fact, which will scarce be found wit:
 Odds life! must one swear to the truth of a song?
- 4 What I speak, my fair Cloe, and what I write, shows
 The difference there is betwixt nature and art;
 I court others in verse, but I love thee in prose;
 And they have my whimsies, but thou hast my
 heart!
- 5 The god of us verse-men (you know, child) the sun,
 How after his journeys he sets up his rest;
 If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run,
 At night he declines on his Thetis's breast.
- 6 So when I am wearied with wandering all day,
 To thee, my delight, in the evening I come;
 No matter what beauties I saw in my way;¹
 They were but my visits, but thou art my home.
- 7 Then finish, dear Cloe, this pastoral war;
 And let us, like Horace and Lydia, agree:
 For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,
 As he was a poet sublimer than me.

PALLAS AND VENUS.

AN EPIGRAM.

THE Trojan swain had judged the great dispute,
 And Beauty's power obtained the golden fruit;

¹ My heart with her, but as guest-wise, sojourn'd;
 And now to Helen it is home return'd,
 There to remain.—

Midsummer Night's Dream, A. iii. S. 2.

When Venus, loose in all her naked charms, 3
 Met Jove's great daughter clad in shining arms.
 The wanton goddess view'd the warlike maid
 From head to foot, and tauntingly she said:
 Yield, sister, rival, yield; naked, you see,
 I vanquish; guess how potent I should be,
 If to the field I came in armour dressed;
 Dreadful, like thine, my shield, and terrible my crest! 10
 The warrior goddess with disdain replied,
 Thy folly, child, is equal to thy pride;
 Let a brave enemy for once advise,
 And Venus (if 'tis possible) be wise:
 Thou to be strong must put off every dress;
 Thy only armour is thy nakedness;
 And more than once (or thou art much belied)
 By Mars himself that armour has been tried.

 TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN IN LOVE.

A TALE.

From public noise and factious strife,
 From all the busy ills of life,
 Take me, my Celia, to thy breast,
 And lull my wearied soul to rest;
 For ever, in this humble cell,
 Let thee and I, my fair one, dwell;
 None enter else, but Love,—and he
 Shall bar the door, and keep the key.
 To painted roofs, and shining spires
 (Uneasy seats of high desires) 10
 Let the unthinking many crowd,
 That dare be covetous and proud:
 In golden bondage let them wait,
 And barter happiness for state.

That for one hour I would not quit
 My shepherd's arms, and this retreat,
 To be the Persian monarch's bride,
 Partner of all his power and pride;
 Or rule in regal state above,
 Mother of gods, and wife of Jove.

49

O happy these of human race;
 But soon, alas! our pleasures pass.
 He thanked her on his bended knee;
 Then drank a quart of milk and tea;
 And leaving her adored embrace,
 Hastened to court to beg a place.
 While she, his absence to bemoan,
 The very moment he was gone,
 Called Thyrsis from beneath the bed,
 Where all this time he had been hid.

60

MORAL.

While men have these ambitious fancies,
 And wanton wenches read romances,
 Our sex will—What?—out with it—lie;
 And theirs in equal strains reply.
 The moral of the tale I sing
 (A posy for a wedding ring)
 In this short verse will be confined:
 Love is a jest, and vows are wind.

70

AN ENGLISH PADLOCK.

MISS DANAE, when fair and young,
 (As Horace has divinely sung)
 Could not be kept from Jove's embrace
 By doors of steel, and walls of brass.
 The reason of the thing is clear,
 Would Jove the naked truth aver:

Cupid was with him of the party,
And showed himself sincere and hearty;
For, give that whipster but his errand,
He takes my Lord Chief Justice' warrant;
Dauntless as death away he walks,
Breaks the doors open, snaps the locks;
Searches the parlour, chamber, study;
Nor stops till he has culprit's body.

Since this has been authentic truth,
By age delivered down to youth;
Tell us, mistaken husband, tell us,
Why so mysterious, why so jealous;
Does the restraint, the bolt, the bar
Make us less curious, her less fair?
The spy, which does this treasure keep,
Does she ne'er say her prayers, nor sleep;
Does she to no excess incline;
Does she fly music, mirth, and wine;
Or have not gold and flattery power
To purchase one unguarded hour?

Your care does farther yet extend;
That spy is guarded by your friend.—
But has this friend nor eye, nor heart;
May he not feel the cruel dart
Which, soon or late, all mortals feel;
May he not, with too tender zeal,
Give the fair prisoner cause to see,
How much he wishes she were free?
May he not craftily infer
The rules of friendship too severe,
Which chain him to a hated trust;
Which make him wretched, to be just?
And may not she, this darling she,
Youthful and healthy, flesh and blood,

7

20

30

40

Easy with him, ill used by thee, 41
Allow this logic to be good?

Sir, will your questions never end?
I trust to neither spy nor friend.
In short, I keep her from the sight
Of every human face.—She 'll write.
From pen and paper she's debarred.
Has she a bodkin and a card?
She 'll prick her mind.—She will, you say:
But how shall she that mind convey? 50
I keep her in one room: I lock it:
The key (look here) is in this pocket.
The key-hole, is that left? most certain,
She 'll thrust her letter through—Sir Martin.

Dear angry friend, what must be done?
Is there no way? there is but one;
Send her abroad, and let her see,
That all this mingled mass, which she,
Being forbidden, longs to know,
Is a dull farce, an empty show, 60
Powder, and pocket-glass, and beau;
A staple of romance and lies,
False tears, and real perjuries:
Where sighs and looks are bought and sold,
And love is made but to be told;
Where the fat bawd, and lavish heir
The spoils of ruined beauty share;
And youth, seduced from friends and fame,
Must give up age to want and shame.
Let her behold the frantic scene, 70
The women wretched, false the men:
And when, these certain ills to shun,
She would to thy embraces run,
Receive her with extended arms;

Seem more delighted with her charms;
 Wait on her to the park and play;
 Put on good humour; make her gay:
 Be to her virtues very kind;
 Be to her faults a little blind;
 Let all her ways be unconfined;
 And clap your padlock—on her mind.

75

80

HANS CARVEL.

HANS CARVEL, impotent and old,
 Married a lass of London mould:
 Handsome enough, extremely gay;
 Loved music, company, and play.
 High flights she had, and wit at will;
 And so her tongue lay seldom still;
 For in all visits who but she,
 To argue, or to repartee?
 She made it plain, that human passion
 Was ordered by predestination;
 That if weak women went astray,
 Their stars were more in fault than they;
 Whole tragedies she had by heart;
 Entered into Roxana's part:
 To triumph in her rival's blood,
 The action certainly was good.
 How like a vine young Ammon curled!
 Oh that dear conqueror of the world!
 She pitied Betterton in age,
 That ridiculed the god-like rage.

10

20

She, first of all the town, was told,
 Where newest India things were sold,
 So in a morning, without boddice,
 Slipt sometimes out to Mrs Thody's;

To cheapen tea, to buy a screen; 25
What else could so much virtue mean?
For to prevent the least reproach,
Betty went with her in the coach.

But when no very great affair
Excited her peculiar care,
She without fail was waked at ten;
Drank chocolate, then slept again.
At twelve she rose; with much ado
Her clothes were huddled on by two;
Then, does my lady dine at home?
Yes, sure;—but is the Colonel come!
Next, how to spend the afternoon,
And not come home again too soon;
The 'Change, the City, or the Play,
As each was proper for the day;
A turn in summer to Hyde Park,
When it grew tolerably dark.

Wife's pleasure causes husband's pain:
Strange fancies come in Hans's brain:
He thought of what he did not name;
And would reform, but durst not blame.
At first he therefore preached his wife
The comforts of a pious life;
Told her how transient beauty was;
That all must die, and flesh was grass: 50
He bought her sermons, psalms, and graces;
And doubled down the useful places.
But still the weight of worldly care
Allowed her little time for prayer:
And Cleopatra¹ was read o'er,
While Scot,² and Wake,³ and twenty more,

¹ Cleopatra, a novel much read by ladies in the last century.—² Dr John Scot, Rector of St Giles in the Fields, and author of the Christian Life, in 5 vols. A writer of great power and eloquence.—³ Dr William Wake, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.

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That teach one to deny oneself,
 Stood unmolested on the shelf.
 An untouched Bible graced her toilet:
 No fear that thumb of hers should spoil it.
 In short, the trade was still the same;
 The dame went out, the colonel came.

57

What's to be done? poor Carvel cried:
 Another battery must be tried:
 What if to spells I had recourse,
 'Tis but to hinder something worse!
 The end must justify the means:
 He only sins who ill intends:
 Since therefore 'tis to combat evil,
 'Tis lawful to employ the devil.

70

Forthwith the devil did appear
 (For name him, and he's always near),
 Not in the shape in which he plies
 At miss's elbow when she lies;
 Or stands before the nursery doors,
 To take the naughty boy that roars:
 But, without saucer-eye or claw,
 Like a grave barrister at law.

Hans Carvel, lay aside your grief,
 The devil says; I bring relief.
 Relief, says Hans, pray let me crave
 Your name, Sir,—Satan—Sir, your slave!
 I did not look upon your feet;
 You'll pardon me:—Ay, now I see't:
 And pray, Sir, when came you from hell;
 Our friends there, did you leave them well!
 All well; but pr'ythee, honest Hans,
 (Says Satan) leave your complaisance:
 The truth is this; I cannot stay
 Flaring in sunshine all the day;

80

90

For, *entre nous*, we hellish sprites 91
Love more the fresco of the nights;
And oftener our receipts convey
In dreams, than any other way.
I tell you therefore as a friend,
Ere morning dawns, your fears shall end.
Go then this evening, master Carvel,
Lay down your fowls, and broach your barrel;
Let friends and wine dissolve your care;
Whilst I the great receipt prepare:— 100
To-night I'll bring it, by my faith;
Believe for once what Satan saith.

Away went Hans: glad? not a little;
Obeyed the devil to a tittle;
Invited friends some half a dozen,
The colonel and my lady's cousin.
The meat was served, the bowls were crowned,
Catches were sung, and healths went round;
Barbadoes waters for the close;
Till Hans had fairly got his dose. 110
The colonel toasted to the best;
The dame moved off to be undressed;
The chimes went twelve; the guests withdrew:
But when, or how, Hans hardly knew.
Some modern anecdotes aver,
He nodded in his elbow chair;
From thence was carried off to bed:
John held his heels, and Nan his head.
My lady was disturbed, new sorrow!
Which Hans must answer for to-morrow. 120
In bed then view this happy pair;
And think how Hymen triumphed there.
Hans fast asleep as soon as laid,
The duty of the night unpaid;

The waking dame, with thoughts oppressed, 125
 That made her hate both him and rest;
 By such a husband, such a wife!
 'Twas Acme's and Septimius' life:
 The lady sighed: the lover snored:
 The punctual devil kept his word; 130
 Appeared to honest Hans again,
 But not at all by madam seen;
 And giving him a magic ring,
 Fit for the finger of a king,
 Dear Hans, said he, this jewel take,
 And wear it long for Satan's sake;
 'Twill do your business to a hair;
 For, long as you this ring shall wear,
 As sure as I look over Lincoln,
 That ne'er shall happen which you think on. 140
 Hans took the ring with joy extreme;
 (All this was only in a dream)
 And, thrusting it beyond his joint,
 'Tis done, he cried, I've gained my point.
 What point, said she, you ugly beast?
 You neither give me joy nor rest:
 'Tis done.—What's done, you drunken bear;
 You've thrust your finger G-d knows where!

A DUTCH PROVERB.

FIRE, water, woman, are man's ruin:
 Says wise professor Vander Brün.
 By flames a house I hired was lost
 Last year, and I must pay the cost.
 This spring the rains o'erflowed my ground;
 And my best Flanders mare was drowned.

A slave I am to Clara's eyes:
 The gipsy knows her power, and flies.
 Fire, water, woman, are my ruin:
 And great thy wisdom, Vander Brün.

7

PAULO PURGANTI AND HIS WIFE:

AN HONEST, BUT A SIMPLE PAIR.

Est enim quiddam, idque intelligitur in omni virtute, quod deceat: quod cogitatione magis à virtute potest quàm re separari. Cic. de Off. L. 2.

BEYOND the fixed and settled rules
 Of vice and virtue in the schools,
 Beyond the letter of the law,
 Which keeps our men and maids in awe,
 The better sort should set before 'em
 A grace, a manner, a decorum;
 Something, that gives their acts a light;
 Makes them not only just, but bright;
 And sets them in that open fame,
 Which witty malice cannot blame.

10

For 'tis in life, as 'tis in painting,
 Much may be right, yet much be wanting;
 From lines drawn true, our eye may trace
 A foot, a knee, a hand, a face;
 May justly own the picture wrought
 Exact to rule, exempt from fault:
 Yet, if the colouring be not there,
 The Titian stroke, the Guido air;
 To nicest judgment show the piece;
 At best 'twill only not displease:
 It would not gain on Jersey's eye;
 Bradford would frown, and set it by.

20

Thus in the picture of our mind
 The action may be well designed;

Guided by law, and bound by duty; 25
 Yet want this *Je ne sçai quoi* of beauty;
 And though its error may be such,
 As ¹ Knags and Burgess cannot hit;
 It yet may feel the nicer touch
 Of Wycherley's or Congreve's wit. 30

What is this talk, replies a friend,
 And where will this dry moral end?
 The truth of what you here lay down
 By some example should be shown.—
 With all my heart,—for once; read on!
 An honest, but a simple pair
 (And twenty other I forbear)
 May serve to make this thesis clear.

A doctor of great skill and fame, 40
 Paulo Purganti was his name,
 Had a good, comely, virtuous wife;
 No woman led a better life;
 She to intrigues was even hard-hearted:
 She chuckled when a bawd was carted;
 And thought the nation ne'er would thrive,
 Till all the whores were burned alive.

On married men, that dared be bad,
 She thought no mercy should be had;
 They should be hanged, or starved, or fleaed,
 Or served like Romish priests in Swede. 50
 In short, all lewdness she defied:
 And stiff was her parochial pride.

Yet, in an honest way, the dame
 Was a great lover of that same;
 And could from scripture take her cue,
 That husbands should give wives their due.

¹ Two divines. Knags was Lecturer of St Giles in the Fields; Burgess was a Dissenter.

Her prudence did so justly steer
Between the gay and the severe,
That if in some regards she chose
To curb poor Paulo in too close;
In others she relaxed again,
And governed with a looser rein.

57

Thus though she strictly did confine
The doctor from excess of wine;
With oysters, eggs, and vermicelli,
She let him almost burst his belly;
Thus drying coffee was denied;
But chocolate that loss supplied:
And for tobacco (who could bear it),
Filthy concomitant of claret!
(Blest revolution!) one might see
Eringo roots, and bohea tea.

70

She often set the doctor's band,
And stroked his beard, and squeezed his hand:
Kindly complained, that after noon
He went to pore on books too soon.
She held it wholesomer by much,
To rest a little on the couch;
About his waist in bed a-nights
She clung so close—for fear of sprites.

80

The doctor understood the call,
But had not always wherewithal.

The lion's skin too short, you know
(As Plutarch's *Morals* finely show),
Was lengthened by the fox's tail;
And art supplies, where strength may fail.

Unwilling then, in arms to meet
The enemy he could not beat,
He strove to lengthen the campaign,
And save his forces by chicane.

90

Fabius, the Roman chief, who thus 91
 By fair retreat grew Maximus,
 Shows us, that all the warrior can do
 With force inferior is CUNCTANDO.

One day then, as the foe drew near,
 With love, and joy, and life, and dear;
 Our don, who knew this tittle-tattle
 Did, sure as trumpet, call to battle,
 Thought it extremely *à propos*,
 To ward against the coming blow; 100
 To ward: but how? ay, there's the question;
 Fierce the assault, unarmed the bastion.

The doctor feigned a strange surprise:
 He felt her pulse, he viewed her eyes,
 That beat too fast, these rolled too quick,
 She was, he said, or would be sick;
 He judged it absolutely good,
 That she should purge and cleanse her blood.
 Spa waters for that end were got;
 If they passed easily or not, 110
 What matters it; the lady's fever
 Continued violent as ever.

For a distemper of this kind,
 (Blackmore and Hans¹ are of my mind,)
 If once it youthful blood infects,
 And chiefly of the female sex,
 Is scarce removed by pill or potion;
 Whate'er might be our doctor's notion.

One luckless night then, as in bed
 The doctor and the dame were laid; 120
 Again this cruel fever came,
 High pulse, short breath, and blood in flame.

¹ Sir Richard Blackmore and Sir Edward Hannes, the well-known physicians.

What measures shall poor Paulo keep 123

With madam in this piteous taking!
She, like Macbeth, has murdered sleep,
And won't allow him rest though waking.

Sad state of matters! when we dare
Nor ask for peace, nor offer war;
Nor Livy nor Commynes have shown,
What in this juncture may be done. 130
Grotius might own, that Paulo's case is
Harder than any which he places
Amongst his Belli and his Pacis.

He strove, alas! but strove in vain,
By dint of logic to maintain,
That all the sex was born to grieve,
Down to her ladyship from Eve.
He ranged his tropes, and preached up patience;
Backed his opinion with quotations,
Divines and moralists; and run ye on 140
Quite through from Seneca to Bunyan.
As much in vain he bid her try
To fold her arms, and close her eye;
Telling her, rest would do her good,
If anything in nature could:
So held the Greeks quite down from Galen,
Masters and princes of their calling:
So all our modern friends maintain
(Though no great Greeks) in Warwick Lane.

Reduce, my Muse, the wandering song; 150
A tale should never be too long.

The more he talked, the more she burned,
And sighed, and tossed, and groaned, and turned;
At last, I wish, said she, my dear—
(And whispered something in his ear.)
You wish! wish on, the doctor cries:

Lord! when will womankind be wise!
 What, in your waters, are you mad!
 Why, poison is not half so bad.
 I'll do it—but I give you warning,
 You'll die before to-morrow morning.—
 'Tis kind, my dear, what you advise;
 The lady with a sigh replies;
 But life, you know, at best is pain;
 And death is what we should disdain.
 So do it, therefore, and adieu:
 For I will die for love of you.
 Let wanton wives by death be scared:
 But, to my comfort, I'm prepared.

157

THE LADLE.

THE sceptics think, 'twas long ago,
 Since gods came down *incognito*:
 To see who were their friends or foes,
 And how our actions fell or rose.
 That since they gave things their beginning,
 And set this whirligig a-spinning,
 Supine they in their heaven remain,
 Exempt from passion, and from pain;
 And frankly leave us human elves,
 To cut and shuffle for ourselves:
 To stand or walk, to rise or tumble,
 As matter, and as motion jumble.

10

The poets now, and painters hold
 This thesis both absurd and bold;
 And your good-natured gods, they say,
 Descend some twice or thrice a-day;
 Else all these things we toil so hard in,
 Would not avail one single farthing.

For, when the hero we rehearse,
 To grace his actions and our verse,
 'Tis not by dint of human thought,
 That to his Latium he is brought;
 Iris descends by Fate's commands,
 To guide his steps through foreign lands;
 And Amphitrite clears the way
 From rocks and quicksands in the sea.

19

And if you see him in a sketch
 (Though drawn by Paulo or Carache),
 He shows not half his force and strength,
 Strutting in armour, and at length;
 That he may take his proper figure,
 The piece must yet be four yards bigger.
 The nymphs conduct him to the field,
 One holds his sword, and one his shield;
 Mars standing by asserts his quarrel,
 And Fame flies after with a laurel.

30

These points, I say, of speculation
 (As 'twere to save or sink the nation)
 Men idly learnèd will dispute,
 Assert, object, confirm, refute;
 Each mighty angry, mighty right,
 With equal arms sustains the fight;
 Till now no umpire can agree 'em:
 So both draw off and sing *Te Deum*.

40

Is it in *equilibrio*,
 If deities descend or no?
 Then let the affirmative prevail,
 As requisite to form my tale,
 For by all parties 'tis confessed,
 That those opinions are the best
 Which in their nature most conduce
 To present ends, and private use.

50

Two gods came therefore from above,
One Mercury, the other Jove;
The humour was, it seems, to know
If all the favours they bestow,
Could from our own perverseness ease us;
And if our wish enjoyed would please us.

53

Discoursing largely on this theme,
O'er hills and dales their godships came;
Till, well nigh tired and almost night,
They thought it proper to alight.

60

Note here, that it as true as odd is,
That in disguise a god or goddess
Exerts no supernatural powers,
But acts on maxims much like ours.

They spied at last a country farm,
Where all was snug, and clean, and warm;
For woods before and hills behind
Secured it both from rain and wind.
Large oxen in the fields were lowing;
Good grain was sowed; good fruit was growing;
Of last year's corn in barns great store;
Fat turkeys gobbling at the door;
And wealth, in short, with peace consented
That people here should live contented.
But did they in effect do so?
Have patience, friend, and thou shalt know.

70

The honest farmer and his wife,
To years declined from prime of life,
Had struggled with the marriage noose,
As almost every couple does;
Sometimes, my plague! sometimes, my darling!
Kissing to-day, to-morrow snarling;
Jointly submitting to endure
That evil, which admits no cure.

80

Our gods the outward gates unbarred:
Our farmer met them in the yard;
Thought they were folks that lost their way,
And asked them civilly to stay;
Told them, for supper, or for bed
They might go on, and be worse sped.

87

So said, so done; the gods consent;
All three into the parlour went:
They compliment, they sit, they chat;
Fight o'er the wars, reform the state;
A thousand knotty points they clear,
Till supper and my wife appear.

Jove made his leg, and kissed the dame:
Obsequious Hermes did the same.

100

Jove kissed the farmer's wife, you say;
He did—but in an honest way.
Oh! not with half that warmth and life
With which he kissed Amphitryon's wife.

Well then, things handsomely were served:
My mistress for the strangers carved.
How strong the beer, how good the meat,
How loud they laughed, how much they eat,
In epic sumptuous would appear;
Yet shall be passed in silence here.

110

For I should grieve to have it said
That, by a fine description led,
I made my episode too long,
Or tired my friend, to grace my song.

The grace-cup served, the cloth away,
Jove thought it time to show his play;
Landlord and landlady, he cried,
Folly and jesting laid aside,
That ye thus hospitably live,
And strangers with good cheer receive,

120

Is mighty grateful to your betters, 121
 And makes even gods themselves your debtors:
 To give this thesis plainer proof,
 You have to-night beneath your roof
 A pair of gods—nay, never wonder!
 This youth can fly, and I can thunder!
 I'm Jupiter, and he Mercurius,
 My page, my son indeed, but spurious.
 Form then three wishes, you and madam,
 And sure, as you already had 'em, 130
 The things desired in half an hour
 Shall all be here, and in your power.

Thank ye, great gods, the woman says,
 Oh! may your altars ever blaze;
 A ladle for our silver dish
 Is what I want, is what I wish.—
 A ladle! cries the man, a ladle!
 'Odzooks, Corisca, you have prayed ill;
 What should be great, you turn to farce;
 I wish the ladle in your a—. 140

With equal grief and shame my Muse
 The sequel of the tale pursues;
 The ladle fell into the room,
 And stuck in old Corisca's bum.
 Our couple weep two wishes past,
 And kindly join to form the last;
 To ease the woman's awkward pain,
 And get the ladle out again.

MORAL.

This commoner has worth and parts,
 Is praised for arms, or loved for arts: 150
 His head aches for a coronet:
 And who is blessed that is not great?

Some sense, and more estate, kind Heaven 153
 To this well-lotted peer has given;
 What then? he must have rule and sway;
 And all is wrong, 'till he's in play.

The miser must make up his plum,
 And dares not touch the hoarded sum;
 The sickly dotard wants a wife,
 To draw off his last dregs of life. 160

Against our peace we arm our will:
 Amidst our plenty, something still
 For horses, houses, pictures, planting,
 To thee, to me, to him is wanting.
 That cruel something unpossessed
 Corrodes and leavens all the rest.
 That something, if we could obtain,
 Would soon create a future pain;
 And to the coffin, from the cradle,
 'Tis all a Wish, and all a Ladle. 170

WRITTEN AT PARIS. MDCC.

IN THE BEGINNING OF ROBE'S GEOGRAPHY.

OF all that William rules, or Robe
 Describes, great Rhea, of thy globe,
 When or on post-horse, or in chaise,
 With much expense, and little ease,
 My destined miles I shall have gone,
 By Thames or Maese, by Po or Rhone,
 And found no foot of earth my own;
 Great Mother, let me once be able
 To have a garden, house, and stable;
 That I may read, and ride, and plant, 10
 Superior to desire, or want;
 And as health fails, and years increase,

Sit down, and think, and die in peace. 13
 Oblige thy favourite undertakers
 To throw me in but twenty acres;
 This number sure they may allow;
 For pasture ten, and ten for plough:
 'Tis all that I would wish, or hope,
 For me and John, and Nell, and Crop.
 Then, as thou wilt, dispose the rest, 20
 And let not fortune spoil the jest,
 To those, who at the market-rate
 Can barter honour for estate.

Now if thou grant'st me my request,
 To make thy votary truly blessed,
 Let cursed revenge, and saucy pride
 To some bleak rock far off be tied;
 Nor e'er approach my rural seat,
 To tempt me to be base and great.

And, Goddess, this kind office done, 30
 Charge Venus to command her son
 (Where-ever else she lets him rove),
 To shun my house, my field, my grove:
 Peace cannot dwell with hate or love.

Hear, gracious Rhea, what I say:
 And thy petitioner shall pray.

WRITTEN IN THE BEGINNING OF MEZERAY'S HISTORY OF FRANCE.

- 1 WHATE'ER thy countrymen have done
 By law and wit, by sword and gun,
 In thee is faithfully recited:
 And all the living world, that view
 Thy work, give thee the praises due,
 At once instructed and delighted.

- 2 Yet for the fame of all these deeds,
What beggar in the Invalides,
With lameness broke, with blindness smitten,
Wished ever decently to die,
To have been either Mezeray,
Or any monarch he has written?
- 3 It's strange, dear author, yet it true is,
That, down from Pharamond to Louis,
All covet life, yet call it pain;
All feel the ill, yet shun the cure:
Can sense this paradox endure?
Resolve me, Cambray, or Fontaine.
- 4 The man in graver tragic known
(Though his best part long since was done)
Still on the stage desires to tarry;
And he who played the Harlequin,
After the jest still loads the scene
Unwilling to retire, though weary.

WRITTEN IN THE NOUVEAUX INTERETS

DES PRINCES DE L'EUROPE.

BLEST be the princes, who have fought
For pompous names, or wide dominion;
Since by their error we are taught,
That happiness is but opinion.

ADRIANI MORIENTIS AD ANIMAM SUAM.

ANIMULA, vagula, blandula,
Hospes, comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca,
Pallidula, rigida, nudula?
Nec, ut soles, dabis joca.

BY MONSIEUR FONTENELLE.

MA petite âme, ma mignonne,
 Tu t'en vas donc, ma fille, et Dieu sçache où tu vas:
 Tu pars seulette, nuë, et tremblotante, hélas!
 Que deviendra ton humeur folichonne!
 Que deviendront tant de jolis ébats!

IMITATED.

- 1 Poor little, pretty, fluttering thing,
 Must we no longer live together?
 And dost thou prune thy trembling wing;
 To take thy flight thou know'st not whither?
- 2 Thy humorous vein, thy pleasing folly
 Lies all neglected, all forgot;
 And pensive, wavering, melancholy,
 Thou dread'st and hop'st thou know'st not what!

A PASSAGE IN THE MORIÆ ENCOMIUM
 OF ERASMUS IMITATED.

In awful pomp, and melancholy state,
 See settled Reason on the judgment seat;
 Around her crowd Distrust, and Doubt, and Fear,
 And thoughtful Foresight, and tormenting Care;
 Far from the throne, the trembling Pleasures stand,
 Chained up, or exiled by her stern command.
 Wretched her subjects, gloomy sits the queen;
 Till happy Chance reverts the cruel scene;
 And apish Folly with her wild resort
 Of wit and jest disturbs the solemn court.
 See the fantastic minstrelsy advance,
 To breathe the song, and animate the dance.
 Blest the usurper! happy the surprise!
 Her mimic postures catch our eager eyes;

Her jingling bells affect our captive ear; 15
 And in the sights we see, and sounds we hear,
 Against our judgment she our sense employs;
 The laws of troubled Reason she destroys;
 And in her place rejoices to indite
 Wild schemes of mirth, and plans of loose delight. 20

TO DR SHERLOCK,¹

ON HIS PRACTICAL DISCOURSE CONCERNING DEATH.

FORGIVE the Muse, who, in unhallowed strains,
 The saint one moment from his God detains;
 For sure, whate'er you do, where'er you are,
 'Tis all but one good work, one constant prayer.
 Forgive her; and intreat that God, to whom
 Thy favoured vows with kind acceptance come,
 To raise her notes to that sublime degree,
 Which suits a song of piety and thee.

Wondrous good man! whose labours may repel
 The force of sin, may stop the rage of hell; 10
 Thou, like the Baptist, from thy God was sent,
 The crying voice, to bid the world repent.

Thee Youth shall study, and no more engage
 Their flattering wishes for uncertain age;
 No more with fruitless care, and cheated strife,
 Chase fleeting Pleasure through this maze of life:
 Finding the wretched all they here can have,
 But present food, and but a future grave:
 Each, great as Philip's victor son, shall view
 This abject world, and weeping, ask a new. 20
 Decrepit Age shall read thee, and confess,
 Thy labours can assuage, where medicines cease;

¹ Dr William Sherlock, Master of the Temple; father of Dr Thomas Sherlock, Bishop of London.

Shall bless thy words, their wounded soul's relief, 23
The drops that sweeten their last dregs of life;
Shall look to Heaven, and laugh at all beneath;
Own riches gathered, trouble, fame a breath,
And life an ill, whose only cure is death.

Thy even thoughts with so much plainness flow,
Their sense untutored infancy may know:
Yet to such height is all that plainness wrought, 30
Wit may admire, and lettered Pride be taught;
Easy in words, thy style in sense sublime,

On its blest steps each age and sex may rise;
'Tis like the ladder in the Patriarch's dream,
Its foot on earth, its height above the skies.

Diffused its virtue, boundless is its power,
'Tis public health, and universal cure;
Of heavenly manna 'tis a second feast;
A nation's food, and all to every taste.

To its last height mad Britain's guilt was reared; 40
And various death for various crimes she feared.
With your kind work her drooping hopes revive;
You bid her read, repent, adore, and live.
You wrest the bolt from Heaven's avenging hand,
Stop ready death, and save a sinking land.

O! save us still; still bless us with thy stay;
O! want thy Heaven, till we have learned the way;
Refuse to leave thy destined charge too soon:
And for the church's good, defer thy own.

O! live: and let thy works urge our belief;
Live to explain thy doctrine by thy life; 50
Till future infancy, baptized by thee,
Grow ripe in years, and old in piety;
Till Christians, yet unborn, be taught to die.

Then in full age, and hoary holiness,
Retire, great teacher! to thy promised bliss;

Untouched thy tomb, uninjured be thy dust, 57
 As thy own fame among the future just;
 Till in last sounds the dreadful trumpet speaks;
 Till Judgment calls, and quickened Nature wakes:
 Till through the utmost earth and deepest sea,
 Our scattered atoms find their destined way;
 In haste to clothe their kindred souls again,
 Perfect our state, and build immortal man.
 Then fearless thou, who well sustain'st the fight,
 To paths of joy, or tracts of endless light,
 Lead up all those who heard thee, and believed;
 'Midst thy own flock, great shepherd, be received;
 And glad all Heaven with millions thou hast saved.

CARMEN SECULARE, FOR THE YEAR MDCC.

TO THE KING.

Adspice, venturo lætentur ut omnia sæc'lo :
O mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima vitæ,
Spiritus et, quantum sat erit tua dicere facta !

VIRG. Eclog. 4.

THY elder look, great Janus, cast
 Into the long records of ages past;
 Review the years in fairest action dressed
 With noted white, superior to the rest;
 Æras derived, and chronicles begun,
 From empires founded, and from battles won;
 Show all the spoils by valiant kings achieved;
 And groaning nations by their arms relieved;
 The wounds of patriots in their country's cause,
 And happy power sustained by wholesome laws; 10
 In comely rank call every merit forth;
 Imprint on every act its standard worth;
 The glorious parallels then downward bring
 To modern wonders, and to Britain's king.

With equal justice and historic care, 15
Their laws, their toils, their arms with his compare;
Confess the various attributes of fame
Collected and complete in William's name.

To all the listening world relate,
(As thou dost his story read), 20
That nothing went before so great,
And nothing greater can succeed.

Thy native Latium was thy darling care,
Prudent in peace, and terrible in war;
The boldest virtues that have governed earth
From Latium's fruitful womb derive their birth.

Then turn to her fair written page,
From dawning childhood to established age,
The glories of her empire trace;
Confront the heroes of thy Roman race, 30
And let the justest palm the victor's temples grace.

The son of Mars reduced the trembling swains,
And spread his empire o'er the distant plains;
But yet the Sabines' violated charms
Obscured the glory of his rising arms.
Numa the rights of strict religion knew;
On every altar laid the incense due;
Unskilled to dart the pointed spear,
Or lead the forward youth to noble war.
Stern Brutus was with too much horror good, 40
Holding his fasces stained with filial blood.
Fabius was wise, but with excess of care
He saved his country, but prolonged the war.
While Decius, Paulus, Curius, greatly fought,
And by their strict examples taught,
How wild desires should be controlled,

And how much brighter virtue was, than gold: 47
 They scarce their swelling thirst of fame could hide;
 And boasted poverty with too much pride.
 Excess in youth made Scipio less revered;
 And Cato dying, seemed to own, he feared.
 Julius with honour tamed Rome's foreign foes;
 But patriots fell, ere the dictator rose.
 And, while with clemency Augustus reigned,
 The monarch was adored; the city chained.

With justest honour be their merits dressed;
 But be their failings too confessed:
 Their virtue, like their Tyber's flood,
 Rolling its course, designed the country's good.
 But oft the torrent's too impetuous speed 60
 From the low earth tore some polluting weed;
 And with the blood of Jove there always ran,
 Some viler part, some tincture of the man.

Few virtues after these so far prevail,
 But that their vices more than turn the scale;
 Valour grown wild by pride, and power by rage,
 Did the true charms of majesty impair;
 Rome by degrees advancing more in age,
 Showed sad remains of what had once been fair:
 Till Heaven a better race of men supplies: 70
 And glory shoots new beams from western skies.

Turn then to Pharamond, and Charlemain,
 And the long heroes of the Gallic strain;
 Experienced chiefs, for hardy prowess known,
 And bloody wreaths in venturous battles won.
 From the first William, our great Norman king,
 The bold Plantagenets, and Tudors bring;
 Illustrious virtues, who by turns have rose

In foreign fields to check Britannia's foes;
 With happy laws her empire to sustain,
 And with full power assert her ambient main.
 But sometimes too industrious to be great,
 Nor patient to expect the turns of fate,
 They opened camps deformed by civil fight,
 And made proud conquest trample over right;
 Disparted Britain mourned their doubtful sway,
 And dreaded both when neither would obey.

79

From Didier and imperial Adolph trace
 The glorious offspring of the Nassau race
 Devoted lives to public liberty;
 The chief still dying, or the country free.
 Then see the kindred blood of Orange flow
 From warlike Cornet, through the loins of Beau;
 Through Chalon next, and there with Nassau join,
 From Rhone's fair banks transplanted to the Rhine.
 Bring next the royal list of Stuarts forth,
 Undaunted minds that ruled the rugged north;
 Till Heaven's decrees by ripening times are shown;
 Till Scotland's kings ascend the English throne;
 And the fair rivals live for ever one.

90

100

Janus, mighty deity,
 Be kind; and, as thy searching eye
 Does our modern story trace,
 Finding some of Stuart's race
 Unhappy, pass their annals by.
 No harsh reflection let remembrance raise:
 Forbear to mention what thou canst not praise;
 But as thou dwell'st upon that heavenly name,¹
 To grief for ever sacred, as to fame,
 Oh! read it to thyself; in silence weep,

110

¹ Mary.

And thy convulsive sorrows inward keep; 111
 Lest Britain's grief should waken at the sound;
 And blood gush fresh from her eternal wound.

Whither wouldst thou further look?
 Read William's acts, and close the ample book,
 Peruse the wonders of his dawning life;
 How, like Alcides, he began;
 With infant patience calmed seditious strife,
 And quelled the snakes which round his cradle ran.

Describe his youth, attentive to alarms, 120
 By dangers formed, and perfected in arms;
 When conquering, mild, when conquered, not disgraced,
 By wrongs not lessened, nor by triumphs raised.

Superior to the blind events
 Of little human accidents;
 And constant to his first decree,
 To curb the proud, to set the injured free;
 To bow the haughty neck, and raise the suppliant knee.

His opening years to riper manhood bring,
 And see the hero perfect in the king: 130
 Imperious arms by manly reason swayed,
 And power supreme by free consent obeyed;
 With how much haste his mercy meets his foes,
 And how unbounded his forgiveness flows;
 With what desire he makes his subjects blessed,
 His favours granted ere his throne addressed;
 What trophies o'er our captived hearts he rears,
 By arts of peace more potent, than by wars;
 How, o'er himself, as o'er the world, he reigns,
 His morals strengthening what his law ordains. 140
 Through all his thread of life already spun,
 Becoming grace and proper action run;

The piece by Virtue's equal hand is wrought, 143
 Mixed with no crime, and shaded with no fault.
 No footsteps of the victor's rage
 Left in the camp where William did engage;
 No tincture of the monarch's pride
 Upon the royal purple spied;
 His fame, like gold, the more 'tis tried,
 The more shall its intrinsic worth proclaim; 150
 Shall pass the combat of the searching flame,
 And triumph o'er the vanquished heat,
 For ever coming out the same,
 And losing not its lustre nor its weight.

Janus, be to William just;
 To faithful history his actions trust.
 Command her, with peculiar care
 To trace each toil, and comment every war;
 His saving wonders bid her write
 In characters distinctly bright; 160
 That each revolving age may read
 The Patriot's piety, the Hero's deed;
 And still the sire inculcate to his son
 Transmissive lessons of the king's renown.
 That William's glory still may live,
 When all that present art can give,
 The pillared marble, and the tablet brass,
 Mouldering, drop the victor's praise;
 When the great monuments of his power
 Shall now be visible no more; 170
 When Sambre shall have changed her winding flood;
 And children ask, where Namur stood.

Namur, proud city, how her towers were armed!
 How she contemned the approaching foe;

Till she by William's trumpets was alarmed, 175
 And shook, and sunk, and fell beneath his blow.
 Jove and Pallas, mighty powers,
 Guided the hero to the hostile towers.
 Perseus seemed less swift in war,
 When, winged with speed, he flew through air. 180
 Embattled nations strive in vain
 The hero's glory to restrain;
 Streams armed with rocks, and mountains red with fire
 In vain against his force conspire.
 Behold him from the dreadful height appear,
 And lo! Britannia's lions waving there!

Europe freed, and France repelled,
 The hero from the height beheld:
 He spake the word, that war and rage should cease;
 He bid the Maese and Rhine in safety flow; 190
 And dictated a lasting peace
 To the rejoicing world below.
 To rescued states, and vindicated crowns,
 His equal hand prescribed their ancient bounds;
 Ordained, whom every province should obey;
 How far each monarch should extend his sway;
 Taught 'em how clemency made power revered;
 And that the prince beloved was truly feared.
 Firm by his side unspotted Honour stood,
 Pleased to confess him not so great as good; 200
 His head with brighter beams fair Virtue decked,
 Than those which all his numerous crowns reflect:
 Established Freedom clapped her joyful wings,
 Proclaimed the first of men, and best of kings.

Whither would the Muse aspire
 With Pindar's rage, without his fire?

Pardon me, Janus, 'twas a fault, 207
Created by too great a thought :
Mindless of the god and day,
I from thy altars, Janus, stray ;
From thee, and from myself, borne far away.

The fiery Pegasus disdains
To mind the rider's voice, or hear the reins :
When glorious fields and opening camps he views ;
He runs with an unbounded loose :
Hardly the Muse can sit the headstrong horse ;
Nor would she, if she could, check his impetuous force :
With the glad noise the cliffs and valleys ring ;
While she through earth and air pursues the king.

She now beholds him on the Belgic shore, 220
Whilst Britain's tears his ready help implore ;
Dissembling for her sake his rising cares,
And with wise silence pondering vengeful wars.

She through the raging ocean now
Views him advancing his auspicious prow ;
Combating adverse winds and winter seas,
Sighing the moments that defer our ease ;
Daring to wield the sceptre's dangerous weight,
And taking the command, to save the state ;
Though ere the doubtful gift can be secured, 230
New wars must be sustained, new wounds endured.

Through rough Ierne's camps she sounds alarms,
And kingdoms yet to be redeemed by arms ;
In the dank marshes finds her glorious theme ;
And plunges after him through Boyne's fierce stream.
She bids the Nereids run with trembling haste,
To tell old Ocean how the Hero passed.
The god rebukes their fear, and owns the praise
Worthy that arm, whose empire he obeys.

Back to his Albion she delights to bring
The humblest victor, and the kindest king.
Albion with open triumph would receive

240

Her hero, nor obtains his leave;
Firm he rejects the altars she would raise;
And thanks the zeal, while he declines the praise.
Again she follows him through Belgia's land,
And countries often saved by William's hand;
Hears joyful nations bless those happy toils,
Which freed the people, but returned the spoils.
In various views she tries her constant theme,
Finds him in councils, and in arms the same;
When certain to o'ercome, inclined to save,
Tardy to vengeance, and with mercy brave.

250

Sudden another scene employs her sight;
She sets her hero in another light;
Paints his great mind superior to success,
Declining conquest, to establish peace;
She brings Astrea down to earth again,
And quiet, brooding o'er his future reign.

Then with unweary wing the goddess soars
East, over Danube and Propontis' shores;
Where jarring empires, ready to engage,
Retard their armies, and suspend their rage;
Till William's word, like that of Fate, declares,
If they shall study peace, or lengthen wars.
How sacred his renown for equal laws,
To whom the world defers its common cause!
How fair his friendships, and his leagues how just,
Whom every nation courts, whom all religions trust!

260

From the Mæotis to the Northern sea,
The goddess wings her desperate way;

270

See the young Muscovite,¹ the mighty head, 272
 Whose sovereign terror forty nations dread,
 Enamoured with a greater monarch's praise,
 And passing half the earth to his embrace;
 She in his rule beholds his Volga's force,
 O'er precipices with impetuous sway
 Breaking, and as he rolls his rapid course,
 Drowning, or bearing down, whatever meets his way.
 But her own king she likens to his Thames, 280
 With gentle course devolving fruitful streams;
 Serene yet strong, majestic yet sedate,
 Swift without violence, without terror great.
 Each ardent nymph the rising current craves;
 Each shepherd's prayer retards the parting waves;
 The vales along the bank their sweets disclose;
 Fresh flowers for ever rise: and fruitful harvest grows.

Yet whither would the adventurous goddess go!
 Sees she not clouds, and earth, and main below;
 Minds she the dangers of the Lycian coast, 290
 And fields, where mad Bellerophon was lost?
 Or is her towering flight reclaimed,
 By seas from Icarus's downfall named?
 Vain is the call, and useless the advice:
 To wise persuasion deaf, and human cries,
 Yet upwards she incessant flies;
 Resolved to reach the high empyrean sphere,
 And tell great Jove, she sings his image here;
 To ask for William an Olympic crown,
 To Chromius' strength and Theron's speed unknown:
 Till, lost in trackless fields of shining day, 301
 Unable to discern the way,
 Which Nassau's virtue only could explore,

¹ Peter the Great.

Untouched, unknown, to any Muse before; 304
She, from the noble precipices thrown,
Comes rushing with uncommon ruin down.

Glorious attempt! unhappy fate!
The song too daring, and the theme too great!

Yet rather thus she wills to die,
Than in continued annals live, to sing 310
A second hero, or a vulgar king;
And with ignoble safety fly
In sight of earth, along a middle sky.

To Janus' altars, and the numerous throng,
That round his mystic temple press,
For William's life, and Albion's peace,
Ambitious Muse reduce the roving song.

Janus, cast thy forward eye
Future, into great Rhea's pregnant womb; 320
Where young ideas brooding lie,
And tender images of things to come;
Till by thy high commands released,
Till by thy hand in proper atoms dressed,
In decent order they advance to light;
Yet then too swiftly fleet by human sight;
And meditate too soon their everlasting flight.

Nor beaks of ships in naval triumph borne,
Nor standards from the hostile ramparts torn,
Nor trophies brought from battles won,
Nor oaken wreath, nor mural crown, 330
Can any future honours give
To the victorious monarch's name:
The plenitude of William's fame
Can no accumulated stores receive.
Shut then, auspicious god, thy sacred gate,

And make us happy, as our king is great.
 Be kind, and with a milder hand,
 Closing the volume of the finished age,
 Though noble, 'twas an iron page,
 A more delightful leaf expand,
 Free from alarms, and fierce Bellona's rage.
 Bid the great months begin their joyful round,
 By Flora some, and some by Ceres crowned;
 Teach the glad hours to scatter as they fly,
 Soft quiet, gentle love, and endless joy;
 Lead forth the years for peace and plenty famed,
 From Saturn's rule, and better metal named.

336

Secure by William's care let Britain stand,
 Nor dread the bold invader's hand:
 From adverse shores in safety let her hear
 Foreign calamity, and distant war;
 Of which let her, great Heaven, no portion bear!
 Betwixt the nations let her hold the scale,
 And as she wills, let either part prevail;
 Let her glad valleys smile with wavy corn:
 Let fleecy flocks her rising hills adorn;
 Around her coast let strong defence be spread:
 Let fair abundance on her breast be shed;
 And heavenly sweets bloom round the goddess' head.
 Where the white towers and ancient roofs did stand,
 Remains of Wolsey's or great Henry's hand,
 To age now yielding, or devoured by flame;
 Let a young phenix raise her towering head;
 Her wings with lengthened honour let her spread;
 And by her greatness show her builder's fame.
 August and open, as the hero's mind,
 Be her capacious courts designed:
 Let every sacred pillar bear

350

361

Trophies of arms, and monuments of war. 369
 The king shall there in Parian marble breathe,
 His shoulder bleeding fresh: and at his feet
 Disarmed shall lie the threatening Death;
 For so was saving Jove's decree complete.
 Behind, that angel shall be placed, whose shield
 Saved Europe in the blow repelled:
 On the firm basis, from his oozy bed;
 Boyne shall raise his laurelled head;
 And his immortal stream be known,
 Artfully waving through the wounded stone.

And thou, imperial Windsor, stand enlarged, 380
 With all the monarch's trophies charged;
 Thou, the fair Heaven, that dost the stars inclose,
 Which William's bosom wears, or hand bestows
 On the great champions who support his throne,
 And virtues nearest to his own.

Round Ormond's knee, thou tiest the mystic string
 That makes the knight companion to the king.
 From glorious camps returned, and foreign fields,
 Bowing before thy sainted warrior's shrine,
 Fast by his great forefather's coats, and shields 390
 Blazoned from Bohun's, or from Butler's line,
 He hangs his arms; nor fears those arms should shine
 With an unequal ray; or that his deed
 With paler glory should recede,
 Eclipsed by theirs, or lessened by the fame
 Even of his own maternal Nassau's name.

Thou smiling see'st great Dorset's worth confessed,
 The ray distinguishing the patriot's breast;
 Born to protect and love, to help and please;
 Sovereign of wit, and ornament of peace. 400

O! long as breath informs this fleeting frame, 401
Ne'er let me pass in silence Dorset's name;
Ne'er cease to mention the continued debt,
Which the great patron only would forget,
And duty, long as life, must study to acquit.

Renowned in thy records shall Cavendish stand,
Asserting legal power, and just command:
To the great house thy favour shall be shown,
The father's star transmissive to the son.
From thee the Talbot's and the Scymour's race 410
Informed, their sire's immortal steps shall trace:
Happy, may their sons receive
The bright reward, which thou alone canst give.

And if a god these lucky numbers guide,
If sure Apollo o'er the verse preside;
Jersey, beloved by all (for all must feel
The influence of a form and mind,
Where comely grace and constant virtue dwell,
Like mingled streams, more forcible when joined)
Jersey shall at thy altars stand; 420
Shall there receive the azure band,
That fairest mark of favour and of fame,
Familiar to the Villiers' name.

Science to raise, and knowledge to enlarge,
Be our great master's future charge;
To write his own memoirs, and leave his heirs
High schemes of government, and plans of wars;
By fair rewards our noble youth to raise
To emulous merit, and to thirst of praise;
To lead them out from ease ere opening dawn, 430
Through the thick forest and the distant lawn,

Where the fleet stag employs their ardent care, 432
And chases give them images of war.
To teach them vigilance by false alarms;
Inure them in feigned camps to real arms;
Practise them now to curb the turning steed,
Mocking the foe; now to his rapid speed
To give the rein, and in the full career,
To draw the certain sword, or send the pointed spear.

Let him unite his subjects' hearts, 440
Planting societies for peaceful arts;
Some that in nature shall true knowledge found,
And by experiment make precept sound;
Some that to morals shall recall the age,
And purge from vicious dross the sinking stage;
Some that with care true eloquence shall teach,
And to just idioms fix our doubtful speech:
That from our writers distant realms may know,
The thanks we to our monarch owe;
And schools profess our tongue through every land, 450
That has invoked his aid, or blessed his hand.

Let his high power the drooping Muses rear,
The Muses only can reward his care;
'Tis they that guard the great Atrides' spoils;
'Tis they that still renew Ulysses' toils:
To them by smiling Jove 'twas given, to save
Distinguished patriots from the common grave;
To them, great William's glory to recall,
When statues moulder, and when arches fall.
Nor let the Muses, with ungrateful pride, 460
The sources of their treasure hide;
The Hero's virtue does the string inspire,
When with big joy they strike the living lyre.

On William's fame their fate depends: 464
With him the song begins, with him it ends;
From this bright effluence of his deed
They borrow that reflected light,
With which the lasting lamp they feed,
Whose beams dispel the damps of envious night.

Through various climes, and to each distant pole, 470
In happy tides let active commerce roll:
Let Britain's ships export an annual fleece,
Richer than Argo brought to ancient Greece;
Returning loaden with the shining stores,
Which lie profuse on either India's shores.
As our high vessels pass their watery way,
Let all the naval world due homage pay;
With hasty reverence their top-honours lower,
Confessing the asserted power,
To whom by fate 'twas given, with happy sway 480
To calm the earth, and vindicate the sea.

Our prayers are heard, our master's fleets shall go
As far as winds can bear, or waters flow,
New lands to make, new Indies to explore,
In worlds unknown to plant Britannia's power;
Nations yet wild by precept to reclaim,
And teach them arms, and arts, in William's name.

With humble joy, and with respectful fear
The listening people shall his story hear,
The wounds he bore, the dangers he sustained, 490
How far he conquered, and how well he reigned;
Shall own his mercy equal to his fame,
And form their children's accents to his name,
Enquiring how, and when from Heaven he came.
Their regal tyrants shall with blushes hide

Their little lusts of arbitrary pride, 496
 Nor bear to see their vassals tied ;
 When William's virtues raise their opening thought,
 His forty years for public freedom fought,
 Europe by his hand sustained,
 His conquest by his piety restrained,
 And o'er himself the last great triumph gained.

No longer shall their wretched zeal adore
 Ideas of destructive power,
 Spirits that hurt, and godheads that devour;
 New incense they shall bring, new altars raise,
 And fill their temples with a stranger's praise,
 When the great father's character they find
 Visibly stamped upon the hero's mind;
 And own a present Deity confessed, 510
 In valour that preserved, and power that blessed.

Through the large convex of the azure sky
 (For thither nature casts our common eye)
 Fierce meteors shoot their arbitrary light,
 And comets march with lawless horror bright.
 These hear no rule, no righteous order own,
 Their influence dreaded as their ways unknown;
 Through threatened lands they wild destruction throw,
 Till ardent prayer averts the public woe;
 But the bright orb that blesses all above, 520
 The sacred fire, the real son of Jove,
 Rules not his actions by capricious will,
 Nor by ungoverned power declines to ill:
 Fixed by just laws he goes for ever right:
 Man knows his course, and thence adores his light.

O Janus! would intreated Fate conspire
 To grant what Britain's wishes could require,

Above, that sun should cease his way to go,
Ere William cease to rule, and bless below;

528

But a relentless destiny

Urges all that e'er was born:

Snatched from her arms, Britannia once must mourn
The demi-god; the earthly half must die.

Yet if our incense can your wrath remove,
If human prayers avail on minds above;
Exert, great god, thy interest in the sky;
Gain each kind Power, each guardian Deity,

That conquered by the public vow,
They bear the dismal mischief far away.

O! long as utmost nature may allow,

540

Let them retard the threatened day!

Still be our master's life thy happy care;
Still let his blessings with his years increase.

To his laborious youth consumed in war,
Add lasting age, adorned and crowned with peace;
Let twisted olive bind those laurels fast,

Whose verdure must for ever last!

Long let this growing era bless his sway,

And let our sons his present rule obey:

On his sure virtue long let earth rely,

550

And late let the imperial eagle fly,

To bear the hero through his father's sky;

To Leda's twins, or he whose glorious speed,

On foot prevailed, or he who tamed the steed;

To Hercules, at length absolved by Fate

From earthly toil, and above envy great;

To Virgil's theme, bright Cytherea's son,

Sire of the Latian, and the British throne.

To all the radiant names above,

Revered by men, and dear to Jove.

560

Late, Janus, let the Nassau star,

New-born, in rising majesty appear,
 To triumph over vanquished night,
 And guide the prosperous mariner
 With everlasting beams of friendly light.

562

 AN ODE.

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF THE HONOURABLE COLONEL
 GEORGE VILLIERS,¹

DROWNED IN THE RIVER PLAYA, IN THE COUNTRY OF FRUILL, MDCCHL.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, ODE 28, LIB. I.

*Te maris et terræ numeroque carentis arenæ
 Mensorem cohibent, Archyta, etc.*

SAY, dearest Villiers, poor departed friend
 (Since fleeting life thus suddenly must end)
 Say, what did all thy busy hopes avail,
 That anxious thou from pole to pole didst sail;
 Ere on thy chin the springing beard began
 To spread a doubtful down, and promise man!
 What profited thy thoughts, and toils, and cares,
 In vigour more confirmed, and riper years!
 To wake ere morning dawn to loud alarms,
 And march till close of night in heavy arms; 10
 To scorn the summer's suns and winter's snows,
 And search through every clime thy country's foes!
 That thou mightst Fortune to thy side engage;
 That gentle Peace might quell Bellona's rage;
 And Anna's bounty crown her soldier's hoary age?

In vain we think that free-willed man has power
 To hasten or protract the appointed hour.
 Our term of life depends not on our deed:
 Before our birth our funeral was decreed.
 Nor awed by foresight, nor misled by chance, 20

¹ Colonel George Villiers was in the marine service. When this catastrophe happened to him he was accompanied by William Courtenay, Esq., son of Sir William Courtenay, a captain in his regiment, who shared the same fate.

Imperious Death directs his ebon lance;
 Peoples great Henry's tombs, and leads up Holbein's dance. 21

Alike must every state, and every age
 Sustain the universal tyrant's rage;
 For neither William's power, nor Mary's charms,
 Could, or repel, or pacify his arms.

Young Churchill¹ fell, as life began to bloom:
 And Bradford's² trembling age expects the tomb.
 Wisdom and eloquence in vain would plead
 One moment's respite for the learned head: 30

Judges of writings and of men have died,
 Mæcenas, Sackville, Socrates, and Hyde;
 And in their various turns their sons must tread
 Those gloomy journeys which their sires have led.

The ancient sage, who did so long maintain,
 That bodies die, but souls return again,
 With all the births and deaths he had in store,
 Went out Pythagoras, and came no more.
 And modern Asgyll,³ whose capricious thought
 Is yet with stores of wilder notions fraught, 40
 Too soon convinced, shall yield that fleeting breath,
 Which played so idly with the darts of death.

Some from the stranded vessel force their way;
 Fearful of Fate, they meet it in the sea;
 Some who escape the fury of the wave,
 Sicken on earth, and sink into a grave:
 In journeys or at home, in war or peace,
 By hardships many, many fall by ease.

¹ John Churchill, Marquis of Blandford, only son of John, Duke of Marlborough by Sarah his duchess. He died 10th March, 1702, aged 16.—

² Francis Newport, Earl of Bradford. He died 19th September, 1708.—

³ John Asgyll, Esq., a lawyer of some eminence, but more remarkable for the very extraordinary publication here alluded to, on the 'Future Life.' He was a member of the English Parliament for Bramber in Sussex. He died within the rules of the King's Bench, on the 10th of November 1738, when he was considerably above fourscore years of age.

Each changing season does its poison bring, 49
Rheums chill the winter, agues blast the spring:
Wet, dry, cold, hot, at the appointed hour,
All act subservient to the tyrant's power;
And when obedient nature knows his will,
A fly, a grapestone, or a hair can kill.

For restless Proserpine for ever treads
In paths unseen, o'er our devoted heads,
And on the spacious land, and liquid main,
Spreads slow disease, or darts afflictive pain;
Variety of deaths confirm her endless reign.

On curst Piava's banks the goddess stood, 60
Showed her dire warrant to the rising flood;
When what I long must love, and long must mourn,
With fatal speed was urging his return;
In his dear country to disperse his care,
And arm himself by rest for future war;
To chide his anxious friends' officious fears,
And promise to their joys his elder years.

Oh! destined head; and oh! severe decree,
Nor native country thou, nor friend shalt see;
Nor war hast thou to wage, nor year to come, 70
Impending death is thine, and instant doom.

Hark! the imperious goddess is obeyed:
Winds murmur, snows descend, and waters spread:
Oh! kinsman, friend—Oh! vain are all the cries
Of human voice; strong destiny replies:
Weep you on earth, for he shall sleep below:
Thence none return, and thither all must go.

Whoe'er thou art, whom choice or business leads
To this sad river, or the neighbouring meads;
If thou mayst happen on the dreary shores 80
To find the object which this verse deplores,
Cleanse the pale corpse with a religious hand

From the polluting weed and common sand; 88
Lay the dead hero graceful in a grave,
(The only honour he can now receive)
And fragrant mould upon his body throw,
And plant the warrior-laurel o'er his brow:
Light lie the earth; and flourish green the bough.
So may just Heaven secure thy future life
From foreign dangers, and domestic strife! 90
And when the infernal judge's dismal power
From the dark urn shall throw thy destined hour;
When yielding to the sentence, breathless thou
And pale shalt lie, as what thou buriest now;
May some kind friend the piteous object see,
And equal rites perform to that which once was thee.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN AT COURT BEFORE THE QUEEN, ON HER MAJESTY'S
BIRTHDAY, MDCCIV.

SHINE forth, ye planets, with distinguished light,
As when ye hallowed first this happy night;
Again transmit your friendly beams to earth,
As when Britannia joyed for Anna's birth;
And thou, propitious star, whose sacred power
Presided o'er the monarch's natal hour,
Thy radiant voyages for ever run,
Yielding to none but Cynthia, and the Sun;
With thy fair aspect still illustrate Heaven!
Kindly preserve what thou hast greatly given; 10
Thy influence for thy Anna we implore;
Prolong one life, and Britain asks no more!
For Virtue can no ampler power express,
Than to be great in war, and good in peace;

For thought no higher wish of bliss can frame, 15
Than to enjoy that virtue still the same.
Entire and sure the monarch's rule must prove,
Who founds her greatness on her subjects' love;
Who does our homage for our good require;
And orders that which we should first desire. 20
Our vanquished wills that pleasing force obey,
Her goodness takes our liberty away,
And haughty Britain yields to arbitrary sway.

Let the young Austrian then her terrors bear,
Great as he is, her delegate in war;
Let him in thunder speak to both his Spains,
That in these dreadful isles a woman reigns.
While the bright queen does on her subjects shower
The gentle blessings of her softer power;
Gives sacred morals to a vicious age, 30
To temples zeal, and manners to the stage;
Bids the chaste Muse without a blush appear,
And wit be that which Heaven and she may hear.

Minerva thus to Perseus lent her shield;
Secure of conquest, sent him to the field:
The hero acted what the queen ordained:
So was his fame complete, and Andromede unchained.

Meantime amidst her native temples sate
The goddess, studious of her Grecians' fate;
Taught them in laws and letters to excel, 40
In acting justly, and in writing well.
Thus while she did her various power dispose,
The world was freed from tyrants, wars, and woes;
Virtue was taught in verse, and Athens' glory rose.

A LETTER

TO MONSIEUR BOILEAU DESPREAUX, OCCASIONED BY THE
VICTORY AT BLENHEIM, MDCCIV.

— Cupidum, pater optime, vires
Deficiunt: neque enim quivis horrentia pilis
Agmina, nec fractâ pereuntes cuspidè Gallos.

HOR. SAT. I, L. 2.

SINCE hired for life, thy servile Muse must sing
Successive conquests, and a glorious king;
Must of a man immortal vainly boast,
And bring him laurels, whatsoe'er they cost;
What turn wilt thou employ, what colours lay
On the event of that superior day,
In which one English subject's prosperous hand
(So Jove did will; so Anna did command)
Broke the proud column of thy master's praise,
Which sixty winters had conspired to raise? 10

From the lost field a hundred standards brought
Must be the work of Chance, and Fortune's fault:
Bavaria's stars must be accused, which shone
That fatal day the mighty work was done,
With rays oblique upon the Gallic sun.
Some demon envying France misled the fight;
And Mars mistook, though Louis ordered right.

When thy¹ young Muse invoked the tuneful Nine,
To say how Louis did not pass the Rhine,
What work had we with Wageningen, Arnheim, 20
Places that could not be reduced to rhyme!
And though the poet made his last efforts,
Wurts—who could mention in heroic—Wurts?
But, tell me, hast thou reason to complain
Of the rough triumphs of the last campaign;

¹ Epistre 4. du Sr. Boileau Despreaux au Roy.
En vain, pour te louer, &c.

The Danube rescued, and the empire saved, 23
 Say, is the majesty of verse retrieved?
 And would it prejudice thy softer vein,
 To sing the princes, Louis and Eugene?
 Is it too hard in happy verse to place
 The Vans and Vanders of the Rhine and Maese;
 Her warriors Anna sends from Tweed and Thames,
 That France may fall by more harmonious names!
 Canst thou not Hamilton or Lumley bear!
 Would Ingoldsby or Palmes offend thy ear!
 And is there not a sound in Marlborough's name,
 Which thou, and all thy brethren ought to claim,
 Sacred to verse, and sure of endless fame!

Cutts is in metre something harsh to read,
 Place me the valiant Gouram in his stead; 40
 Let the intention make the number good;
 Let generous Sylvius speak for honest Wood.
 And though rough Churchill scarce in verse will stand,
 So as to have one rhyme at his command;
 With ease the bard reciting Blenheim's plain,
 May close the verse, remembering but the Dane.

I grant, old friend, old foe (for such we are
 Alternate as the chance of peace and war)
 That we poetic folks, who must restrain
 Our measured sayings in an equal chain, 50
 Have troubles utterly unknown to those,
 Who let their fancy loose in rambling prose.

For instance now, how hard is it for me
 To make my matter and my verse agree!
 "In one great day on Hochstet's fatal plain,
 French and Bavarians twenty thousand slain,
 Pushed through the Danube to the shores of Styx
 Squadrons eighteen, battalions twenty-six:
 Officers captive made and private men,

The queen should sit in Windsor's sacred grove, 93
 Attended by the gods of war and love;
 Both should with equal zeal her smiles implore,
 To fix her joys, or to extend her power.

Sudden, the Nymphs and Tritons should appear;
 And as great Anna's smiles dispel their fear,
 With active dance should her observance claim;
 With vocal shell should sound her happy name. 100
 Their maister Thames should leave the neighbouring
 shore,

By his strong anchor known, and silver oar;
 Should lay his ensigns at his sovereign's feet,
 And audience mild with humble grace entreat.

To her, his dear defence, he should complain,
 That whilst he blesses her indulgent reign;
 Whilst furthest seas are by his fleets surveyed,
 And on his happy banks each India laid;
 His brethren Maese, and Waal, and Rhine, and Saar,
 Feel the hard burthen of oppressive war; 110
 That Danube scarce retains his rightful course
 Against two rebel armies' neighbouring force;
 And all must weep sad captives to the Seine,
 Unless unchained and freed by Britain's queen.

The valiant sovereign calls her general forth;
 Neither recites her bounty, nor his worth:
 She tells him, he must Europe's fate redeem,
 And by that labour merit her esteem. 110
 She bids him wait her to the sacred hall;
 Shows him Prince Edward, and the conquered Gaul;
 Fixing the bloody cross upon his breast, 121
 Says, he must die, or succour the distressed.
 Placing the saint an emblem by his side,
 She tells him Virtue armed must conquer lawless Pride.

The hero bows obedient, and retires;

The queen's commands exalt the warrior's fires. 126
His steps are to the silent woods inclined,
The great design revolving in his mind:
When to his sight a heavenly form appears:
Her hand a palm, her head a laurel wears.

Me, she begins, the fairest child of Jove,
Below for ever sought, and blessed above;
Me, the bright source of wealth, and power, and fame;
(Nor need I say, Victoria is my name)
Me the great father down to thee has sent;
He bids me wait at thy distinguished tent,
To execute what Anna's wish would have;
Her subject thou, I only am her slave.

Dare then, thou much beloved by smiling fate,
For Anna's sake, and in her name, be great; 140
Go forth, and be to distant nations known,
My future favourite, and my darling son.
At Schellenbergh I'll manifest sustain
Thy glorious cause; and spread my wings again,
Conspicuous o'er thy helm, in Blenheim's plain.
The goddess said, nor would admit reply;
But cut the liquid air, and gained the sky.

His high commission is through Britain known,
And thronging armies to his standard run,
He marches thoughtful, and he speedy sails: 150
(Bless him, ye seas! and prosper him, ye gales!)
Belgia receives him welcome to her shores,
And William's death with lessened grief deplores:
His presence only must retrieve that loss;
Marlborough to her must be what William was.
So when great Atlas, from these low abodes
Recalled, was gathered to his kindred-gods;
Alcides respited by prudent fate,
Sustained the ball, nor drooped beneath the weight.

Secret and swift behold the chief advance; 160
 Sees half the empire joined, and friend to France;
 The British general dooms the fight; his sword
 Dreadful he draws—the captains wait the word.
 Anne and St George! the charging hero cries;
 Shrill echo from the neighbouring wood replies,
 Anne and St George.—At that auspicious sign
 The standards move; the adverse armies join.
 Of eight great hours, Time measures out the sands;
 And Europe's fate in doubtful balance stands;
 The ninth, Victoria comes:—O'er Marlborough's head
 Confessed she sits; the hostile troops recede: 171
 Triumphs the goddess, from her promise freed.

The eagle, by the British lion's might
 Unchained and free, directs her upward flight;
 Nor did she e'er with stronger pinions soar
 From Tyber's banks, than now from Danube's shore.

Fired with the thoughts which these ideas raise,
 And great ambition of my country's praise;
 The English Muse should like the Mantuan rise, 179
 Scornful of earth and clouds, should reach the skies,
 With wonder (though with envy still) pursued by
 human eyes.

But we must change the style—just now I said,
 I ne'er was master of the tuneful trade;
 Or the small genius which my youth could boast,
 In prose and business lies extinct and lost,
 Blessed if I may some younger muse excite,
 Point out the game, and animate the flight;
 That from Marseilles to Calais, France may know,
 As we have conquerors, we have poets too;
 And either laurel does in Britain grow; 190
 That, though amongst ourselves, with too much heat,
 We sometimes wrangle, when we should debate;

(A consequential ill which freedom draws;
 A bad effect, but from a noble cause;) 193
 We can with universal zeal advance,
 To curb the faithless arrogance of France;
 Nor ever shall Britannia's sons refuse
 To answer to thy master or thy muse;
 Nor want just subject for victorious strains;
 While Marlborough's arm eternal laurels gains; 200
 And where old Spenser sung, a new Eliza reigns.

FOR THE PLAN OF A FOUNTAIN.

On which are the Effigies of the Queen on a Triumphal Arch, the Duke of Marlborough beneath, and the chief Rivers of the World round the whole Work.

YE active streams, where'er your waters flow,
 Let distant climes and furthest nations know
 What ye from Thames and Danube have been taught,
 How Anne commanded, and how Marlborough fought.

Quacunq̃ue æterno properatis, flumina, lapsu,
 Divisis latè terris, populisque remotis,
 Dicite, nam vobis Tamisis narravit et Ister,
 Anna quid imperiis potuit, quid Marlburus armis.

THE CHAMELEON.

As the Chameleon, who is known
 To have no colours of his own;
 But borrows from his neighbour's hue
 His white or black, his green or blue;
 And struts as much in ready light,
 Which credit gives him upon sight.
 As if the rainbow were in tail

Settled on him, and his heirs male; 8
 So the young squire, when first he comes
 From country school to Will's or Tom's:¹
 And equally, in truth is fit
 To be a statesman or a wit;
 Without one notion of his own,
 He saunters wildly up and down;
 Till some acquaintance, good or bad,
 Takes notice of a staring lad;
 Admits him in among the gang;
 They jest, reply, dispute, harangue;
 He acts and talks, as they befriend him,
 Smeared with the colours which they lend him. 20

Thus merely, as his fortune chances,
 His merit or his vice advances.

If haply he the sect pursues,
 That read and comment upon news;
 He takes up their mysterious face:
 He drinks his coffee without lace.
 This week his mimic-tongue runs o'er
 What they have said the week before;
 His wisdom sets all Europe right,
 And teaches Marlborough when to fight. 30

Or if it be his fate to meet
 With folks who have more wealth than wit;
 He loves cheap port, and double bub,
 And settles in the hum-drum club:
 He learns how stocks will fall or rise;
 Holds poverty the greatest vice;
 Thinks wit the bane of conversation;
 And says that learning spoils a nation.

But if, at first, he minds his hits,
 And drinks champagne among the wits, 40

¹ Two celebrated coffee-houses.

Five deep he toasts the towering lasses;
 Repeats you verses wrote on glasses;
 Is in the chair; prescribes the law;
 And lies with those he never saw.

41

MERRY ANDREW.

Sly Merry Andrew, the last Southwark fair
 (At Bartholomew he did not much appear:
 So peevish was the edict of the Mayor)
 At Southwark therefore as his tricks he showed,
 To please our masters, and his friends the crowd;
 A huge neat's tongue he in his right hand held:
 His left was with a good black pudding filled.
 With a grave look, in this odd equipage,
 The clownish mimic traverses the stage;
 Why how now, Andrew! cries his brother droll, 10
 To-day's conceit, methinks, is something dull:
 Come on, Sir, to our worthy friends explain,
 What does your emblematic worship mean?
 Quoth Andrew; Honest English let us speak:
 Your emble—(what d'ye call't?)—is heathen Greek.
 To tongue or pudding thou hast no pretence;
 Learning thy talent is, but mine is sense.
 That busy fool I was, which thou art now;
 Desirous to correct, not knowing how:
 With very good design, but little wit, 20
 Blaming or praising things, as I thought fit.
 I for this conduct had what I deserved;
 And dealing honestly, was almost starved.
 But, thanks to my indulgent stars, I eat;
 Since I have found the secret to be great.
 O, dearest Andrew, says the humble droll,
 Henceforth may I obey, and thou control;

Provided thou impart thy useful skill.— 28
 Bow then, says Andrew; and, for once, I will.—
 Be of your patron's mind, whate'er he says;
 Sleep very much; think little; and talk less;
 Mind neither good nor bad, nor right nor wrong,
 But eat your pudding, slave; and hold your tongue.

A reverend prelate stopped his coach and six,
 To laugh a little at our Andrew's tricks.
 But when he heard him give this golden rule,
 Drive on (he cried); this fellow is no fool.

A SIMILE.

DEAR Thomas, didst thou never pop
 Thy head into a tin-man's shop?
 There, Thomas, didst thou never see
 ('Tis but by way of simile)
 A squirrel spend his little rage,
 In jumping round a rolling cage?
 The cage, as either side turned up,
 Striking a ring of bells a-top?—

Moved in the orb, pleased with the chimes,
 The foolish creature thinks he climbs: 10
 But here or there, turn wood or wire,
 He never gets two inches higher.

So fares it with those merry blades,
 That frisk it under Pindus' shades,
 In noble songs, and lofty odes,
 They tread on stars, and talk with gods;
 Still dancing in an airy round,
 Still pleased with their own verses' sound;
 Brought back, how fast soe'er they go,
 Always aspiring, always low. 20

THE FLIES.

SAY, sire of insects, mighty Sol
 (A Fly upon the chariot pole
 Cries out), what Blue-bottle alive
 Did ever with such fury drive?
 Tell Beelzebub, great father, tell,
 (Says t'other, perched upon the wheel)
 Did ever any mortal Fly
 Raise such a cloud of dust as I!

My judgment turned the whole debate:
 My valour saved the sinking state.
 So talk two idle buzzing things;
 Toss up their heads, and stretch their wings.
 But let the truth to light be brought:
 This neither spoke, nor t'other fought;
 No merit in their own behaviour:
 Both raised, but by their party's favour.

10

FROM THE GREEK.

GREAT Bacchus, born in thunder and in fire,
 By native heat asserts his dreadful sire.
 Nourished near shady rills and cooling streams,
 He to the nymphs avows his amorous flames.
 To all the brethren at the Bell and Vine,
 The moral says; mix water with your wine.

EPIGRAM.

FRANK carves very ill, yet will palm all the meats:
 He eats more than six, and drinks more than he eats.
 Four pipes after dinner he constantly smokes,
 And seasons his whiffs with impertinent jokes.

Yet sighing, he says, we must certainly break;
 And my cruel unkindness compels him to speak;
 For of late I invite him—but four times a week.

ANOTHER.

To John I owed great obligation;
 But John unhappily thought fit
 To publish it to all the nation:
 Sure John and I are more than quit.

ANOTHER.

YES, every poet is a fool:
 By demonstration Ned can show it;
 Happy, could Ned's inverted rule
 Prove every fool to be a poet.

ANOTHER.

THY nags (the leanest things alive),
 So very hard thou lovest to drive;
 I heard thy anxious coachman say,
 It cost thee more in whips than hay.

 TO A PERSON WHO WROTE ILL,

AND SPOKE WORSE AGAINST ME.

- 1 LIE, Philo, untouched on my peaceable shelf;
 Nor take it amiss, that so little I heed thee:
 I've no envy to thee, and some love to myself:
 Then why should I answer, since first I must read
 thee?
- 2 Drunk with Helicon's waters and double brewed bub,
 Be a linguist, a poet, a critic, a wag;
 To the solid delight of thy well-judging club;
 To the damage alone of thy bookseller. Brag.

- 3 Pursue me with satire: what harm is there in 't?
 But from all viva voce reflection forbear;
 There can be no danger from what thou shalt print:
 There may be a little from what thou mayest swear.

ON THE SAME PERSON.

WHILE, faster than his costive brain indites,
 Philo's quick hand in flowing letters writes;
 His case appears to me like honest Teague's,
 When he was run away with, by his legs.
 Phœbus, give Philo o'er himself command;
 Quicken his senses, or restrain his hand;
 Let him be kept from paper, pen, and ink:
 So may he cease to write, and learn to think.

"QUID SIT FUTURUM CRAS FUGE
 QUÆRERE."

For what to-morrow shall disclose,
 May spoil what you to-night propose:
 England may change; or Cloe stray:
 Love and life are for to-day.

HENRY AND EMMA.

A POEM.

FOUNDED ON THE ANCIENT BALLAD OF THE NUT-BROWN
 MAID.¹

TO CLOE.

THOU, to whose eyes I bend, at whose command
 (Though low my voice, though artless be my hand)
 I take the sprightly reed, and sing, and play,
 Careless of what the censuring world may say:

¹ A copy of this ballad will be found in our edition of 'Percy's Reliques,'
 Vol. II. p. 23.

Bright Cloe, object of my constant vow,
Wilt thou awhile unbend thy serious brow;
Wilt thou with pleasure hear thy lover's strains,
And with one heavenly smile o'erpay his pains?
No longer shall the Nut-brown Maid be old;
Though since her youth three hundred years have roll'd:
At thy desire she shall again be raised;
And her reviving charms in lasting verse be praised.

No longer man or woman shall complain,
That he may love, and not be loved again;
That we in vain the fickle sex pursue,
Who change the constant lover for the new.
Whatever has been writ, whatever said,
Of female passion feigned, or faith decayed:
Henceforth shall in my verse refuted stand,
Be said to winds, or writ upon the sand.
And, while my notes to future times proclaim
Unconquered love, and ever-during flame;
O fairest of the sex! be thou my Muse:
Deign on my work thy influence to diffuse;
Let me partake the blessings I rehearse,
And grant me, love, the just reward of verse!

As beauty's potent queen, with every grace
That once was Emma's, has adorned thy face;
And as her son has to my bosom dealt
That constant flame, which faithful Henry felt;
O let the story with thy life agree,
Let men once more the bright example see;
What Emma was to him, be thou to me.
Nor send me by thy frown from her I love,
Distant and sad, a banished man to rove.
But oh! with pity, long-entreated, crown
My pains and hopes; and when thou say'st that one
Of all mankind thou lov'st, oh! think on me alone.

Where beauteous Isis and her husband Tame
With mingled waves for ever flow the same,
In times of yore an ancient baron lived;
Great gifts bestowed, and great respect received.

39

When dreadful Edward with successful care
Led his free Britons to the Gallic war,
This lord had headed his appointed bands,
In firm allegiance to his king's commands;
And (all due honours faithfully discharged)
Had brought back his paternal coat enlarged
With a new mark, the witness of his toil,
And no inglorious part of foreign spoil.

50

From the loud camp retired and noisy court,
In honourable ease and rural sport,
The remnant of his days he safely passed;
Nor found they lagged too slow, nor flew too fast.
He made his wish with his estate comply,
Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.

One child he had, a daughter chaste and fair,
His age's comfort, and his fortune's heir;
They called her Emma; for the beauteous dame,
Who gave the virgin birth, had borne the name;
The name the indulgent father doubly loved;
For in the child the mother's charms improved.
Yet as, when little, round his knees she played,
He called her oft in sport his Nut-brown Maid,
The friends and tenants took the fondling word
(As still they please, who imitate their lord);
Usage confirmed what fancy had begun;
The mutual terms around the lands were known;
And Emma and the Nut-brown Maid were one.

60

As with her stature, still her charms increased;
Through all the isle her beauty was confessed.
Oh! what perfection must that virgin share,

70

Who fairest is esteemed, where all are fair! 73
From distant shires repair the noble youth,
And find report for once had lessened truth.
By wonder first, and then by passion moved,
They came, they saw, they marvelled, and they loved.
By public praises, and by secret sighs,
Each owned the general power of Emma's eyes.
In tilts and tournaments the valiant strove, 80
By glorious deeds to purchase Emma's love.
In gentle verse the witty told their flame,
And graced their choicest songs with Emma's name.
In vain they combated, in vain they writ:
Useless their strength, and impotent their wit.
Great Venus only must direct the dart,
Which else will never reach the fair one's heart,
Spite of the attempts of force, and soft effects of art.
Great Venus must prefer the happy one;
In Henry's cause her favour must be shown; 90
And Emma, of mankind, must love but him alone.

While these in public to the castle came,
And by their grandeur justified their flame;
More secret ways the careful Henry takes;
His squires, his arms, and equipage forsakes,
In borrowed name and false attire arrayed,
Oft he finds means to see the beauteous maid.

When Emma hunts, in huntsman's habit dressed,
Henry on foot pursues the bounding beast;
In his right hand his beechen pole he bears, 100
And graceful at his side his horn he wears.
Still to the glade, where she has bent her way,
With knowing skill he drives the future prey;
Bids her decline the hill, and shun the brake,
And shows the path her steed may safest take;
Directs her spear to fix the glorious wound,

Pleased in his toils to have her triumph crowned; 107
And blows her praises in no common sound.

A falconer Henry is, when Emma hawks;
With her of tarsels and of lures he talks;
Upon his wrist the towering merlin stands,
Practised to rise, and stoop at her commands.
And when superior now the bird has flown,
And headlong brought the tumbling quarry down;
With humble reverence he accosts the fair,
And with the honoured feather decks her hair.
Yet still, as from the sportive field she goes
His downcast eye reveals his inward woes;
And by his look and sorrow is expressed,
A nobler game pursued than bird or beast. 120

A shepherd now along the plain he roves,
And, with his jolly pipe, delights the groves.
The neighbouring swains around the stranger throng,
Or to admire, or emulate his song;
While with soft sorrow he renews his lays,
Nor heedful of their envy, nor their praise.
But, soon as Emma's eyes adorn the plain,
His notes he raises to a nobler strain,
With dutiful respect, and studious fear;
Lest any careless sound offend her ear. 130

A frantic gipsy now, the house he haunts,
And in wild phrases speaks dissembled wants.
With the fond maids in palmistry he deals:
They tell the secret first, which he reveals;
Says who shall wed, and who shall be beguiled;
What groom shall get, and 'squire maintain the child.
But, when bright Emma would her fortune know,
A softer look unbends his opening brow;
With trembling awe he gazes on her eye,
And in soft accents forms the kind reply; 140

That she shall prove as fortunate as fair; 141
And Hymen's choicest gifts are all reserved for her.

Now oft had Henry changed his sly disguise,
Unmarked by all but beauteous Emma's eyes;
Oft had found means alone to see the dame,
And at her feet to breathe his amorous flame,
And oft the pangs of absence to remove
By letters, soft interpreters of love.
Till Time and Industry (the mighty two
That bring our wishes nearer to our view) 150
Made him perceive, that the inclining fair
Received his vows with no reluctant ear;
That Venus had confirmed her equal reign,
And dealt to Emma's heart a share of Henry's pain.

While Cupid smiled, by kind occasion blessed,
And, with the secret kept, the love increased;
The amorous youth frequents the silent groves;
And much he meditates, for much he loves.
He loves; 'tis true; and is beloved again:
Great are his joys, but will they long remain? 160
Emma with smiles receives his present flame;
But smiling, will she ever be the same!
Beautiful looks are ruled by fickle minds;
And summer seas are turned by sudden winds.
Another love may gain her easy youth:
Time changes thought; and flattery conquers truth.

O impotent estate of human life,
Where hope and fear maintain eternal strife!
Where fleeting joy does lasting doubt inspire,
And most we question what we most desire! 170
Amongst thy various gifts, great Heaven, bestow
Our cup of love unmixed; forbear to throw
Bitter ingredients in; nor pall the draught
With nauseous grief; for our ill-judging thought

Hardly enjoys the pleasurable taste; 175
Or deems it not sincere, or fears it cannot last.

With wishes raised, with jealousies oppressed
(Alternate tyrants of the human breast),
By one great trial he resolves to prove
The faith of woman, and the force of love. 180
If scanning Emma's virtues he may find
That beauteous frame enclose a steady mind,
He'll fix his hope, of future joy secure;
And live a slave to Hymen's happy power.
But if the fair one, as he fears, is frail;
If, poised aright in reason's equal scale,
Light fly her merit, and her faults prevail;
His mind he vows to free from amorous care,
The latent mischief from his heart to tear,
Resume his azure arms, and shine again in war. 190

South of the castle, in a verdant glade,
A spreading beech extends her friendly shade;
Here oft the nymph his breathing vows had heard,
Here oft her silence had her heart declared.
As active spring awaked her infant buds,
And genial life informed the verdant woods,
Henry, in knots involving Emma's name,
Had half expressed and half concealed his flame,
Upon this tree; and, as the tender mark
Grew with the year, and widened with the bark, 200
Venus had heard the virgin's soft address,
That, as the wound, the passion might increase.
As potent Nature shed her kindly showers,
And decked the various mead with opening flowers;
Upon this tree the nymph's obliging care
Had left a frequent wreath for Henry's hair;
Which as with gay delight the lover found,
Pleased with his conquest, with her present crowned,

Glorious through all the plains he oft had gone, 209
And to each swain the mystic honour shown;
The gift still praised, the giver still unknown.

His secret note the troubled Henry writes,
To the known tree the lovely maid invites;
Imperfect words and dubious terms express,
That unforeseen mischance disturbed his peace;
That he must something to her ear commend,
On which her conduct, and his life depend.

Soon as the fair one had the note received,
The remnant of the day alone she grieved;
For different this from every former note, 220
Which Venus dictated, and Henry wrote;
Which told her all his future hopes were laid
On the dear bosom of his Nut-brown Maid;
Which always blessed her eyes, and owned her power;
And bid her oft adieu, yet added more.

Now night advanced. The house in sleep were laid;
The nurse experienced, and the prying maid;
And last that sprite, which does incessant haunt
The lover's steps, the ancient maiden-aunt.
To her dear Henry Emma wings her way, 230
With quickened pace repairing forced delay;
For love, fantastic power, that is afraid
To stir abroad till watchfulness be laid,
Undaunted then o'er cliffs and valleys strays,
And leads his votaries safe through pathless ways.
Not Argus with his hundred eyes shall find
Where Cupid goes, though he, poor guide! is blind.

The maiden first arriving, sent her eye
To ask, if yet its chief delight were nigh;
With fear and with desire, with joy and pain, 240
She sees, and runs to meet him on the plain.

But oh! his steps proclaim no lover's haste :
 On the low ground his fixed regards are cast;
 His artful bosom heaves dissembled sighs;
 And tears suborned fall copious from his eyes.

242

With ease, alas! we credit what we love;
 His painted grief does real sorrow move
 In the afflicted fair; adown her cheek
 Trickling the genuine tears their current break;
 Attentive stood the mournful nymph; the man
 Broke silence first, the tale alternate ran.

250

HENRY.

Sincere, O tell me, hast thou felt a pain,
 Emma, beyond what woman knows to feign?
 Has thy uncertain bosom ever strove
 With the first tumults of a real love?
 Hast thou now dreaded, and now blest his sway,
 By turns averse, and joyful to obey?
 Thy virgin softness hast thou e'er bewailed;
 As Reason yielded, and as Love prevailed?
 And wept the potent god's resistless dart,
 His killing pleasure, his ecstatic smart,
 And heavenly poison thrilling through thy heart?
 If so, with pity view my wretched state,
 At least deplore, and then forget my fate;
 To some more happy knight reserve thy charms;
 By Fortune favoured, and successful arms:
 And only, as the sun's revolving ray
 Brings back each year this melancholy day,
 Permit one sigh, and set apart one tear,
 To an abandoned exile's endless care.
 For me, alas! out-cast of human race,
 Love's anger only waits, and dire disgrace;
 For lo! these hands in murder are imbrued,

260

270

These trembling feet by justice are pursued; 274
Fate calls aloud, and hastens me away,
A shameful death attends my longer stay;
And I this night must fly from thee and love,
Condemned in lonely woods, a banished man, to rove.

EMMA.

What is our bliss, that changeth with the moon;
And day of life, that darkens ere 'tis noon? 280
What is true passion, if unblest it dies,
And where is Emma's joy, if Henry flies?
If love, alas! be pain, the pain I bear
No thought can figure, and no tongue declare.
Ne'er faithful woman felt, nor false one feigned,
The flames which long have in my bosom reigned:
The god of love himself inhabits there,
With all his rage, and dread, and grief, and care,
His complement of stores, and total war.

O! cease then coldly to suspect my love; 290
And let my deed at least my faith approve.
Alas! no youth shall my endearments share;
Nor day nor night shall interrupt my care;
No future story shall with truth upbraid
The cold indifference of the Nut-brown Maid;
Nor to hard banishment shall Henry run,
While careless Emma sleeps on beds of down.
View me resolved, where'er thou leadst, to go,
Friend to thy pain, and partner of thy woe;
For I attest fair Venus and her son, 300
That I, of all mankind, will love but thee alone.

HENRY.

Let Prudence yet obstruct thy venturous way,
And take good heed, what men will think and say;

That beauteous Emma vagrant courses took, 304
 Her father's house and civil life forsook:
 That, full of youthful blood, and fond of man,
 She to the woodland with an exile ran.
 Reflect, that lessened fame is ne'er regained;
 And virgin honour, once, is always stained:
 Timely advised, the coming evil shun; 310
 Better not do the deed, than weep it done.
 No penance can absolve our guilty fame;
 Nor tears, that wash out sin, can wash out shame.
 Then fly the sad effects of desperate love;
 And leave a banished man through lonely woods to rove.

EMMA.

Let Emma's hapless case be falsely told
 By the rash young, or the ill-natured old:
 Let every tongue its various censures choose,
 Absolve with coldness, or with spite accuse;
 Fair truth at last her radiant beams will raise, 320
 And malice vanquished heightens virtue's praise.
 Let then thy favour but indulge my flight,
 O! let my presence make thy travels light,
 And potent Venus shall exalt my name,
 Above the rumours of censorious Fame.
 Nor from that busy demon's restless power
 Will ever Emma other grace implore,
 Than that this truth should to the world be known,
 That I, of all mankind, have loved but thee alone.

HENRY.

But canst thou wield the sword, and bend the bow,
 With active force repel the sturdy foe? 331
 When the loud tumult speaks the battle nigh,
 And wingèd deaths in whistling arrows fly;
 Wilt thou, though wounded, yet undaunted stay,

Perform thy part, and share the dangerous day? 335
 Then, as thy strength decays, thy heart will fail,
 Thy limbs all trembling, and thy cheeks all pale;
 With fruitless sorrow, thou, inglorious maid,
 Wilt weep thy safety by thy love betrayed:
 Then to thy friend, by foes o'ercharged, deny 340
 Thy little useless aid, and coward fly:
 Then wilt thou curse the chance that made thee love
 A banished man, condemned in lonely woods to rove.

EMMA.

With fatal certainty Thalestris knew
 To send the arrow from the twanging yew;
 And, great in arms, and foremost in the war,
 Bonduca brandished high the British spear.
 Could thirst of vengeance and desire of fame
 Excite the female breast with martial flame,
 And shall not love's diviner power inspire 350
 More hardy virtue, and more generous fire?
 Near thee, mistrust not, constant I'll abide,
 And fall, or vanquish, fighting by thy side.
 Though my inferior strength may not allow,
 That I should bear or draw the warrior bow;
 With ready hand, I will the shaft supply,
 And joy to see thy victor arrows fly.
 Touched in the battle by the hostile reed,
 Shouldst thou (but Heaven avert it!) shouldst thou bleed;
 To stanch the wounds, my finest lawn I'd tear, 360
 Wash them with tears, and wipe them with my hair;
 Blest, when my dangers and my toils have shown
 That I, of all mankind, could love but thee alone.

HENRY.

But canst thou, tender maid, canst thou sustain
 Afflictive want, or hunger's pressing pain?

Those limbs, in lawn and softest silk arrayed, 386
 From sunbeams guarded, and of winds afraid;
 Can they bear angry Jove! can they resist
 The parching dog-star, and the bleak north-east?
 When, chilled by adverse snows and beating rain, 370
 We tread with weary steps the longsome plain;
 When with hard toil we seek our evening food,
 Berries and acorns, from the neighbouring wood;
 And find among the cliffs no other house,
 But the thin covert of some gathered boughs;
 Wilt thou not then reluctant send thine eye
 Around the dreary waste; and weeping try
 (Though then, alas! that trial be too late)
 To find thy father's hospitable gate,
 And seats, where ease and plenty brooding sate! 380
 Those seats, whence long excluded thou must mourn;
 That gate, for ever barred to thy return:
 Wilt thou not then bewail ill-fated love,
 And hate a banished man, condemned in woods to rove?

EMMA.

Thy rise of fortune did I only wed,
 From its decline determined to recede;
 Did I but purpose to embark with thee
 On the smooth surface of a summer's sea;
 While gentle zephyrs play in prosperous gales,
 And fortune's favour fills the swelling sails; 390
 But would forsake the ship, and make the shore,
 When the winds whistle, and the tempests roar?
 No, Henry, no: one sacred oath has tied
 Our loves; one destiny our life shall guide;
 Nor wild nor deep our common way divide.
 When from the cave thou risest with the day,
 To beat the woods, and rouse the bounding prey;

The cave with moss and branches I'll adorn, 398
And cheerful sit to wait my lord's return.
And, when thou frequent bring'st the smitten deer
(For seldom, archers say, thy arrows err),
I'll fetch quick fuel from the neighbouring wood,
And strike the sparkling flint, and dress the food;
With humble duty and officious haste,
I'll cull the furthest mead for thy repast;
The choicest herbs I to thy board will bring,
And draw thy water from the freshest spring;
And, when at night with weary toil oppressed,
Soft slumbers thou enjoy'st, and wholesome rest;
Watchful I'll guard thee, and with midnight prayer
Weary the gods to keep thee in their care; 411
And joyous ask, at morn's returning ray,
If thou hast health, and I may bless the day.
My thoughts shall fix, my latest wish depend,
On thee, guide, guardian, kinsman, father, friend:
By all these sacred names be Henry known
To Emma's heart; and grateful let him own,
That she, of all mankind, could love but him alone!

HENRY.

Vainly thou tell'st me, what the woman's care
Shall in the wildness of the wood prepare: 420
Thou, ere thou goest, unhappiest of thy kind,
Must leave the habit and the sex behind.
No longer shall thy comely tresses break
In flowing ringlets on thy snowy neck;
Or sit behind thy head, an ample round,
In graceful braids with various ribbon bound:
No longer shall the bodice, aptly laced,
From thy full bosom to thy slender waist,
That air and harmony of shape express,

Fine by degrees, and beautifully less:¹ 430
Nor shall thy lower garments artful plait,
From thy fair side dependent to thy feet,
Arm their chaste beauties with a modest pride,
And double every charm they seek to hide.
The ambrosial plenty of thy shining hair,
Cropped off and lost, scarce lower than thy ear
Shall stand uncouth: a horseman's coat shall hide
Thy taper shape, and comeliness of side.
The short trunk-hose shall show thy foot and knee
Licentious, and to common eye-sight free: 440
And, with a bolder stride and looser air,
Mingled with men, a man thou must appear.
Nor solitude, nor gentle peace of mind,
Mistaken maid, shalt thou in forests find;
'Tis long since Cynthia and her train were there:
Or guardian gods made innocence their care.
Vagrants and outlaws shall offend thy view;
For such must be my friends, a hideous crew.
By adverse fortune mixed in social ill,
Trained to assault, and disciplined to kill; 450
Their common loves, a lewd abandoned pack,
The beadle's lash still flagrant on their back:
By sloth corrupted, by disorder fed,
Made bold by want, and prostitute for bread.
With such must Emma hunt the tedious day,
Assist their violence, and divide their prey:
With such she must return at setting light,
Though not partaker, witness of their night.
Thy ear, inured to charitable sounds
And pitying love, must feel the hateful wounds 460
Of jest obscene and vulgar ribaldry,
The ill-bred question, and the lewd reply;

¹ Pope.

Brought by long habitude from bad to worse, 463
Must hear the frequent oath, the direful curse,
That latest weapon of the wretches' war,
And blasphemy, sad comrade of despair.

Now, Emma, now the last reflection make,
What thou wouldst follow, what thou must forsake:
By our ill-omened stars, and adverse Heaven,
No middle object to thy choice is given. 470
Or yield thy virtue to attain thy love;
Or leave a banished man, condemned in woods to rove.

EMMA.

O grief of heart! that our unhappy fates
Force thee to suffer what thy honour hates:
Mix thee amongst the bad; or make thee run
Too near the paths which virtue bids thee shun.
Yet with her Henry still let Emma go;
With him abhor the vice, but share the woe;
And sure my little heart can never err
Amidst the worst, if Henry still be there. 480

Our outward act is prompted from within;
And from the sinner's mind proceeds the sin;
By her own choice free virtue is approved,
Nor by the force of outward objects moved.
Who has assayed no danger, gains no praise.
In a small isle, amidst the widest seas,
Triumphant Constancy has fixed her seat,
In vain the Syrens sing, the tempests beat:
Their flattery she rejects, nor fears their threat.

For thee alone these little charms I dressed: 490
Condemned them, or absolved them by thy test.
In comely figure ranged my jewels shone,
Or negligently placed for thee alone;
For thee again they shall be laid aside;

The woman, Henry, shall put off her pride 495
 For thee: my clothes, my sex, exchanged for thee,
 I'll mingle with the people's wretched lee;
 O fine extreme of human infamy!
 Wanting the scissars, with these hands I'll tear
 (If that obstructs my flight) this load of hair. 500
 Black soot, or yellow walnut, shall disgrace
 This little red and white of Emma's face.
 These nails with scratches shall deform my breast,
 Lest by my look or colour be expressed
 The mark of aught high-born, or ever better dressed.
 Yet in this commerce, under this disguise,
 Let me be grateful still to Henry's eyes;
 Lost to the world, let me to him be known:
 My fate I can absolve, if he shall own,
 That, leaving all mankind, I love but him alone. 510

HENRY.

O wildest thoughts of an abandoned mind!
 Name, habit, parents, woman, left behind,
 Even honour dubious, thou prefer'st to go
 Wild to the woods with me: said Emma so?
 Or did I dream what Emma never said?
 O guilty error! and O wretched maid!
 Whose roving fancy would resolve the same
 With him, who next shall tempt her easy fame;
 And blow with empty words the susceptible flame.
 Now why should doubtful terms thy mind perplex, 520
 Confess thy frailty, and avow the sex:
 No longer loose desire for constant love
 Mistake; but say, 'tis man with whom thou long'st to rove.

EMMA.

Are there not poisons, racks, and flames, and swords,
 That Emma thus must die by Henry's words?

Yet what could swords or poison, racks or flame, 526
But mangle and disjoint this brittle frame!
More fatal Henry's words, they murder Emma's fame.

And fall these sayings from that gentle tongue,
Where civil speech and soft persuasion hung;
Whose artful sweetness and harmonious strain,
Courting my grace, yet courting it in vain,
Called sighs, and tears, and wishes, to its aid;
And, whilst it Henry's glowing flame conveyed,
Still blame the coldness of the Nut-brown Maid?

Let envious jealousy and canker'd spite
Produce my actions to severest light,
And tax my open day, or secret night.
Did e'er my tongue speak my unguarded heart
The least inclined to play the wanton's part? 540
Did e'er my eye one inward thought reveal,
Which angels might not hear, and virgins tell?
And hast thou, Henry, in my conduct known
One fault, but that which I must never own,
That I, of all mankind, have loved but thee alone?

HENRY.

Vainly thou talk'st of loving me alone:
Each man is man; and all our sex is one.
False are our words, and fickle is our mind;
Nor in love's ritual can we ever find
Vows made to last, or promises to bind. 550

By nature prompted, and for empire made,
Alike by strength or cunning we invade;
When armed with rage we march against the foe,
We lift the battle-axe, and draw the bow;
When, fired with passion, we attack the fair,
Delusive sighs and brittle vows we bear;
Our falsehood and our arms have equal use;

As they our conquest or delight produce.
 The foolish heart thou gav'st, again receive,
 The only boon departing love can give.
 To be less wretched, be no longer true;
 What strives to fly thee, why shouldst thou pursue?
 Forget the present flame, indulge a new;
 Single the loveliest of the amorous youth;
 Ask for his vow; but hope not for his truth.
 The next man (and the next thou shalt believe)
 Will pawn his gods, intending to deceive;
 Will kneel, implore, persist, o'ercome, and leave.
 Hence let thy Cupid aim his arrows right;
 Be wise and false, shun trouble, seek delight; 558
 Change thou the first, nor wait thy lover's flight.
 Why shouldst thou weep? let nature judge our
 case;

I saw thee young and fair; pursued the chase
 Of youth and beauty: I another saw
 Fairer and younger: yielding to the law
 Of our all-ruling mother, I pursued
 More youth, more beauty; blest vicissitude!
 My active heart still keeps its pristine flame;
 The object altered, the desire the same.

This younger, fairer, pleads her rightful charms; 580
 With present power compels me to her arms.
 And much I fear, from my subjected mind
 (If beauty's force to constant love can bind),
 That years may roll, ere in her turn the maid
 Shall weep the fury of my love decayed;
 And weeping follow me, as thou dost now,
 With idle clamours of a broken vow.

Nor can the wildness of thy wishes err
 So wide, to hope that thou mayst live with her.
 Love, well thou know'st, no partnership allows: 590
 Cupid averse rejects divided vows:

Then from thy foolish heart, vain maid, remove 592
An useless sorrow, and an ill-starred love;
And leave me, with the fair, at large in woods to rove.

EMMA.

Are we in life through one great error led;
Is each man perjured, and each nymph betrayed?
Of the superior sex art thou the worst?
Am I of mine the most completely cursed?
Yet let me go with thee; and going prove,
From what I will endure, how much I love. 600

This potent beauty, this triumphant fair,
This happy object of our different care,
Her let me follow; her let me attend
A servant (she may scorn the name of friend).
What she demands, incessant I'll prepare;
I'll weave her garlands; and I'll plait her hair:
My busy diligence shall deck her board
(For there at least I may approach my lord);
And, when her Henry's softer hours advise
His servant's absence, with dejected eyes 610
Far I'll recede, and sighs forbid to rise.

Yet, when increasing grief brings slow disease;
And ebbing life, on terms severe as these,
Will have its little lamp no longer fed;
When Henry's mistress shows him Emma dead;
Rescue my poor remains from vile neglect:
With virgin honours let my hearse be decked,
And decent emblem; and at least persuade
This happy nymph, that Emma may be laid
Where thou, dear author of my death, where she, 620
With frequent eye my sepulchre may see.
The nymph amidst her joys may haply breathe
One pious sigh, reflecting on my death,
And the sad fate which she may one day prove,

Who hopes from Henry's vows eternal love. 625
 And thou forsworn, thou cruel, as thou art,
 If Emma's image ever touched thy heart;
 Thou sure must give one thought, and drop one tear
 To her, whom love abandoned to despair;
 To her, who, dying, on the wounded stone 630
 Bid it in lasting characters be known,
 That, of mankind, she loved but thee alone.

HENRY.

Hear, solemn Jove; and conscious Venus, hear;
 And thou, bright maid, believe me whilst I swear;
 No time, no change, no future flame, shall move
 The well-placed basis of my lasting love.
 O powerful virtue! O victorious fair!
 At least excuse a trial too severe:
 Receive the triumph, and forget the war.

No banished man, condemned in woods to rove, 640
 Intreats thy pardon, and implores thy love:
 No perjured knight desires to quit thy arms,
 Fairest collection of thy sex's charms,
 Crown of my love, and honour of my youth!
 Henry, thy Henry, with eternal truth,
 As thou mayst wish, shall all his life employ,
 And found his glory in his Emma's joy.

In me behold the potent Edgar's heir,
 Illustrious earl; him terrible in war
 Let Loyre confess, for she has felt his sword, 650
 And trembling fled before the British lord.
 Him great in peace and wealth fair Deva knows;
 For she amidst his spacious meadows flows;
 Inclines her urn upon his fattened lands;
 And sees his numerous herds imprint her sands.

And thou, my fair, my dove, shalt raise thy thought

To greatness next to empire; shalt be brought 657
With solemn pomp to my paternal seat:
Where peace and plenty on thy word shall wait.
Music and song shall wake the marriage-day:
And, whilst the priests accuse the bride's delay,
Myrtles and roses shall obstruct her way.

Friendship shall still thy evening feasts adorn,
And blooming peace shall ever bless thy morn.
Succeeding years their happy race shall run,
And age unheeded by delight come on;
While yet superior love shall mock his power,
And when old Time shall turn the fated hour,
Which only can our well-tied knot unfold;
What rests of both, one sepulchre shall hold. 670

Hence then for ever from my Emma's breast
(That heaven of softness, and that seat of rest)
Ye doubts and fears, and all that know to move
Tormenting grief, and all that trouble love,
Scattered by winds recede, and wild in forests rove.

EMMA.

O day the fairest sure that ever rose!
Period and end of anxious Emma's woes!
Sire of her joy, and source of her delight;
O! winged with pleasure take thy happy flight,
And give each future morn a tincture of thy white.
Yet tell thy votary, potent queen of love, 681
Henry, my Henry, will he never rove?
Will he be ever kind, and just, and good?
And is there yet no mistress in the wood?
None, none there is; the thought was rash and vain;
A false idea, and a fancied pain.
Doubt shall for ever quit my strengthened heart,
And anxious jealousy's corroding smart;

Nor other inmate shall inhabit there,
But soft Belief, young Joy, and pleasing Care :

689

Hence let the tides of plenty ebb and flow,
And fortune's various gale unheeded blow.
If at my feet the suppliant goddess stands,
And sheds her treasure with unwearied hands ;
Her present favour cautious I'll embrace,
And not unthankful use the proffered grace :
If she reclaims the temporary boon,
And tries her pinions, fluttering to be gone ;
Secure of mind, I'll obviate her intent,
And unconcerned return the goods she lent.

700

Nor happiness can I, nor misery feel,
From any turn of her fantastic wheel :
Friendship's great laws, and love's superior powers,
Must mark the colour of my future hours.
From the events which thy commands create
I must my blessings or my sorrows date,
And Henry's will must dictate Emma's fate.

Yet while with close delight and inward pride
(Which from the world my careful soul shall hide)

I see thee, lord and end of my desire,

710

Exalted high as virtue can require ;
With power invested, and with pleasure cheered ;
Sought by the good, by the oppressor feared ;
Loaded and blest with all the affluent store,
Which human vows at smoking shrines implore ;
Grateful and humble grant me to employ
My life subservient only to thy joy ;
And at my death to bless thy kindness shown
To her, who of mankind could love but thee alone.

While thus the constant pair alternate said,
Joyful above them and around them played

720

Angels and sportive loves, a numerous crowd; 722
Smiling they clapped their wings, and low they bowed:
They tumbled all their little quivers o'er,
To choose propitious shafts, a precious store;
That, when their god should take his future darts,
To strike (however rarely) constant hearts,
His happy skill might proper arms employ,
All tipped with pleasure, and all winged with joy:
And those, they vowed, whose lives should imitate 730
These lovers' constancy, should share their fate.

The queen of beauty stopped her bridled doves;
Approved the little labour of the loves;
Was proud and pleased the mutual vow to hear;
And to the triumph called the god of war:
Soon as she calls, the god is always near.

Now, Mars, she said, let Fame exalt her voice,
Nor let thy conquests only be her choice:
But, when she sings great Edward from the field
Returned, the hostile spear and captive shield 740
In Concord's temple hung, and Gallia taught to yield;
And when, as prudent Saturn shall complete
The years designed to perfect Britain's state,
The swift-winged power shall take her trump again,
To sing her favourite Anna's wondrous reign;
To recollect unwearied Marlborough's toils,
Old Rufus' hall unequal to his spoils;
The British soldier from his high command
Glorious, and Gaul thrice vanquished by his hand:
Let her at least perform what I desire; 750
With second breath the vocal brass inspire;
And tell the nations, in no vulgar strain,
What wars I manage, and what wreaths I gain.
And, when thy tumults and thy fights are past,
And when thy laurels at my feet are cast,

Faithful mayst thou, like British Henry, prove: 756
 And, Emma-like, let me return thy love.

Renowned for truth, let all thy sons appear;
 And constant beauty shall reward their care.

Mars smiled, and bowed: the Cyprian deity
 Turned to the glorious ruler of the sky;
 And thou, she smiling said, great god of days
 And verse, behold my deed, and sing my praise,
 As on the British earth, my favourite isle,
 Thy gentle rays and kindest influence smile,
 Through all her laughing fields and verdant groves,
 Proclaim with joy these memorable loves.

From every annual course let one great day
 To celebrated sports and floral play
 Be set aside; and, in the softest lays 770
 Of thy poetic sons, be solemn praise
 And everlasting marks of honour paid,
 To the true lover, and the Nut-brown Maid.

AN ODE,

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE QUEEN, ON THE GLORIOUS
 SUCCESS OF HER MAJESTY'S ARMS. MDCCVI.

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

'Te non paventis funera Galliae,
 Duraque tellus audit Iberis:
 Te caede gaudentes Sicambri
 Compositis venerantur armis.' HOR.

THE PREFACE.

WHEN I first thought of writing upon this occasion, I found the ideas so great and numerous, that I judged them more proper for the warmth of an Ode, than for any other sort of poetry. I, therefore, set Horace before me for a pattern, and particularly his famous ode, the fourth of the fourth book,

'Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem,' &c.

which he wrote in praise of Drusus after his expedition into Germany, and of Augustus upon his happy choice of that general. And in the following poem, though I have endeavoured to imitate all the great strokes of that ode,

I have taken the liberty to go off from it, and to add variously, as the subject and my own imagination carried me. As to the style, the choice I made of following the ode in Latin determined me in English to the stanza; and herein it was impossible not to have a mind to follow our great countryman Spenser; which I have done (as well at least as I could) in the manner of my expression, and the turn of my number; having only added one verse to his stanza, which I thought made the number more harmonious; and avoided such of his words as I found too obsolete. I have, however, retained some few of them, to make the colouring look more like Spenser's. *Behest*, command; *band*, army; *prowess*, strength; *I weet*, I know; *I ween*, I think; *whilom*, heretofore; and two or three more of that kind, which I hope the ladies will pardon me, and not judge my Muse less handsome, though for once she appears in a farthingale. I have also, in Spenser's manner, used *Cæsar* for the emperor, *Boya* for Bavaria, *Bavar* for that prince, *Ister* for Danube, *Iberia* for Spain, etc.

That noble part of the Ode which I just now mentioned,

' Gens, quæ, cremato fortis ab Illo
Jactata Tuscis æquoribus,' etc.

where Horace praises the Romans as being descended from Æneas, I have turned to the honour of the British nation, descended from Brute, likewise a Trojan. That this Brute, fourth or fifth from Æneas, settled in England, and built London, which is called Troja Nova, or Troynovante, is a story which (I think) owes its original, if not to Geoffry of Monmouth, at least to the Monkish writers; yet it is not rejected by our great Camden; and is told by Milton, as if (at least) he was pleased with it; though possibly he does not believe it. However, it carries a poetical authority, which is sufficient for our purpose. It is as certain that Brute came into England, as that Æneas went into Italy; and upon the supposition of these facts, Virgil wrote the best poem that the world ever read, and Spenser paid Queen Elizabeth the greatest compliment.

I need not obviate one piece of criticism. that I bring my hero

From burning Troy, and Xanthus red with blood:

whereas he was not born when that city was destroyed. Virgil, in the case of his own Æneas relating to Dido, will stand as a sufficient proof, that a man in his poetical capacity is not accountable for a little fault in chronology.

My two great examples, Horace and Spenser, in many things resemble each other. Both have a height of imagination, and a majesty of expression in describing the sublime; and both know to temper those talents, and sweeten the description, so as to make it lovely as well as pompous. Both have equally that agreeable manner of mixing morality with their story, and that *curiosa felicitas* in the choice of their diction, which every writer aims at, and so very few have reached. Both are particularly fine in their images, and knowing in their numbers. Leaving therefore our two masters to the consideration and study of those who design to excel in poetry, I only beg leave to add, that it is long since I have (or at least ought to have) quitted Parnassus, and all the flowery roads on that side the country; though I thought myself indispensably obliged, upon the present occasion, to take a little journey into those parts.

AN ODE.

- 1 WHEN great Augustus governed ancient Rome,
And sent his conquering bands to foreign wars;
Abroad when dreaded, and beloved at home,
He saw his fame increasing with his years;
Horace, great bard! (so Fate ordained) arose,
And, bold as were his countrymen in fight,
Snatched their fair actions from degrading prose,
And set their battles in eternal light;
High as their trumpets' tune his lyre he strung,
And with his prince's arms he moralized his song.
- 2 When bright Eliza ruled Britannia's state,
Widely distributing her high commands,
And boldly wise, and fortunately great,
Freed the glad nations from tyrannic bands;
An equal genius was in Spenser found;
To the high theme he matched his noble lays;
He travelled England o'er on fairy ground,
In mystic notes to sing his monarch's praise;
Reciting wondrous truths in pleasing dreams,
He decked Eliza's head with Gloriana's beams.
- 3 But, greatest Anna! while thy arms pursue
Paths of renown, and climb ascents of fame,
Which nor Augustus, nor Eliza knew;
What poet shall be found to sing thy name!
What numbers shall record, what tongue shall say,
Thy wars on land, thy triumphs on the main.
O fairest model of imperial sway,
What equal pen shall write thy wondrous reign!
Who shall attempts and feats of arms rehearse,
Not yet by story told, nor paralleled by verse?

4 Me all too mean for such a task I weet;
Yet, if the Sovereign Lady deigns to smile,
I'll follow Horace with impetuous heat,
And clothe the verse in Spenser's native style.
By these examples rightly taught to sing,
And smit with pleasure of my country's praise,
Stretching the plumes of an uncommon wing,
High as Olympus I my flight will raise;
And latest times shall in my numbers read
Anna's immortal fame, and Marlborough's hardy
deed.

5 As the strong eagle in the silent wood,
Mindless of warlike rage and hostile care,
Plays round the rocky cliff or crystal flood,
Till by Jove's high behests called out to war,
And charged with thunder of his angry king,
His bosom with the vengeful message glows;
Upward the noble bird directs his wing,
And, towering round his master's earth-born foes,
Swift he collects his fatal stock of ire,
Lifts his fierce talon high, and darts the forkèd fire.

3 Sedate and calm thus victor Marlborough sate,
Shaded with laurels, in his native land,
Till Anna calls him from his soft retreat,
And gives her second thunder to his hand.
Then, leaving sweet repose and gentle ease,
With ardent speed he seeks the distant foe;
Marching o'er hills and vales, o'er rocks and seas,
He meditates, and strikes the wondrous blow.
Our thought flies slower than our general's fame:
Grasps he the bolt? we ask, when he has hurled the
flame.

7 When fierce Bavar on Judoign's spacious plain
Did from afar the British chief behold,
Betwixt despair, and rage, and hope, and pain,
Something within his warring bosom rolled:
He views that favourite of indulgent fame,
Whom whilom he had met on Ister's shore;
Too well, alas! the man he knows the same,
Whose prowess there repelled the Boyan power,
And sent them trembling through the frightened lands,
Swift as the whirlwind drives Arabia's scattered
sands.

8 His former losses he forgets to grieve;
Absolves his fate, if with a kinder ray
It now would shine, and only give him leave
To balance the account of Blenheim's day.
So the fell lion in the lonely glade,
His side still smarting with the hunter's spear,
Though deeply wounded, no way yet dismayed,
Roars terrible, and meditates new war;
In sullen fury traverses the plain,
To find the venturous foe, and battle him again.

9 Misguided prince, no longer urge thy fate,
Nor tempt the hero to unequal war;
Famed in misfortune, and in ruin great,
Confess the force of Marlborough's stronger star.
Those laurel groves the merits of thy youth,
Which thou from ¹ Mahomet didst greatly gain,
While, bold assertor of resistless truth,
Thy sword did godlike liberty maintain,

¹ The Elector of Bavaria had formerly acquired great reputation by the success of his arms against the Turks, more especially in obliging them to raise the siege of Vienna, after it had continued fifty-nine days, in September 1683, with the loss of seventy-five thousand men.

Must from thy brow their falling honours shed,
And their transplanted wreaths must deck a worthier
head.

10 Yet cease the ways of Providence to blame,
And human faults with human grief confess,
"Tis thou art changed, while Heaven is still the same;
From thy ill councils date thy ill success.
Impartial Justice holds her equal scales,
Till stronger Virtue does the weight incline;
If over thee thy glorious foe prevails,
He now defends the cause that once was thine.
Righteous the war, the champion shall subdue;
For Jove's great handmaid, Power, must Jove's
decrees pursue.

11 Hark! the dire trumpets sound their shrill alarms!
Auverquerque,¹ branched from the renowned Nas-
saus,
Hoary in war, and bent beneath his arms,
His glorious sword with dauntless courage draws.
When anxious Britain mourned her parting lord,
And all of William that was mortal died;
The faithful hero had received his sword
From his expiring master's much loved side.
Oft from its fatal ire has Louis flown,
Where'er great William led, or Maese and Sambre
run.

12 But brandished high, in an ill-omened hour
To thee, proud Gaul, behold thy justest fear,
The master sword, disposer of thy power:
"Tis that which Cæsar gave the British peer.

¹ Monsieur Auverquerque who, in the year 1704, and the succeeding campaigns, was appointed to the command of the Dutch forces. He was in great favour with King William, and was present at his death.

He took the gift; nor ever will I sheathe
This steel (so Anna's high behests ordain),
The general said, unless by glorious death
Absolved, till conquest has confirmed your reign.
Returns like these our mistress bids us make,
When from a foreign prince a gift her Britons take.

13 And now fierce Gallia rushes on her foes,
Her force augmented by the Boyan bands;
So Volga's stream, increased by mountain snows,
Rolls with new fury down through Russia's lands.
Like two great rocks against the raging tide
(If Virtue's force with Nature's we compare),
Unmoved the two united chiefs abide,
Sustain the impulse, and receive the war.
Round their firm sides in vain the tempest beats;
And still the foaming wave with lessened power
retreats.

14 The rage dispersed, the glorious pair advance,
With mingled anger and collected might,
To turn the war, and tell aggressing France,
How Britain's sons and Britain's friends can fight.
On conquest fixed, and covetous of fame,
Behold them rushing through the Gallic host;
Through standing corn so runs the sudden flame,
Or eastern winds along Sicilia's coast.
They deal their terrors to the adverse nation:
Pale death attends their arms, and ghastly desolation.

15 But while with fiercest ire Bellona glows,
And Europe rather hopes than fears her fate;
While Britain presses her afflicted foes;
What horror damps the strong, and quells the great!

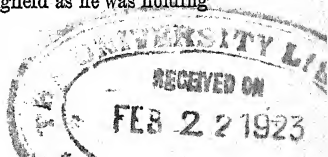
Whence look the soldier's cheeks dismayed and pale;
 Erst ever dreadful, know they now to dread?
 The hostile troops, I ween, almost prevail,
 And the pursuers only not recede!
 Alas! their lessened rage proclaims their grief!
 For, anxious, lo! they crowd around their falling
 chief.

16 I thank thee, Fate, exclaims the fierce Bavar:
 Let Boya's trumpet grateful Iö's sound:
 I saw him fall, their thunderbolt of war;
 Ever to vengeance sacred be the ground.
 Vain wish! short joy! the hero mounts again
 In greater glory, and with fuller light;
 The evening-star so falls into the main,
 To rise at morn more prevalently bright.
 He rises safe,¹ but near, too near his side,
 A good man's grievous loss, a faithful servant died.

17 Propitious Mars! the battle is regained,
 The foe with lessened wrath disputes the field,
 The Briton fights, by favouring gods sustained,
 Freedom must live, and lawless power must yield.
 Vain now the tales which fabling poets tell,
 That wavering Conquest still desires to rove!
 In Marlborough's camp the goddess knows to dwell;
 Long as the hero's life remains her love.
 Again France flies, again the duke pursues,
 And on Ramilia's plains he Blenheim's fame renews.

18 Great thanks, O captain great in arms! receive
 From thy triumphant country's public voice;

¹ At the Battle of Ramilies the Duke of Marlborough was twice in the most imminent danger; once by a fall from his horse, and a second time by a cannon shot that took off the head of Colonel Bringfield as he was holding the stirrup for his Grace to remount.



Thy country greater thanks can only give
 To Anne, to her who made those arms her choice.
 Recording Schellenberg's¹ and Blenheim's toils,
 We dreaded lest thou shouldst those toils repeat;
 We viewed the palace charged with Gallic spoils,
 And in those spoils we thought thy praise complete.
 For never Greek we deemed, nor Roman knight,
 In characters like these did e'er his acts indite.

19 Yet, mindless still of ease, thy virtue flies
 A pitch to old and modern times unknown;
 Those goodly deeds which we so highly prize
 Imperfect seem, great chief, to thee alone.
 Those heights, where William's virtue might havestaid,
 And on the subject world looked safely down,
 By Marlborough passed, the props and steps were
 made,
 Sublimer yet to raise his queen's renown;
 Still gaining more, still slighting what he gained,
 Nought done the hero deemed, while aught undone
 remained.

20 When swift-winged rumour told the mighty Gaul,
 How lessened from the field Bavar was fled;
 He wept the swiftness of the champion's fall,
 And thus the royal treaty-breaker said:
 And lives he yet, the great, the lost Bavar,
 Ruin to Gallia in the name of friend;
 Tell me, how far has Fortune been severe;
 Has the foe's glory, or our grief, an end!
 Remains there of the fifty thousand lost,
 To save our threatened realm, or guard our shattered
 coast!

¹ Where the Duke of Marlborough gained a complete victory over sixteen thousand Bavarians in July, 1704.

- 21 To the close rock the frightened raven flies,
Soon as the rising eagle cuts the air;
The shaggy wolf unseen and trembling lies,
When the hoarse roar proclaims the lion near.
Ill-starred did we our forts and lines forsake,
To dare our British foes to open fight;
Our conquest we by stratagem should make;
Our triumph had been founded in our flight.
'Tis ours, by craft and by surprise to gain;
'Tis theirs, to meet in arms, and battle in the plain.
- 22 The ancient father of this hostile brood,
Their boasted Brute, undaunted snatched his gods
From burning Troy, and Xanthus red with blood,
And fixed on silver Thames his dire abodes:
And this be Troynovante, he said, the seat
By Heaven ordained, my sons, your lasting place:
Superior here to all the bolts of fate
Live, mindful of the author of your race,
Whom neither Greece, nor war, nor want, nor flame,
Nor great Pelides' arm, nor Juno's rage could
tame.
- 23 Their Tudors hence, and Stuart's offspring flow:
Hence Edward, dreadful with his sable shield,
Talbot, to Gallia's power eternal foe,
And Seymour, famed in council or in field:
Hence Nevil, great to settle or dethrone,
And Drake and Cavendish, terrors of the sea;
Hence Butler's sons, o'er land and ocean known,
Herbert's and Churchill's warring progeny:
Hence the long roll which Gallia should conceal:
For, oh! who, vanquished, loves the victor's fame to
tell!

24. Envied Britannia, sturdy as the oak,
Which on her mountain-top she proudly bears,
Eludes the axe, and sprouts against the stroke;
Strong from her wounds, and greater by her wars.
And as those teeth, which Cadmus sowed in earth,
Produced new youth, and furnished fresh supplies:
So with young vigour, and succeeding birth,
Her losses more than recompensed arise;
And every age she with a race is crowned,
For letters more polite, in battles more renowned.
25. Obstinate power, whom nothing can repel;
Not the fierce Saxon, nor the cruel Dane,
Nor deep impression of the Norman steel,
Nor Europe's force amassed by envious Spain,
Nor France on universal sway intent,
Oft breaking leagues, and oft renewing wars;
Nor (frequent bane of weakened government)
Their own intestine feuds and mutual jars:
Those feuds and jars, in which I trusted more,
Than in my troops, and fleets, and all the Gallic
power.
26. To fruitful Rheims, or fair Lutetia's gate,
What tidings shall the messenger convey;
Shall the loud herald our success relate,
Or mitred priest appoint the solemn day!
Alas! my praises they no more must sing;
They to my statue now must bow no more:
Broken, repulsed is their immortal king:
Fall'n, fall'n for ever, is the Gallic power.
The woman chief is master of the war;
Earth, she has freed by arms, and vanquished
Heaven by prayer.

27 While thus the ruined foe's despair commends
Thy council and thy deed, victorious queen,
What shall thy subjects say, and what thy friends;
How shall thy triumphs in our joy be seen!
Oh! deign to let the eldest of the nine
Recite Britannia great, and Gallia free:
Oh! with her sister sculpture let her join
To raise, great Anne, the monument to thee;
To thee, of all our good the sacred spring;
To thee, our dearest dread; to thee, our softer king.

28 Let Europe saved the column high erect,
Than Trajan's higher, or than Antonine's;
Where sembling art may carve the fair effect
And full achievement of thy great designs.
In a calm Heaven, and a serener air,
Sublime the queen shall on the summit stand,
From danger far, as far removed from fear,
And pointing down to earth her dread command.
All winds, all storms, that threaten human woe,
Shall sink beneath her feet, and spread their rage
below.

29 Their fleets shall strive, by winds and waters
tossed,
Till the young Austrian on Iberia's strand,
Great as Æneas on the Latian coast,
Shall fix his foot. And this, be this the land,
Great Jove, where I for ever will remain
(The empire's other hope shall say), and here
Vanquished, intombed I'll lie, or, crowned, I'll reign!
O virtue, to thy British mother dear!
Like the famed Trojan suffer and abide;
For Anne is thine, I ween, as Venus was his guide.

- 30 There, in eternal characters engraved,
Vigo,¹ and Gibraltar, and Barcelone,
Their force destroyed, their privileges saved,
Shall Anna's terrors and her mercies own.
Spain, from the usurper Bourbon's arms retrieved,
Shall with new life and grateful joy appear,
Numbering the wonders which that youth achieved,
Whom Anna clad in arms and sent to war;
Whom Anna sent to claim Iberia's throne;
And made him more than king, in calling him her
son.
- 31 There Ister, pleased by Blenheim's glorious field,
Rolling shall bid his eastern waves declare
Germania saved by Britain's ample shield,
And bleeding Gaul, afflicted by her spear,
Shall bid them mention Marlborough on that shore,
Leading his islanders, renowned in arms,
Through climes, where never British chief before
Or pitched his camp, or sounded his alarms;
Shall bid them bless the queen, who made his
streams
Glorious as those of Boyne, and safe as those of
Thames.
- 32 Brabantia, clad with fields, and crowned with
towers,
With decent joy shall her deliverer meet;
Shall own thy arms, great queen, and bless thy
powers,
Laying the keys beneath thy subject's feet.

¹ Vigo was surprised by the Duke of Ormond and Sir George Rooke, and the galleons taken and destroyed in the year 1702; Gibraltar by Sir George Rooke in 1704; and Barcelona by the Prince of Hesse and the Earl of Peterborough in 1705.

Flandria, by plenty made the home of war,
 Shall weep her crime, and bow to Charles restored;
 With double vows shall bless thy happy care,
 In having drawn, and having sheathed the sword;
 From these their sister provinces shall know,
 How Anne supports a friend, and how forgives a foe!

33 Bright swords, and crested helms, and pointed
 spears,

In artful piles around the work shall lie;
 And shields indented deep in ancient wars,
 Blazoned with signs of Gallic heraldry;
 And standards with distinguished honours bright,
 Marks of high power and national command,
 Which Valois' sons, and Bourbon's bore in fight,
 Or gave to Foix' or Montmorency's hand:
 Great spoils, which Gallia must to Britain yield,
 From Cressy's battle saved, to grace Ramilia's field.

34 And, as fine Art the spaces may dispose,
 The knowing thought and curious eye shall see
 Thy emblem, gracious queen, the British rose,
 Type of sweet rule and gentle majesty;
 The northern thistle, whom no hostile hand
 Unhurt too rudely may provoke, I ween;
 Hibernia's harp, device of her command,
 And parent of her mirth, shall there be seen:
 Thy vanquished lilies, France, decayed and torn,
 Shall with disordered pomp the lasting work adorn.

35 Beneath, great queen, oh! very far beneath,
 Near to the ground, and on the humble base,
 To save herself from darkness and from death,
 That Muse desires the last, the lowest place;

Who, though unmeet, yet touched the trembling
 string,
 For the fair fame of Anne and Albion's land,
 Who durst of war and martial fury sing;
 And when thy will, and when thy subject's hand,
 Had quelled those wars, and bid that fury cease,
 Hangs up her grateful harp to conquest, and to peace.

CANTATA.

SET BY MONSIEUR GALLIARD.

RECIT.

BENEATH a verdant laurel's ample shade,
 His lyre to mournful numbers strung,
 Horace, immortal bard, supinely laid,
 To Venus thus addressed the song:
 Ten thousand little loves around,
 Listening, dwelt on every sound.

ARIETTE.

Potent Venus, bid thy son
 Sound no more his dire alarms.
 Youth on silent wings is flown;
 Graver years come rolling on.
 Spare my age, unfit for arms;
 Safe and humble let me rest,
 From all amorous care released.
 Potent Venus, bid thy son
 Sound no more his dire alarms.

10

RECIT.

Yet, Venus, why do I each morn prepare
 The fragrant wreath for Cloe's hair;

Why do I all day lament and sigh, 18
Unless the beauteous maid be nigh;
And why all night pursue her in my dreams,
Through flowery meads and crystal streams!

RECIT.

Thus sung the bard; and thus the goddess spoke:
Submissive bow to Love's imperious yoke.
Every state, and every age
Shall own my rule, and fear my rage;
Compelled by me, thy Muse shall prove,
That all the world was born to love.

ARIET.

Bid thy destined lyre discover
Soft desire and gentle pain;
Often praise, and always love her: 30
Through her ear, her heart obtain.
Verse shall please, and sighs shall move her,
Cupid does with Phœbus reign.

HER RIGHT NAME.

As Nancy at her toilet sat,
Admiring this, and blaming that,
Tell me, she said, but tell me true;
The nymph who could your heart subdue.
What sort of charms does she possess?
Absolve me, fair one, I'll confess
With pleasure, I replied. Her hair,
In ringlets rather dark than fair,

Does down her ivory bosom roll,
 And, hiding half, adorns the whole.
 In her high forehead's fair half round
 Love sits in open triumph crowned:
 He in the dimple of her chin,
 In private state by friends is seen.
 Her eyes are neither black nor gray,
 Nor fierce nor feeble is their ray;
 Their dubious lustre seems to show
 Something that speaks nor yes, nor no.
 Her lips no living bard, I weet,
 May say, how red, how round, how sweet; 20
 Old Homer only could indite
 Their vagrant grace and soft delight:
 They stand recorded in his book,
 When Helen smiled, and Hebe spoke—
 The gipsy, turning to her glass,
 Too plainly showed she knew the face;
 And which am I most like, she said,
 Your Cloe, or your Nut-brown Maid?

LINES WRITTEN IN AN OVID.¹

OVID is the surest guide
 You can name to show the way
 To any woman, maid, or bride,
 Who resolves to go astray.

¹ Translated from a Madrigal of Gilbert, sur l'Art d'Aimer d'Ovide.

A REASONABLE AFFLICTION.

- 1 ON his death-bed poor Lubin lies;
 His spouse is in despair:
 With frequent sobs, and mutual cries,
 They both express their care.

- 2 A different cause, says parson Sly,
 The same effect may give;
 Poor Lubin fears that he shall die;
 His wife, that he may live.

ANOTHER.

FROM her own native France as old Alison past,
 She reproached English Nell with neglect or with malice,
 That the slattern had left, in the hurry and haste,
 Her lady's complexion and eye-brows at Calais.

ANOTHER.

HER eye-brow box one morning lost,
 (The best of folks are oftenest crossed)
 Sad Helen thus to Jenny said,
 Her careless but afflicted maid,
 Put me to bed then, wretched Jane;
 Alas! when shall I rise again!
 I can behold no mortal now;
 For what's an eye without a brow.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

IN a dark corner of the house
 Poor Helen sits, and sobs and cries;
 She will not see her loving spouse,

Nor her more dear picquet-allies:
 Unless she find her eye-brows,
 She'll even weep out her eyes.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

- 1 HELEN was just slipt into bed:
 Her eye-brows on the toilet lay:
 Away the kitten with them fled,
 As fees belonging to her prey.
 - 2 For this misfortune careless Jane,
 Assure yourself, was loudly rated;
 And madam, getting up again,
 With her own hand the mouse-trap baited.
 - 3 On little things, as sages write,
 Depends our human joy or sorrow;
 If we don't catch a mouse to-night,
 Alas! no eye-brows for to-morrow.
-

PHILLIS'S AGE.

- 1 How old may Phillis be, you ask,
 Whose beauty thus all hearts engages;
 To answer is no easy task,
 For she has really two ages.
- 2 Stiff in brocade, and pinched in stays,
 Her patches, paint, and jewels on;
 All day let envy view her face,
 And Phillis is but twenty-one.

- 3 Paint, patches, jewels laid aside,
 At night astronomers agree,
 The evening has the day belied,
 And Phillis is some forty-three.
-

FORMA BONUM FRAGILE.

WHAT a frail thing is beauty! says Baron Le Cras,
 Perceiving his mistress had one eye of glass;
 And scarcely had he spoke it;
 When she more confused as more angry she grew,
 By a negligent rage proved the maxim too true:
 She dropped the eye, and broke it.

A CRITICAL MOMENT.

How capricious were Nature and Art to poor Nell!
 She was painting her cheeks at the time her nose fell.

AN EPIGRAM.

WRITTEN TO THE DUKE DE NOALLES.

- 1 VAIN the concern which you express,
 That uncalled Alard will possess
 Your house and coach, both day and night,
 And that Macbeth was haunted less
 By Banquo's restless sprite.
- 2 With fifteen thousand pounds a year,
 Do you complain, you cannot bear
 An ill, you may so soon retrieve?
 Good Alard, faith, is modester
 By much, than you believe.

3 Lend him but fifty louis-d'or,
 And you shall never see him more:
 Take the advice, probatum est.
 Why do the gods indulge our store,
 But to secure our rest?

EPILOGUE TO PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS.¹

BY MR EDMUND SMITH. SPOKEN BY MRS OLDFIELD,
 WHO ACTED ISMENA.

LADIES, to-night your pity I implore
 For one, who never troubled you before;
 An Oxford man, extremely read in Greek,
 Who from Euripides makes Phædra speak;
 And comes to town to let us moderns know,
 How women loved two thousand years ago.
 If that be all, said I, even burn your play;
 Egad! we know all that, as well as they!
 Show us the youthful, handsome charioteer,
 Firm in his seat, and running his career; 10
 Our souls would kindle with as generous flames,
 As e'er inspired the ancient Grecian dames:
 Every Ismena would resign her breast;
 And every dear Hippolitus be blessed.
 But, as it is, six flouncing Flanders mares
 Are e'en as good as any two of theirs:
 And if Hippolitus can but contrive
 To buy the gilded chariot, John can drive.
 Now of the bustle you have seen to-day,
 And Phædra's morals in this scholar's play, 20

¹ Acted 1708. The prologue by Addison was received coldly. Smith, alias 'Rag,' was a sad scamp—born 1668, died 1710.—See Johnson's 'Poets.'

Something at least in justice should be said; 21
But this Hippolitus so fills one's head—
Well! Phædra lived as chastely as she could!
For she was father Jove's own flesh and blood.
Her awkward love indeed was oddly fated;
She and her Poly were too near related;
And yet that scruple had been laid aside,
If honest Theseus had but fairly died.
But when he came, what needed he to know,
But that all matters stood in statu quo? 30
There was no harm, you see, or grant there were,
She might want conduct, but he wanted care.
'Twas in a husband little less than rude,
Upon his wife's retirement to intrude;
He should have sent a night or two before,
That he would come exact at such an hour;
Then he had turned all tragedy to jest;
Found everything contribute to his rest;
The picquet-friend dismissed, the coast all clear,
And spouse alone impatient for her dear. 40

But if these gay reflections come too late,
To keep the guilty Phædra from her fate;
If your more serious judgment must condemn
The dire effects of her unhappy flame;
Yet, ye chaste matrons, and ye tender fair,
Let love and innocence engage your care;
My spotless flames to your protection take;
And spare poor Phædra for Ismena's sake.

EPILOGUE TO LUCIUS.

A TRAGEDY, BY MRS DE LA RIVIERE MANLEY.

SPOKEN BY MRS HORTON.

THE female author who recites to-day,
 Trusts to her sex the merit of her play.
 Like father Bayes securely she sits down:
 Pit, box, and gallery, 'gad! is all our own.
 In ancient Greece, she says, when Sappho writ,
 By their applause the critics showed their wit;
 They tuned their voices to her lyric string,
 Though they could all do something more than sing.
 But one exception to this fact we find;
 That booby Phaon only was unkind; 10
 An ill-bred boat-man, rough as waves and wind.
 From Sappho down through all succeeding ages,
 And now on French, or on Italian stages,
 Rough satires, sly remarks, ill-natured speeches,
 Are always aimed at poets that wear breeches.
 Armed with Longinus, or with Rapin, no man
 Drew a sharp pen upon a naked woman.
 The blustering bully, in our neighbouring streets,
 Scorns to attack the female that he meets;
 Fearless the petticoat contemns his frowns, 20
 The hoop secures whatever it surrounds.
 The many-coloured gentry there above,
 By turns are ruled by tumult, and by love;
 And while their sweet-hearts their attention fix,
 Suspend the din of their damned clattering sticks.
 Now, Sirs——
 To you our author makes her soft request,
 Who speak the kindest, and who write the best,
 Your sympathetic hearts she hopes to move,

From tender friendship, and endearing love. 30
 If Petrarch's Muse did Laura's wit rehearse;
 And Cowley flattered dear Orinda's verse;
 She hopes from you—Pox take her hopes and fears:
 I plead her sex's claim, what matters hers?
 By our full power of beauty we think fit
 To damn the salique law imposed on wit:
 We'll try the empire you so long have boasted;
 And if we are not praised, we'll not be toasted.
 Approve what one of us presents to-night,
 Or every mortal woman here shall write; 40
 Rural, pathetic, narrative, sublime,
 We'll write to you, and make you write in rhyme;
 Female remarks shall take up all your time.
 Your time, poor souls! we'll take your very money;
 Female third days shall come so quick upon ye.
 As long as we have eyes, or hands, or breath,
 We'll look, or write, or talk you all to death.
 Unless you yield for better and for worse;
 Then the she-pegasus shall gain the course;
 And the gray mare will prove the better horse. 50

THE THIEF AND THE CORDELIER,

A BALLAD. TO THE TUNE OF KING JOHN AND
 THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

- 1 WHO has e'er been at Paris must needs know the
 Greve,
 The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave;
 Where honour and justice most oddly contribute,
 To ease heroes' pains by a halter and gibbet;
 Derry down, down, hey derry down.

- 2 There death breaks the shackles which force had
put on;
And the hangman completes what the judge but
begun;
There the squire of the pad, and the knight of the
post,
Find their pains no more balked, and their hopes
no more crossed.

Derry down, etc.

- 3 Great claims are there made, and great secrets are
known;
And the king, and the law, and the thief has his own;
But my hearers cry out; What a deuce dost thou ail?
Cut off thy reflections, and give us thy tale.

Derry down, etc.

- 4 'Twas there then, in civil respect to harsh laws,
And for want of false witness, to back a bad cause,
A Norman, though late, was obliged to appear;
And who to assist, but a grave Cordelier?

Derry down, etc.

- 5 The squire, whose good grace was to open the scene,
Seemed not in great haste, that the show should begin;
Now fitted the halter, now traversed the cart;
And often took leave; but was loth to depart.

Derry down, etc.

- 6 What frightens you thus, my good son, says the
priest;
You murdered, are sorry, and have been confessed.
O father! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon;
For 'twas not that I murdered, but that I was taken.

Derry down, etc.

- 7 Pugh! pr'ythee ne'er trouble thy head with such
fancies;

Rely on the aid you shall have from Saint Francis;
If the money you promised be brought to the chest,
You have only to die; let the church do the rest.

Derry down, etc.

- 8 And what will folks say, if they see you afraid;
It reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade:
Courage, friend; to-day is your period of sorrow;
And things will go better, believe me, to-morrow.

Derry down, etc.

- 9 To-morrow? our hero replied in a fright:
He that's hanged before noon, ought to think of to-
night:

Tell your beads, quoth the priest, and be fairly
trussed up,

For you surely to-night shall in paradise sup.

Derry down, etc.

- 10 Alas! quoth the squire, howe'er sumptuous the treat,
Parbleu, I shall have little stomach to eat;
I should therefore esteem it great favour and grace,
Would you be so kind, as to go in my place.

Derry down, etc.

- 11 That I would, quoth the father, and thank you to
boot;

But our actions, you know, with our duty must suit.
The feast, I proposed to you, I cannot taste;
For this night, by our order, is marked for a fast.

Derry down, etc.

- 12 Then turning about to the hangman, he said;
Dispatch me, I pr'ythee, this troublesome blade:

For thy cord, and my cord both equally tie;
 And we live by the gold for which other men die.
 Derry down, etc.

AN EPITAPH.

*Stet quicunque volet potens
 Aulæ culmine lubrico, &c.* SENECA.^o

INTERRED beneath this marble stone
 Lie sauntering Jack and idle Joan.
 While rolling threescore years and one
 Did round this globe their courses run;
 If human things went ill or well;
 If changing empires rose or fell;
 The morning past, the evening came,
 And found this couple still the same.
 They walked and eat, good folks, what then?
 Why then they walked and eat again! 10
 They soundly slept the night away;
 They just did nothing all the day;
 And having buried children four,
 Would not take pains to try for more;
 Nor sister either had, nor brother;
 They seemed just tallied for each other.
 Their moral and economy
 Most perfectly they made agree;
 Each virtue kept its proper bound,
 Nor trespassed on the other's ground: 20
 Nor fame, nor censure they regarded;
 They neither punished nor rewarded.
 He cared not what the footmen did;
 Her maids she neither praised nor chid;
 So every servant took his course;
 And bad at first, they all grew worse.

Slothful disorder filled his stable; 27
 And sluttish plenty decked her table.
 Their beer was strong, their wine was port;
 Their meal was large, their grace was short.
 They gave the poor the remnant meat,
 Just when it grew not fit to eat.¹

They paid the church and parish rate;
 And took, but read not the receipt;
 For which they claim their Sunday's due,
 Of slumbering in an upper pew.

No man's defects sought they to know;
 So never made themselves a foe.
 No man's good deeds did they commend;
 So never raised themselves a friend. 40
 Nor cherished they relations poor;
 That might decrease their present store.
 Nor barn nor house did they repair;
That might oblige their future heir.

They neither added nor confounded;
 They neither wanted nor abounded.
 Each Christmas they accounts did clear,
 And wound their bottom round the year.
 Nor tear nor smile did they employ
 At news of public grief, or joy. 50
 When bells were rung, and bonfires made,
 If asked, they ne'er denied their aid;
 Their jug was to the ringers carried,
 Whoever either died, or married;
 Their billet at the fire was found,
 Whoever was deposed, or crowned.

Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wise;
 They would not learn, nor could advise:

¹ Scott, in his 'Bride of Lammermoor,' borrows this. Johnnie Girdler says, 'If there is onything totally uneatable, let it be gien to the puir folk.'

Without love, hatred, joy, or fear, 59
 They led—a kind of—as it were:
 Nor wished, nor cared, nor laughed, nor cried:
 And so they lived, and so they died.

HORACE, LIB. I, EPIST. IX. IMITATED.

*Septimius, Claudi, nimirum intelligit unus,
 Quanti me facias, etc.*

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE ROBERT HARLEY
 (AFTERWARDS EARL OF OXFORD).

DEAR DICK, howe'er it comes into his head,
 Believes as firmly as he does his creed,
 That you and I, Sir, are extremely great;
 Though I plain Mat, you minister of state;
 One word from me, without all doubt, he says,
 Would fix his fortune in some little place.
 Thus better than myself, it seems, he knows
 How far my interest with my patron goes;
 And answering all objections I can make,
 Still plunges deeper in his dear mistake. 10

From this wild fancy, Sir, there may proceed
 One wilder yet, which I forsee and dread;
 That I, in fact, a real interest have,
 Which to my own advantage I would save;
 And, with the usual courtier's trick, intend
 To serve myself, forgetful of my friend.

To shun this censure, I all shame lay by,
 And make my reason with his will comply;
 Hoping for my excuse, 'twill be confessed,
 That of two evils I have chos'n the least. 20
 So, Sir, with this epistolary scroll,
 Receive the partner of my inmost soul.
 Him you will find in letters, and in laws

Not unexpert, firm to his country's cause, 24
 Warm in the glorious interest you pursue,
 And, in one word, a good man and a true.

TO MR HARLEY, WOUNDED BY GUISCARD.¹

1711.

Ab ipso

Ducit opes animumque ferro. HOR.

- 1 In one great now, superior to an age,
 The full extremes of Nature's force we find;
 How heavenly virtue can exalt, or rage
 Infernal, how degrade the human mind.
- 2 While the fierce monk does at his trial stand,
 He chews revenge, abjuring his offence;
 Guile in his tongue, and murder in his hand,
 He stabs his judge to prove his innocence.
- 3 The guilty stroke and torture of the steel
 Infix'd, our dauntless Briton scarce perceives;
 The wounds his country from his death must feel,
 The patriot views, for those alone he grieves.
- 4 The barbarous rage that durst attempt thy life,
 Harley, great counsellor, extends thy fame;
 And the sharp point of cruel Guiscard's knife,
 In brass and marble carves thy deathless name.
- 5 Faithful asserter of thy country's cause,
 Britain with tears shall bathe thy glorious wound;
 She for thy safety shall enlarge her laws,
 And in her statutes shall thy worth be found.

¹ See Swift's prose works. Guiscard was an ex-abbot; became a colonel—then a spy on the English Court—was discovered, and stabbed Harley at the council before which he was sisted. Harley survived; but the assassin died of some wounds he received in the scuffle, in a few days.

- 6 Yet midst her sighs she triumphs, on the hand
 Reflecting, that diffused the public woe;
 A stranger to her altars, and her land;
 No son of hers could meditate this blow.
- 7 Meantime thy pain is gracious Anna's care;
 Our queen, our saint, with sacrificing breath,
 Softens thy anguish; in her powerful prayer
 She pleads thy service, and forbids thy death.
- 8 Great as thou art, thou canst demand no more,
 O breast bewailed by earth, preserved by heaven!
 No higher can aspiring virtue soar;
 Enough to thee of grief, and fame is given.

AN EXTEMPORE INVITATION

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD, LORD HIGH TREASURER,
 MDCCXII.

MY LORD,

Our weekly friends to-morrow meet
 At Matthew's palace, in Duke Street,
 To try for once, if they can dine
 On bacon-ham, and mutton-chine.
 If wearied with the great affairs,
 Which Britain trusts to Harley's cares,
 Thou, humble statesman, mayst descend,
 Thy mind one moment to unbend,
 To see thy servant from his soul
 Crown with thy health the sprightly bowl: 10
 Among the guests, which e'er my house
 Received, it never can produce
 Of honour a more glorious proof;
 Though Dorset used to bless the roof.

ERLE ROBERT'S MICE.

IN CHAUCER'S STYLE.

TWAY mice, full blythe and amicable,
 Batten beside Erle Robert's table.
 Lies there ne trap their necks to catch,
 Ne old black cat their steps to watch,
 Their fill they eat of fowl and fish;
 Feast lyche as heart of mouse mote wish.

As guests sat jovial at the board,
 Forth leaped our mice: eftsoons the lord
 Of Boling, whilome John the Saint,
 Who maketh oft propos full quaint, 10
 Laughed jocund, and aloud he cried,
 To Matthew seated on t' other side;
 To thee, lean bard, it doth pertain
 To understand these creatures tweine.
 Come frame us now some clean device,
 Or playsant rhyme on yonder mice:
 They seem, God shield me, Mat. and Charles.¹
 Bad as Sir Topaz, or squire Quarles,²
 (Matthew did for the nonce reply)
 At emblem, or device am I; 20
 But could I chaunt, or rhyme, pardie,
 Clear as Dan Chaucer, or as thee,
 Ne verse from me (so God me shrive)
 On mouse, or other beast alive.
 Certes, I have these many days
 Sent myne poetic herd to graze.
 Ne armed knight ydrad in war
 With lyon fierce will I compare;
 Ne judge unjust, with furred fox,

¹ Charles Montague, Earl of Halifax.—² Francis Quarles.

Harming in secret guise the flocks;
 Ne priest unworth of goddes coat,
 To swine ydrunk, or filthy stoat.
 Elk similè farewell for aye,
 From elephant, I trow, to flea.

30

Replied the friendlike peer, I weene,
 Matthew is angred on the spleen.
 Ne so, quoth Mat, ne shall be e'er,
 With wit that falleth all so fair:
 Eftsoons, well weet ye, mine intent
 Boweth to your commaundement.
 If by these creatures ye have seen,
 Pourtrayèd Charles and Matthew been,
 Behoveth neet to rack my brain,
 The rest in order to explain.

40

That cup-board, where the mice disport,
 I liken to St Stephen's Court;¹
 Therein is space enough, I trow,
 For elke comrade to come and goe:
 And therein eke may both be fed
 With shiver of the wheaten bread.
 And when, as these mine eyne survey,
 They cease to skip, and squeak, and play;
 Return they may to different cells,
 Auditing one, whilst t'other tells.

50

Dear Robert, quoth the Saint, whose mind,
 In bounteous deed no mean can bind;
 Now as I hope to grow devout,
 I deem this matter well made out;
 Laugh I, whilst thus I serious pray;
 Let that be wrought which Mat. doth say:
 Yea, quoth the Erle, but not to-day.

60

¹ The Exchequer.

IN THE SAME STYLE.

FULL oft doth Mat. with Topaz dine,
 Eateth baked meats, drinketh Greek wine;
 But Topaz his own werke rehearseth;
 And Mat. mote praise what Topaz verseth.
 Now sure as priest did e'er shrive sinner,
 Full hardly earneth Mat. his dinner.

IN THE SAME STYLE.

FAIR Susan did her wif-hede well menteine:
 Algates assaulted sore by letchours tweine:
 Now, and I read aright that auncient song,
 Old were the paramours, the dame full yong.
 Had thilke same tale in other guise been tolde;
 Had they been young (pardie) and she been olde;
 That, by St Kit, had wrought much sorer tryal;
 Full merveillous, I wote, were swilk denyal.

A FLOWER PAINTED BY SIMON VERELST.¹

WHEN famed Verelst this little wonder drew,
 Flora vouchsafed the growing work to view:
 Finding the painter's science at a stand,
 The goddess snatched the pencil from his hand;
 And finishing the piece, she smiling said,
 Behold one work of mine, that ne'er shall fade.

¹ Verelst was a Flemish painter who removed from Antwerp to England, and became famous for painting flowers and fruits.

TO THE LADY ELIZABETH HARLEY,

SINCE MARCHIONESS OF CARMARTHEN, ON A COLUMN OF
HER DRAWING.

WHEN future ages shall with wonder view
These glorious lines, which Harley's daughter drew,
They shall confess, that Britain could not raise
A fairer column to the father's praise.

PROTOGENES AND APELLES.

WHEN poets wrote, and painters drew,
As nature pointed out the view;
Ere Gothic forms were known in Greece,
To spoil the well-proportioned piece;
And in our verse ere monkish rhymes
Had jangled their fantastic chimes;
Ere on the flowery lands of Rhodes
Those knights had fixed their dull abodes,
Who knew not much to paint or write,
Nor cared to pray, nor dared to fight;
Protopogenes, historians note, 10
Lived there, a burgess, scot and lot;
And, as old Pliny's writings show,
Apelles did the same at Co.
Agreed these points of time and place,
Proceed we in the present case.

Piqued by Protopogenes's fame,
From Co to Rhodes Apelles came,
To see a rival and a friend,
Prepared to censure, or commend;
Here to absolve, and there object, 20
As art with candour might direct.

He sails, he lands, he comes, he rings, 23
His servants follow with the things;
Appears the governante of the house;
For such in Greece were much in use:
If young or handsome, yea or no,
Concerns not me or thee to know.

Does squire Protogenes live here?
Yes, sir, says she, with gracious air, 30
And courtesy low; but just called out
By lords peculiarly devout,
Who came on purpose, sir, to borrow
Our Venus, for the feast to-morrow,
To grace the church: 'tis Venus' day:
I hope, sir, you intend to stay,
To see our Venus. 'Tis the piece
The most renowned throughout all Greece,
So like the original, they say:
But I have no great skill that way. 40
But, sir, at six ('tis now past three)
Dromo must make my master's tea:
At six, sir, if you please to come,
You'll find my master, sir, at home.

Tea, says a critic, big with laughter,
Was found some twenty ages after;
Authors, before they write, should read;
'Tis very true, but we'll proceed:

And, sir, at present would you please
To leave your name; fair maiden, yes. 50
Reach me that board. No sooner spoke
But done. With one judicious stroke,
On the plain ground Apelles drew
A circle regularly true;
And will you please, sweetheart, said he,
To show your master this from me?

By it he presently will know,
How painters write their names at Co.

57

He gave the pannel to the maid.
Smiling and curtseying, sir, she said,
I shall not fail to tell my master:
And, sir, for fear of all disaster,
I'll keep it my own self; safe bind,
Says the old proverb, and safe find.
So, sir, as sure as key or lock—
Your servant, sir—at six o'clock.

Again at six Apelles came,
Found the same prating civil dame.
Sir, that my master has been here,
Will by the board itself appear.
If from the perfect line be found,
He has presumed to swell the round,
Or colours on the draught to lay,
'Tis thus (he ordered me to say)
Thus write the painters of this isle:
Let those of Co remark the style.

70

She said; and to his hand restored
The rival pledge, the missive board.
Upon the happy line were laid
Such obvious light, and easy shade,
That Paris' apple stood confest,
Or Leda's egg, or Cloe's breast.

80

Apelles viewed the finished piece,
And live, said he, the arts of Greece!
Howe'er Protogenes and I
May in our rival talents vie;
Howe'er our works may have expressed
Who truest drew, or coloured best,
When he beheld my flowing line,
He found at least I could design:

90

And from his artful round I grant, 91
That he with perfect skill can paint.

The dullest genius cannot fail
To find the moral of my tale:
That the distinguished part of men,
With compass, pencil, sword, or pen,
Should in life's visit leave their name,
In characters, which may proclaim,
That they with ardour strove to raise
At once their arts, and country's praise; 100
And in their working took great care,
That all was full, and round, and fair.

DEMOCRITUS AND HERACLITUS.

DEMOCRITUS, dear droll, revisit earth,
And with our follies glut thy heightened mirth:
Sad Heraclitus, serious wretch, return,
In louder grief our greater crimes to mourn.
Between you both I unconcerned stand by;
Hurt, can I laugh, and honest, need I cry?

FOR MY OWN TOMBSTONE.

To me 'twas given to die: to thee 'tis given
To live: alas! one moment sets us even.
Mark! how impartial is the will of Heaven!

GUALTERUS DANISTONUS AD AMICOS.¹

DUM studeo fungi fallentis munere vitæ,
Adfectoque viam sedibus Elysiis,

¹ Archibald Pitcairn, a Scottish physician, who died 1713, wrote these lines. He is the author of an epitaph on Claverhouse, quoted by Aytoun. Scott calls him the 'classic and genial Pitcairn.'

Arctoa florens Sophiâ, Samiisque superbus
 Discipulis, animas morte carere cano.
 Has ego corporibus profugas ad sidera mitto;
 Sideraque ingressis otia blanda dico;
 Qualia conveniunt divis, queis fata volebant
 Vitæ faciles molliter ire vias:
 Vinaque Cœlicolis media inter gaudia, libo;
 Et me quid majus suspicor esse viro. 10
 Sed fuerint nulli forsan, quos spondeo, cœli;
 Nullaque sint Ditis numina, nulla Jovis.
 Fabula sit terris agitur quæ vita relictis;
 Quique superstes, homo: qui nihil, esto Deus.
 Attamen esse hilares, et inanes mittere curas
 Proderit, ac vitæ commoditate frui,
 Et festos agitasse dies, ævique fugacis
 Tempora perpetuis detinuisse jocis.
 His me parentum præceptis occupet Orcus,
 Et Mors; seu Divum, seu nihil esse velit; 20
 Nam Sophia ars illa est, quæ fallere suaviter horas
 Admonet, atque Orci non timuisse minas.

IMITATED.

STUDIOUS the busy moments to deceive,
 That flit between the cradle and the grave,
 I credit what the Grecian dictates say,
 And Samian sounds o'er Scotia's hills convey.
 When mortal man resigns his transient breath,
 The body only I give o'er to death;
 The parts dissolved and broken frame I mourn:
 What came from earth I see to earth return.
 The immaterial part, the ethereal soul,
 Nor can change vanquish, nor can death control. 10
 Glad I release it from its partner's cares,
 And bid good angels waft it to the stars.

Then in the flowing bowl I drown those sighs, 13
Which, spite of wisdom, from our weakness rise.
The draught to the dead's memory I commend,
And offer to the now immortal friend.
But if opposed to what my thoughts approve,
Nor Pluto's rage there be, nor power of Jove;
On its dark side if thou the prospect take,
Grant all forgot beyond black Lethe's lake; 20
In total death suppose the mortal lie,
No new hereafter, nor a future sky;
Yet bear thy lot content! yet cease to grieve;
Why, ere death comes, dost thou forbear to live?
The little time thou hast, 'twixt instant now
And fate's approach, is all the gods allow;
And of this little hast thou ought to spare
To sad reflection, and corroding care?
The moments past, if thou art wise, retrieve
With pleasant memory of the bliss they gave. 30
The present hours in present mirth employ,
And bribe the future with the hopes of joy.
The future (few or more, howe'er they be)
Were destined erst; nor can by fate's decree
Be now cut off, betwixt the grave and thee.

THE FIRST HYMN OF CALLIMACHUS.

TO JUPITER.

WHILE we to Jove select the holy victim,
Whom apter shall we sing, than Jove himself,
The god for ever great, for ever king,
Who slew the earth-born race, and measures right
To Heaven's great habitants! Dictæan hear'st thou
More joyful, or Lycæan, long dispute

And various thought has traced. On Ida's Mount, 7
 Or Dicte, studious of his country's praise,
 The Cretan boasts thy natal place: but oft
 He meets reproof deserved: for he presumptuous
 Has built a tomb for thee, who never knowst
 To die, but livst the same to-day and ever.
 Arcadian therefore be thy birth: Great Rhea
 Pregnant to high Parrhasia's cliffs retired,
 And wild Lycæus, black with shading pines.
 Holy retreat! Sith hence no female hither,
 Conscious of social love and nature's rites,
 Must dare approach, from the inferior reptile
 To woman, form divine. There the blest parent
 Ungirt her spacious bosom, and discharged 20
 The ponderous birth. She sought a neighbouring
 spring

To wash the recent babe; in vain. Arcadia,
 (However streamy) now adust and dry,
 Denied the goddess water; where deep Melas,
 And rocky Cratis flow, the chariot smoked,
 Obscure with rising dust; the thirsty traveller
 In vain required the current, then imprisoned
 In subterraneous caverns. Forests grew
 Upon the barren hollows, high o'ershading
 The haunts of savage beasts, where now Iacon 30
 And Erimanth incline their friendly urns.

Thou too, O Earth, great Rhea said, bring forth;
 And short shall be thy pangs. She said, and high
 She reared her arm, and with her sceptre struck
 The yawning cliff: from its disparted height
 Adown the mount the gushing torrent ran,
 And cheered the valleys: there the heavenly mother
 Bathed, mighty king, thy tender limbs: she wrapped
 them

In purple bands; she gave the precious pledge 39
To prudent Neda, charging her to guard thee,
Careful and secret: Neda, of the nymphs
That tended the great birth, next Philyre
And Styx, the eldest. Smiling, she received thee,
And conscious of the grace, absolved her trust:
Not unrewarded; since the river bore
The favourite virgin's name; fair Neda rolls
By Leprión's ancient walls, a fruitful stream.
Fast by her flowery banks the sons of Arcas,
Favourites of Heaven, with happy care protect
Their fleecy charge; and joyous drink her wave. 50

Thee, god, to Cnossus Neda brought: the nymphs
And Corybantes thee, their sacred charge,
Received: Adraste rocked thy golden cradle:
The goat, now bright amidst her fellow stars,
Kind Amalthea, reached her teat distant
With milk, thy early food: the sedulous bee
Distilled her honey on thy purple lips.

Around, the fierce Curetes (order solemn
To thy foreknowing mother!) trod tumultuous
Their mystic dance, and clanged their sounding arms; 60
Industrious with the warlike din to quell
Thy infant cries and mock the ear of Saturn.

Swift growth and wondrous grace, O heavenly Jove,
Waited thy blooming years; inventive wit,
And perfect judgment, crowned thy youthful act.
That Saturn's sons received the three-fold empire
Of Heaven, of ocean, and deep hell beneath,
As the dark urn and chance of lot determined,
Old poets mention, fabling. Things of moment
Well nigh equivalent and neighbouring value 70
By lot are parted: but high Heaven, thy share,
In equal balance laid 'gainst sea or hell,

Flings up the adverse scale, and shuns proportion. 73
 Wherefore not chance, but power, above thy brethren
 Exalted thee, their king. When thy great will
 Commands thy chariot forth; impetuous strength,
 And fiery swiftness wing the rapid wheels,
 Incessant; high the eagle flies before thee.
 And oh! as I and mine consult thy augur,
 Grant the glad omen; let thy favourite rise
 Propitious, ever soaring from the right. 80

Thou to the lesser gods hast well assigned
 Their proper shares of power; thy own, great Jove,
 Boundless and universal. Those who labour
 The sweaty forge, who edge the crooked scythe,
 Bend stubborn steel, and harden gleening armour,
 Acknowledge Vulcan's aid. The early hunter
 Blesses Diana's hand, who leads him safe
 O'er hanging cliffs, who spreads his net successful,
 And guides the arrow through the panther's heart. 90
 The soldier, from successful camps returning
 With laurel wreathed, and rich with hostile spoil,
 Severs the bull to Mars. The skilful bard,
 Striking the Thracian harp, invokes Apollo,
 To make his hero and himself immortal.
 Those, mighty Jove, meantime, thy glorious care,
 Who model nations, publish laws, announce
 Or life or death, and found or change the empire.
 Man owns the power of kings; and kings of Jove.
 And, as their actions tend subordinate 100
 To what thy will designs, thou giv'st the means
 Proportioned to the work; thou seest impartial,
 How they those means employ. Each monarch rules
 His different realm, accountable to thee,
 Great ruler of the world: these only have
 To speak and be obeyed; to those are given

Assistant days to ripen the design; 107
 To some whole months; revolving years to some;
 Others, ill-fated, are condemned to toil
 Their tedious life, and mourn their purpose blasted
 With fruitless act, and impotence of council.

Hail! greatest son of Saturn, wise disposer
 Of every good! Thy praise what man yet born
 Has sung! or who that may be born shall sing!
 Again, and often hail! indulge our prayer,
 Great father! grant us virtue, grant us wealth:
 For without virtue, wealth to man avails not;
 And virtue without wealth exerts less power,
 And less diffuses good. Then grant us, gracious,
 Virtue and wealth; for both are of thy gift. 120

THE SECOND HYMN OF CALLIMACHUS.

TO APOLLO.

HAIL! how the laurel, great Apollo's tree,
 And all the cavern shakes! far off, far off,
 The man that is unhallowed: for the god,
 The god approaches. Hark! he knocks; the gates
 Feel the glad impulse: and the severed bars
 Submissive clink against their brazen portals.
 Why do the Delian palms incline their boughs,
 Self-moved: and hovering swans, their throats released,
 From native silence, carol sounds harmonious!

Begin, young men, the hymn: let all your harps
 Break their inglorious silence; and the dance, 11
 In mystic numbers trod, explain the music.
 But first by ardent prayer, and clear lustration,
 Purge the contagious spots of human weakness:
 Impure no mortal can behold Apollo.

So may ye flourish, favoured by the god, 16
 In youth with happy nuptials, and in age
 With silver hairs, and fair descent of children;
 So lay foundations for aspiring cities,
 And bless your spreading colonies' increase. 20

Pay sacred reverence to Apollo's song;
 Lest wrathful the far-shooting god emit
 His fatal arrows. Silent Nature stands,
 And seas subside, obedient to the sound
 Of Iö, Iö Pean! nor dares Thetis
 Longer bewail her loved Achilles' death;
 For Phœbus was his foe. Nor must sad Niobe
 In fruitless sorrow persevere, or weep
 Even through the Phrygian marble. Hapless mother!
 Whose fondness could compare her mortal offspring
 To those which fair Latona bore to Jove. 31
 Iö! again repeat ye, Iö Pean!

Against the deity 'tis hard to strive.
 He that resists the power of Ptolemy,
 Resists the power of heaven, for power from heaven
 Derives; and monarchs rule by gods appointed.

Recite Apollo's praise, till night draws on,
 The ditty still unfinished; and the day
 Unequal to the godhead's attributes
 Various, and matter copious of your songs. 40

Sublime at Jove's right hand Apollo sits,
 And thence distributes honour, gracious king,
 And theme of verse perpetual. From his robe
 Flows light ineffable; his harp, his quiver,
 And Lictian bow are gold; with golden sandals
 His feet are shod; how rich, how beautiful!
 Beneath his steps the yellow mineral rises,
 And earth reveals her treasures. Youth and beauty
 Eternal deck his cheek; from his fair head

Perfumes distil their sweets; and cheerful health, 50
His duteous handmaid, through the air improved,
With lavish hand diffuses scents ambrosial.

The spear-man's arm by thee, great god, directed,
Sends forth a certain wound. The laurelled bard,
Inspired by thee, composes verse immortal.
Taught by thy art divine, the sage physician
Eludes the urn; and chains, or exiles death.

Thee, Nomian, we adore; for that from Heaven
Descending, thou on fair Amphrysus' banks
Didst guard Admetus' herds. Sith hence the cow
Produced an ampler store of milk; the she-goat 61
Not without pain dragged her distended udder;
And ewes, that erst brought forth but single lambs,
Now dropped their twofold burthens. Blessed the
cattle,

On which Apollo cast his favouring eye!

But Phœbus, thou to man beneficent,
Delight'st in building cities. Bright Diana,
Kind sister to thy infant-deity,
New-weaned, and just arising from the cradle,
Brought hunted wild goats' heads, and branching antlers
Of stags, the fruit and honour of her toil. 71
These with discerning hand thou knewst to range
(Young as thou wast), and in the well-framed models,
With emblematic skill and mystic order,
Thou show'dst, where towers or battlements should rise;
Where gates should open; or where walls should
compass:

While from thy childish pastime man received
The future strength and ornament of nations.

Battus, our great progenitor, now touched
The Libyan strand; when the foreboding crow 80
Flew on the right before the people, marking

The country, destined the auspicious seat
Of future kings, and favour of the god, 82
Whose oath is sure, and promise stands eternal.

Or Boedromian hear'st thou pleased, or Clarian,
Phœbus, great king? for different are thy names,
As thy kind hand has founded many cities,
Or dealt benign thy various gifts to man.
Carnean let me call thee! for my country
Calls thee Carnean! the fair colony 90
Thrice by thy gracious guidance was transported,
Ere settled in Cyrene; there we appointed
Thy annual feasts, kind god, and bless thy altars
Smoking with hecatombs of slaughtered bulls;
As Carnus, thy high-priest and favoured friend,
Had erst ordained; and with mysterious rites,
Our great forefathers taught their sons to worship.
Iö Carnean Phœbus! Iö Pean!

The yellow crocus there, and fair narcissus
Reserve the honours of their winter-store, 100
To deck thy temple; till returning spring
Diffuses nature's various pride; and flowers
Innumerable, by the soft south-west
Opened, and gathered by religious hands,
Rebound their sweets from the odoriferous pavement.
Perpetual fires shine hallowed on thy altars,
When annual the Carnean feast is held.
The warlike Libyans, clad in armour, lead
The dance! with clanging swords and shields they beat
The dreadful measure: in the chorus join 110
Their women, brown but beautiful: such rites
To thee well pleasing. Nor had yet thy votaries,
From Greece transplanted, touched Cyrene's banks,
And lands determined for their last abodes;
But wandered through Azilis' horrid forest

Dispersed; when from Myrtusa's craggy brow, 116
Fond of the maid, auspicious to the city,
Which must hereafter bear her favoured name,
Thou gracious deignst to let the fair one view
Her typic people; thou with pleasure taughtst her
To draw the bow, to slay the shaggy lion, 120
And stop the spreading ruin of the plains.
Happy the nymph, who honoured by thy passion,
Was aided by thy power! the monstrous Python
Durst tempt thy wrath in vain: for dead he fell,
To thy great strength and golden arms unequal.

Iö! while thy unerring hand elanced
Another, and another dart; the people
Joyfully repeated Iö! Iö Pean!
Elance the dart, Apollo: for the safety
And health of man, gracious thy mother bore thee.

Envy, thy latest foe, suggested thus: 131
Like thee I am a power immortal; therefore
To thee dare speak. How canst thou favour partial
Those poets who write little? Vast and great
Is what I love: the far-extended ocean
To a small rivulet I prefer. Apollo
Spurned Envy with his foot; and thus the god:
Demon, the head-long current of Euphrates,
Assyrian river, copious runs, but muddy,
And carries forward with his stupid force 140
Polluting dirt; his torrent still augmenting,
His wave still more defiled; meanwhile the nymphs
Melissan, sacred and recluse to Ceres,
Studious to have their offerings well received,
And fit for heavenly use, from little urns
Pour streams select, and purity of waters.

Iö! Apollo, mighty king, let Envy
Ill-judging and verbose, from Lethe's lake

Draw tuns unmeasurable; while thy favour
 Administers to my ambitious thirst
 The wholesome draught from Aganippe's spring
 Genuine; and with soft murmurs gently rilling
 Adown the mountains where thy daughters haunt.

149

CHARITY.

A PARAPHRASE ON THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER OF THE
 FIRST EPISTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS.

Did sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue,
 Than ever man pronounced, or angels sung;
 Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
 That thought can reach, or science can define;
 And had I power to give that knowledge birth,
 In all the speeches of the babbling earth;
 Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast inspire,
 To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire;
 Or had I faith like that which Israel saw
 When Moses gave them Miracles and Law: 10
 Yet gracious Charity, indulgent guest,
 Were not thy power exerted in my breast,
 Those speeches would send up unheeded prayer;
 That scorn of life would be but wild despair;
 A timbrel's sound were better than my voice,
 My faith were form, my eloquence were noise.
 Charity, decent, modest, easy, kind,
 Softens the high, and rears the abject mind;
 Knows with just reins, and gentle hand to guide,
 Betwixt vile shame and arbitrary pride. 20
 Not soon provoked, she easily forgives;
 And much she suffers, as she much believes.
 Soft peace she brings, wherever she arrives;
 She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives;

Lays the rough paths of peevish Nature even, 25
And opens in each heart a little Heaven.

Each other gift, which God on man bestows,
Its proper bound, and due restriction knows;
To one fixed purpose dedicates its power,
And, finishing its act, exists no more. 30

Thus, in obedience to what Heaven decrees;
Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy shall cease;
But lasting Charity's more ample sway,
Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,
In happy triumph shall for ever live,
And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive.

As through the artist's intervening glass
Our eye observes the distant planets pass;
A little we discover; but allow,
That more remains unseen, than art can show: 40
So whilst our mind its knowledge would improve,
(Its feeble eye intent on things above)
High as we may, we lift our reason up,
By Faith directed, and confirmed by Hope:
Yet are we able only to survey
Dawnings of beams, and promises of day.
Heaven's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled sight;
Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light.

But soon the mediate clouds shall be dispelled;
The sun shall soon be face to face beheld, 50
In all his robes with all his glory on,
Seated sublime on his meridian throne.

Then constant faith, and holy hope shall die,
One lost in certainty, and one in joy;
Whilst thou, more happy power, fair Charity,
Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,
Thy office, and thy nature still the same,
Lasting thy lamp, and unconsumed thy flame,

Shalt still survive———
 Shalt stand before the host of Heaven confessed, 60
 For ever blessing, and for ever blessed.

ENGRAVEN ON A COLUMN

IN THE CHURCH OF HALSTEAD IN ESSEX.¹

- 1 View not this spire by measure given
 To buildings raised by common hands:
 That fabric rises high as Heaven,
 Whose basis on devotion stands.
 - 2 While yet we draw this vital breath,
 We can our faith and hope declare;
 But Charity beyond our death
 Will ever in our works appear.
 - 3 Best be he called among good men,
 Who to his God this column raised:
 Though lightning strike the dome again,
 The man who built it shall be praised.
 - 4 Yet spires and towers in dust shall lie,
 The efforts weak of human pains;
 And faith and hope themselves shall die;
 While deathless charity remains.
-

WRITTEN IN MONTAIGNE'S ESSAYS,

GIVEN TO THE DUKE OF SHREWSBURY IN FRANCE,
 AFTER THE PEACE, MDCCXIII.

- 1 DICTATE, O mighty judge, what thou hast seen
 Of cities, and of courts, of books, and men;
 And deign to let thy servant hold the pen.
- ¹ The spire of this church was burned down by lightning.

- 2 Through ages thus I may presume to live,
And from the transcript of thy prose receive
What my own short-lived verse can never give.
- 3 Thus shall fair Britain with a gracious smile
Accept the work; and the instructed isle,
For more than treaties made, shall bless my toil.
- 4 Nor longer hence the Gallic style preferred,
Wisdom in English idiom shall be heard,
While Talbot tells the world, where Montaigne erred.

AN EPISTLE,

DESIRING THE QUEEN'S PICTURE.

WRITTEN AT PARIS, MDCCXIV, BUT LEFT UNFINISHED ON THE
SUDDEN NEWS OF HER MAJESTY'S DEATH.

THE train of equipage and pomp of state,
The shining sideboard, and the burnished plate,
Let other ministers, great Anne, require,
And partial fall thy gift to their desire.
To the fair portrait of my sovereign dame,
To that alone eternal be my claim.

My bright defender, and my dread delight,
If ever I found favour in thy sight;
If all the pains that for thy Britain's sake
My past has took, or future life may take, 10
Be grateful to my Queen, permit my prayer,
And with this gift reward my total care.

Will thy indulgent hand, fair saint, allow
The boon? and will thy ear accept the vow?
♦ That in despite of age, of impious flame,
And eating Time, thy picture like thy fame
Entire may last; that as their eyes survey
The semblant shade, men yet unborn may say,

Thus great, thus gracious looked Britannia's queen ;
 Her brow thus smooth, her look was thus serene ; 20
 When to a low, but to a loyal hand
 The mighty empress gave her high command,
 That he to hostile camps and kings should haste,
 To speak her vengeance, as their danger, passed ;
 To say, she wills detested wars to cease :
 She checks her conquest, for her subjects' ease,
 And bids the world attend her terms of peace.

Thee, gracious Anne, thee present I adore,
 Thee, queen of peace ;—If time and fate have power
 Higher to raise the glories of thy reign, 30
 In words sublimer, and a nobler strain,
 May future bards the mighty theme rehearse,
 Here, Stator Jove, and Phœbus king of verse,
 The votive tablet I suspend * * * * *

ALMA ; OR, THE PROGRESS OF THE MIND.

IN THREE CANTOS.

*Πάντα γέλωσ, καὶ πάντα κόνις, καὶ πάντα τὸ μῆθεν
 Πάντα γὰρ ἔξ ἀλόγων ἐστὶ τὰ γινόμενα.
 Incert. ap. Stobæum.*

CANTO I.

MATTHEW met Richard,¹ when or where
 From story is not mighty clear ;
 Of many knotty points they spoke,
 And pro and con by turns they took.
 Rats half the manuscript have eat ;
 Dire hunger ! which we still regret.
 O ! may they ne'er again digest
 The horrors of so sad a feast !

¹ The poet and his friend Mr Skelton.

Yet less our grief, if what remains, 9
 Dear Jacob,¹ by thy care and pains
 Shall be to future times conveyed.
 It thus begins :

Here Matthew said,
 Alma in verse, in prose the mind,
 By Aristotle's pen defined,
 Throughout the body squat or tall,
 Is, bona fide, all in all.
 And yet, slap-dash, is all again
 In every sinew, nerve, and vein ;
 Runs here and there, like Hamlet's ghost ; 20
 While everywhere she rules the roast.

This system, Richard, we are told,
 The men of Oxford firmly hold.
 The Cambridge wits, you know, deny
 With ipse dixit to comply.
 They say (for in good truth they speak
 With small respect of that old Greek),
 That, putting all his words together,
 'Tis three blue beans in one blue bladder.

Alma, they strenuously maintain, 30
 Sits cock-horse on her throne the brain ;
 And from that seat of thought dispenses
 Her sovereign pleasure to the senses.
 Two optic nerves, they say, she ties,
 Like spectacles, across the eyes ;
 By which the spirits bring her word,
 Whene'er the balls are fixed or stirred,
 How quick at park and play they strike ;
 • The duke they court ; the toast they like ;
 And at St James's turn their grace 40
 From former friends now out of place.

¹ Tonson.

Without these aids, to be more serious,
Her power, they hold, had been precarious:
The eyes might have conspired her ruin;
And she not known what they were doing.
Foolish it had been, and unkind,
That they should see, and she be blind.

42

Wise nature likewise, they suppose,
Has drawn two conduits down our nose;
Could Alma else with judgment tell,
When cabbage stinks, or roses smell!
Or who would ask for her opinion
Between an oyster and an onion!
For from most bodies, Dick, you know,
Some little bits ask leave to flow;
And, as through these canals they roll,
Bring up a sample of the whole;
Like footmen running before coaches,
To tell the inn, what lord approaches.

50

By nerves about our palate placed,
She likewise judges of the taste:
Else (dismal thought!) our warlike men
Might drink thick port for fine champagne;
And our ill-judging wives and daughters
Mistake small beer for citron waters.

60

Hence too, that she might better hear,
She sets a drum at either ear;
And, loud or gentle, harsh or sweet,
Are but the larums which they beat.

Last, to enjoy her sense of feeling,
A thing she much delights to deal in,
A thousand little nerves she sends
Quite to our toes' and fingers' ends;
And these in gratitude again
Return their spirits to the brain;

70

In which their figure being printed,
 As just before, I think, I hinted,
 Alma informed can try the case,
 As she had been upon the place.

Thus, while the judge gives different journeys
 To country counsel and attornies,
 He on the bench in quiet sits,
 Deciding, as they bring their writs.
 The Pope thus prays and sleeps at Rome,
 And very seldom stirs from home;
 Yet, sending forth his holy spies,
 And having heard what they advise,
 He rules the church's blest dominions,
 And sets men's faith by his opinions.

The scholars of the Stagyrte,
 Who for the old opinion fight,
 Would make their modern friends confess
 The difference but from more to less.
 The mind, say they, while you sustain
 To hold her station in the brain,
 You grant, at least, she is extended;
 Ergo, the whole dispute is ended.
 For till to-morrow should you plead,
 From form and structure of the head,
 The mind as visibly is seen
 Extended through the whole machine.
 Why should all honour then be ta'en
 From lower parts to load the brain;
 When other limbs we plainly see,
 Each in his way as brisk as he!
 For music, grant the head receives it;
 It is the artist's hand that gives it;
 And, though the skull may wear the laurel,
 The soldier's arm sustains the quarrel.

Besides, the nostrils, ears, and eyes,
Are not his parts, but his allies;
Even what you hear the tongue proclaim
Comes *ab origine* from them.

110

What could the head perform alone,
If all their friendly aids were gone!
A foolish figure he must make;
Do nothing else but sleep and ake.

Nor matters it, that you can show
How to the head the spirits go;
Those spirits started from some goal,
Before they through the veins could roll.
Now, we should hold them much to blame,
If they went back, before they came.

120

If, therefore, as we must suppose,
They came from fingers, and from toes;
Or toes, or fingers, in this case,
Of Num-scull's self should take the place:
Disputing fair, you grant thus much,
That all sensation is but touch.

Dip but your toes into cold water,
Their correspondent teeth will chatter;
And, strike the bottom of your feet,
You set your head into a heat.
The bully beat, and happy lover,
Confess, that feeling lies all over.

130

Note here, Lucretius dares to teach,
As all our youth may learn from Creech,
That eyes were made, but could not view,
Nor hands embrace, nor feet pursue;
But heedless Nature did produce
The members first, and then the use.
What each must act was yet unknown,
Till all is moved by chance alone.

140

A man first builds a country-seat, 144
Then finds the walls not good to eat.
Another plants, and wondering sees
Nor books nor medals on his trees.
Yet poet and philosopher
Was he, who durst such whims aver.
Blessed, for his sake, be human reason, 150
That came at all, though late in season.

But no man sure e'er left his house,
And saddled Ball with thoughts so wild,
To bring a midwife to his spouse,
Before he knew she was with child.
And no man ever reaped his corn,
Or from the oven drew his bread,
Ere hinds and bakers yet were born,
That taught them both to sow and knead.
Before they're asked can maids refuse, 160
Can——Pray, says Dick, hold in your Muse.
While you Pindaric truths rehearse,
She hobbles in alternate verse.
Verse! Mat replied; is that my care?
Go on, quoth Richard, soft and fair.

This looks, friend Dick, as Nature had
But exercised the salesman's trade;
As if she haply had set down,
And cut out clothes for all the town,
Then sent them out to Monmouth Street, 170
To try what persons they would fit;
But every free and licensed tailor
Would in this thesis find a failure.
Should whims like these his head perplex,
How could he work for either sex;
His clothes, as atoms might prevail,
Might fit a pismire, or a whale.

No, no; he views with studious pleasure
 Your shape, before he takes your measure.
 For real Kate he made the bodice,
 And not for an ideal goddess.
 No error near his shopboard lurked:
 He knew the folks for whom he worked;
 Still to their size he aimed his skill:
 Else, pr'ythee, who would pay his bill?

178

Next, Dick, if chance herself should vary,
 Observe, how matters would miscarry;
 Across your eyes, friend, place your shoes;
 Your spectacles upon your toes;
 Then you and Memmius shall agree,
 How nicely men would walk, or see.

190

But wisdom, peevish and cross-grained,
 Must be opposed, to be sustained;
 And still your knowledge will increase,
 As you make other people's less.
 In arms and science 'tis the same;
 Our rival's hurts create our fame.
 At Faubert's, if disputes arise
 Among the champions for the prize,
 To prove who gave the fairer butt,
 John shows the chalk on Robert's coat.
 So, for the honour of your book,
 It tells where other folks mistook;
 And, as their notions you confound,
 Those you invent get farther ground.

200

The commentators on old Ari-
 stotle ('tis urged) in judgment vary;
 They to their own conceits have brought
 The image of his general thought;
 Just as the melancholic eye
 Sees fleets and armies in the sky,

210

And to the poor apprentice ear 212
 The bells sound, 'Whittington lord mayor.'
 The conjuror thus explains his scheme;
 Thus spirits walk, and prophets dream;
 North Britons thus have second-sight;
 And Germans, free from gun-shot, fight.
 Theodoret and Origen,
 And fifty other learned men,
 Attest, that, if their comments find 220
 The traces of their master's mind,
 Alma can ne'er decay nor die;
 This flatly t' other sect deny:
 Simplicius, Theophrast, Durand,
 Great names, but hard in verse to stand.
 They wonder men should have mistook
 The tenets of their master's book;
 And hold, that Alma yields her breath,
 O'ercome by age, and seized by death.
 Now which were wise, and which were fools?
 Poor Alma sits between two stools: 231
 The more she reads, the more perplexed;
 The comment ruining the text.
 Now fears, now hopes, her doubtful fate:
 But, Richard, let her look to that—
 Whilst we our own affairs pursue.
 These different systems, old or new,
 A man with half an eye may see,
 Were only formed to disagree.
 Now, to bring things to fair conclusion, 240
 And save much Christian ink's effusion,
 Let me propose a healing scheme,
 And sail along the middle stream:
 For, Dick, if we could reconcile
 Old Aristotle with Gassendus,

How many would admire our toil, 246
And yet how few would comprehend us!

Here, Richard, let my scheme commence;
Oh! may my words be lost in sense!
While pleased Thalia deigns to write
The slips and bounds of Alma's flight.

My simple system shall suppose,
That Alma enters at the toes;
That then she mounts by just degrees
Up to the ankles, legs, and knees;
Next, as the sap of life does rise,
She lends her vigour to the thighs;
And, all these under-regions past,
She nestles somewhere near the waist;
Gives pain or pleasure, grief or laughter; 260
As we shall show at large hereafter.
Matured, if not improved by time,
Up to the heart she loves to climb;
From thence, compelled by craft and age,
She makes the head her latest stage.

From the feet upward to the head,
Pithy and short, says Dick, proceed.

Dick, this is not an idle notion,
Observe the progress of the motion. 270
First, I demonstratively prove
That feet were only made to move;
And legs desire to come and go,
For they have nothing else to do.

Hence, long before the child can crawl,
He learns to kick, and wince, and sprawl:
To hinder which, your midwife knows
To bind those parts extremely close;
Lest Alma, newly entered in,
And stunned at her own christening's din,

Fearful of future grief and pain, 230
Should silently sneak out again.
Full piteous seems young Alma's case;
As in a luckless gamester's place,
She would not play, yet must not pass.

Again, as she grows something stronger,
And master's feet are swathed no longer,
If in the night too oft he kicks,
Or shows his locomotive tricks;
These first assaults fat Kate repays him;
When half-asleep, she overlays him. 290

Now mark, dear Richard, from the age
That children tread this worldly stage,
Broom-staff or poker they bestride,
And round the parlour love to ride;
Till thoughtful father's pious care
Provides his brood, next Smithfield fair,
With supplemental hobby-horses;
And happy be their infant courses!

Hence for some years they ne'er stand
still:

Their legs, you see, direct their will; 300
From opening morn till setting sun,
Around the fields and woods they run;
They frisk, and dance, and leap, and play,
Nor heed what Friend or Snape can say.

To her next stage as Alma flies,
And likes, as I have said, the thighs,
With sympathetic power she warms
Their good allies and friends, the arms.
While Betty dances on the green;
And Susan is at stool-ball seen; 310
While John for nine-pins does declare;
And Roger loves to pitch the bar;

Both legs and arms spontaneous move; 818
Which was the thing I meant to prove.

Another motion now she makes:
O need I name the seat she takes!
His thought quite changed the stripling finds;
The sport and race no more he minds;
Neglected Tray and Pointer lie;
And covies unmolested fly.
Sudden the jocund plain he leaves,
And for the nymph in secret grieves.
In dying accents he complains
Of cruel fires, and raging pains.
The nymph too longs to be alone,
Leaves all the swains, and sighs for one.
The nymph is warmed with young desire,
And feels, and dies to quench his fire.
They meet each evening in the grove;
Their parley but augments their love: 820
So to the priest their case they tell,
He ties the knot, and all goes well.

But, O my Muse, just distance keep;
Thou art a maid, and must not peep.
In nine months time, the boddice loose,
And petticoats too short, disclose
That at this age the active mind
About the waist lies most confined;
And that young life and quickening sense
Spring from his influence darted thence. 840
So from the middle of the world
The sun's prolific rays are hurled:
'Tis from that seat he darts those beams,
Which quicken earth with genial flames.

Dick, who thus long had passive sat,
Here stroked his chin, and cocked his hat;

Then slapped his hand upon the board; 347
And thus the youth put in his word.
Love's advocates, sweet sir, would find him
A higher place than you assign'd him.

Love's advocates! Dick, who are those?—
The poets, you may well suppose.
I'm sorry, sir, you have discarded
The men with whom till now you herded.
Prose-men alone for private ends,
I thought, forsook their ancient friends.
In cor stillavit, cries Lucretius;
If he may be allowed to teach us.
The selfsame thing soft Ovid says,
A proper judge in such a case. 360
Horace's phrase is, torret jecur;
And happy was that curious speaker.
Here Virgil too has placed this passion.
What signifies too long quotation?
In ode and epic, plain the case is,
That love holds one of these two places.

Dick, without passion or reflection,
I'll straight demolish this objection.

First, Poets, all the world agrees,
Write half to profit, half to please; 370
Matter and figure they produce,
For garnish this, and that for use;
And, in the structure of their feasts,
They seek to feed and please their guests.
But one may balk this good intent,
And take things otherwise than meant:
Thus, if you dine with my lord mayor,
Roast-beef and venison is your fare;
Thence you proceed to swan and bustard,
And persevere in tart and custard: 380

But tulip-leaves and lemon-peel
 Help only to adorn the meal;
 And painted flags, superb and neat,
 Proclaim you welcome to the treat.
 The man of sense his meat devours,
 But only smells the peel and flowers;
 And he must be an idle dreamer,
 Who leaves the pie, and gnaws the streamer.

381

That Cupid goes with bow and arrows,
 And Venus keeps her coach and sparrows,
 Is all but emblem, to acquaint one,
 The son is sharp, the mother wanton.
 Such images have sometimes shown
 A mystic sense, but oftener none.
 For who conceives, what bards devise,
 That Heaven is placed in Celia's eyes;
 Or where's the sense, direct and moral,
 That teeth are pearl, or lips are coral?

390

Your Horace owns, he various writ,
 As wild or sober maggots bit:
 And where too much the poet ranted,
 The sage philosopher recanted.
 His grave epistles may disprove
 The wanton odes he made to love.

400

Lucretius keeps a mighty pother
 With Cupid and his fancied mother;
 Calls her great queen of earth and air,
 Declares that winds and seas obey her;
 And, while her honour he rehearses,
 Implores her to inspire his verses.

410

Yet, free from this poetic madness,
 Next page he says, in sober sadness,
 That she and all her fellow-gods
 Sit idling in their high abodes,

Regardless of this world below, 415
Our health or hanging, weal or woe:
Nor once disturb their heavenly spirits
With Scapin's cheats, or Cæsar's merits.

Nor e'er can Latin poets prove
Where lies the real seat of love. 420

Jecur they burn, and *cor* they pierce,
As either best supplies their verse;
And, if folks ask the reason for 't,
Say, one was long, and t' other short.
Thus, I presume, the British muse
May take the freedom strangers use.
In prose our property is greater,
Why should it then be less in metre?
If Cupid throws a single dart,
We make him wound the lover's heart; 430
But if he takes his bow and quiver,
'Tis sure, he must transfix the liver:
For rhyme with reason may dispense;
And sound has right to govern sense.

But let your friends in verse suppose,
What ne'er shall be allowed in prose;
Anatomists can make it clear,
The liver minds his own affair;
Kindly supplies our public uses,
And parts and strains the vital juices; 440
Still lays some useful bile aside,
To tinge the chyle's insipid tide;
Else we should want both gibe and satire;
And all be burst with pure good-nature.
Now gall is bitter with a witness,
And love is all delight and sweetness.
My logic then has lost its aim,
If sweet and bitter be the same:

And he, methinks, is no great scholar,
Who can mistake desire for choler.

449

The like may of the heart be said;
Courage and terror there are bred.
All those, whose hearts are loose and low
Start if they hear but the tattoo;
And mighty physical their fear is;
For, soon as noise of combat near is,
Their heart, descending to their breeches,
Must give their stomach cruel twitches.
But heroes, who o'ercome or die,
Have their hearts hung extremely high;
The strings of which, in battle's heat,
Against their very corslets beat;
Keep time with their own trumpet's measure,
And yield them most excessive pleasure.

460

Now, if 'tis chiefly in the heart
That courage does itself exert,
'Twill be prodigious hard to prove,
That this is eke the throne of love.
Would Nature make one place the seat
Of fond desire, and fell debate;
Must people only take delight in
Those hours, when they are tired of fighting?
And has no man, but who has killed
A father, right to get a child!
These notions then I think but idle,
And love shall still possess the middle.

470

This truth more plainly to discover,
Suppose your hero were a lover.
Though he before had gall and rage,
Which death or conquest must assuage;
He grows dispirited and low;
He hates the fight and shuns the foe.

480

In scornful sloth Achilles slept, 483
 And for his wench, like Tall-boy, wept;
 Nor would return to war and slaughter,
 Till they brought back the parson's daughter.

Antonius fled from Actium's coast,
 Augustus pressing, Asia lost;
 His sails by Cupid's hands unfurled,
 To keep the fair, he gave the world. 490

Edward our Fourth, revered and crowned,
 Vigorous in youth, in arms renowned,
 While England's voice, and Warwick's care,
 Designed him Gallia's beauteous heir,
 Changed peace and power, for rage and wars,
 Only to dry one widow's tears.

France's fourth Henry we may see
 A servant to the fair d'Estree;
 When, quitting Coutras' prosperous field,
 And fortune taught at length to yield, 500
 He from his guards and midnight tent
 Disguised o'er hills and valleys went,
 To wanton with the sprightly dame,
 And in his pleasure lost his fame.

Bold is the critic who dares prove
 These heroes were no friends to love;
 And bolder he, who dares aver,
 That they were enemies to war.
 Yet, when their thought should, now or never,
 Have raised their heart, or fired their liver, 510
 Fond Alma to those parts was gone,
 Which love more justly calls his own.

Examples I could cite you more;
 But be contented with these four:
 For, when one's proofs are aptly chosen,
 Four are as valid as four dozen.

One came from Greece, and one from Rome; 517
 The other two grew nearer home.
 For some in ancient books delight;
 Others prefer what moderns write;
 Now I should be extremely loth,
 Not to be thought expert in both.

CANTO II.

But shall we take the muse abroad,
 To drop her idly on the road,
 And leave our subject in the middle,
 As Butler did his bear and fiddle?
 Yet he, consummate master, knew
 When to recede, and where pursue;
 His noble negligences teach
 What others' toils despair to reach. 530
 He, perfect dancer, climbs the rope,
 And balances your fear and hope;
 If, after some distinguished leap,
 He drops his pole, and seems to slip,
 Straight gathering all his active strength,
 He rises higher half his length.
 With wonder you approve his sleight;
 And owe your pleasure to your fright.
 But like poor Andrew I advance,
 False mimic of my master's dance; 540
 Around the cord awhile I sprawl,
 And thence, though low, in earnest fall.
 My preface tells you I digressed:
 He's half absolved who has confessed.
 I like, quoth Dick, your simile,
 And, in return, take two from me.
 As masters in the clair obscure
 With various light your eyes allure;

A flaming yellow here they spread; 549
Draw off in blue, or charge in red;
Yet, from these colours oddly mixed,
Your sight upon the whole is fixed:
Or as, again, your courtly dames
(Whose clothes returning birth-day claims)
By arts improve, the stuffs they vary;
And things are best as most contrary;
The gown with stiff embroidery shining,
Looks charming with a slighter lining;
The out, if Indian figure stain,
The in-side must be rich and plain: 560
So you great authors have thought fit
To make digression temper wit.
When arguments too fiercely glare,
You calm them with a milder air;
To break their points, you turn their force,
And furbelow the plain discourse.

Richard, quoth Mat, these words of thine
Speak something sly, and something fine;
But I shall e'en resume my theme,
However thou mayst praise or blame. 570

As people marry now, and settle,
Fierce love abates his usual mettle;
Worldly desires, and household cares,
Disturb the godhead's soft affairs;
So now, as health or temper changes,
In larger compass Alma ranges,
This day below, the next above,
As light or solid whimsies move.
So merchant has his house in town,
And country-seat near Banstead down; 580
From one he dates his foreign letters,
Sends out his goods, and duns his debtors;

In t'other, at his hours of leisure,
He smokes his pipe, and takes his pleasure.
And now your matrimonial Cupid,
Lashed on by time, grows tired and stupid.
For story and experience tell us,
That man grows old, and woman jealous;
Both would their little ends secure;
He sighs for freedom, she for power;
His wishes tend abroad to roam,
And hers, to domineer at home.
Thus passion flags by slow degrees,
And, ruffled more, delighted less,
The busy mind does seldom go
To those once-charming seats below;
But, in the breast incamped, prepares
For well-bred feints and future wars.
The man suspects his lady's crying,
When he last autumn lay a-dying,
Was but to gain him to appoint her
By codicil a larger jointure.
The woman finds it all a trick,
That he could swoon when she was sick;
And knows, that in that grief he reckoned
On black-eyed Susan for his second.
Thus, having strove some tedious years
With feigned desires, and real fears,
And, tired with answers and replies
Of John affirms, and Martha lies,
Leaving this endless altercation,
The mind affects a higher station.
Poltis, that generous king of Thrace,
I think, was in this very case.
All Asia now was by the ears,
And gods beat up for volunteers

583

590

600

610

To Greece and Troy; while Poltis sat 617
In quiet governing his state.
And whence, said the pacific king,
Does all this noise and discord spring?
Why, Paris took Atrides' wife—
With ease I could compose this strife:
The injured hero should not lose,
Nor the young lover want a spouse.
But Helen changed her first condition,
Without her husband's just permission.
What from the dame can Paris hope;
She may as well from him elope.
Again, how can her old good-man
With honour take her back again; 630
From hence I logically gather,
The woman cannot live with either.
Now, I have two right honest wives,
For whose possession no man strives;
One to Atrides I will send,
And t' other to my Trojan friend.
Each prince shall thus with honour have
What both so warmly seem to crave;
The wrath of gods and man shall cease,
And Poltis live and die in peace. 640

Dick, if this story pleaseth thee,
Pray thank Dan Pope, who told it me.
Howe'er swift Alma's flight may vary,
(Take this by way of corollary),
Some limbs she finds the very same,
In place, in dignity, in name:
These dwell at such convenient distance,
That each may give his friend assistance.
Thus he who runs or dances begs
The equal vigour of two legs; 650

So much to both does Alma trust,
 She ne'er regards which goes the first.
 Teague could make neither of them stay,
 When with himself he ran away.
 The man who struggles in the fight
 Fatigues left arm as well as right;
 For, whilst one hand exalts the blow,
 And on the earth extends the foe,
 T'other would take it wondrous ill,
 If in your pocket it lay still.
 And, when you shoot, and shut one
 eye,

651

660

You cannot think he would deny
 To lend the other friendly aid,
 Or wink as coward and afraid.
 No, sir; whilst he withdraws his flame,
 His comrade takes the surer aim.
 One moment if his beams recede;
 As soon as ere the bird is dead,
 Opening again, he lays his claim
 To half the profit, half the fame,
 And helps to pocket up the game.
 'Tis thus one tradesman slips away,
 To give his partner fairer play.
 Some limbs again, in bulk or stature
 Unlike, and not akin by Nature,
 In concert act, like modern friends;
 Because one serves the other's ends.
 The arm thus waits upon the heart,
 So quick to take the bully's part,
 That one, though warm, decides more slow
 Than the other executes the blow.
 A stander-by may chance to have it,
 Ere Hack himself perceives he gave it.

670

680

The amorous eyes thus always go 684
 A-strolling for their friends below;
 For, long before the squire and dame
 Have tête-à-tête relieved their flame,
 Ere visits yet are brought about,
 The eye by sympathy looks out,
 Knows Florimel, and longs to meet her, 690
 And, if he sees, is sure to greet her,
 Though at sash-window, on the stairs,
 At court, nay (authors say) at prayers.—

The funeral of some valiant knight
 May give this thing its proper light.
 View his two gauntlets; these declare
 That both his hands were used to war.
 And from his two gilt spurs 'tis learned,
 His feet were equally concerned.
 But have you not with thought beheld 700
 The sword hang dangling o'er the shield;
 Which shows the breast, that plate was used to,
 Had an ally right arm to trust to.
 And, by the peep-holes in his crest,
 Is it not virtually confest,
 That there his eyes took distant aim,
 And glanced respect to that bright dame,
 In whose delight his hope was centred,
 And for whose glove his life he ventured?

Objections to my general system 710
 May rise perhaps; and I have missed them:
 But I can call to my assistance
 Proximity (mark that!) and distance;
 Can prove, that all things on occasion
 Love union, and desire adhesion;
 That Alma merely is a scale,
 And motives, like the weights, prevail.

If neither side turn down nor up,
 With loss or gain, with fear or hope,
 The balance always would hang even,
 Like Mahomet's tomb, 'twixt earth and Heaven!

This, Richard, is a curious case:
 Suppose your eyes sent equal rays
 Upon two distant pots of ale,
 Not knowing which was mild or stale;
 In this sad state your doubtful choice
 Would never have the casting voice;
 Which best or worst you could not think;
 And die you must for want of drink;
 Unless some chance inclines your sight,
 Setting one pot in fairer light.

730

Then you prefer or A, or B,
 As lines and angles best agree;
 Your sense resolved impels your will;
 She guides your hand—so drink your fill.

Have you not seen a baker's maid
 Between two equal panniers sway'd?
 Her tallies useless lie, and idle,
 If placed exactly in the middle:
 But, forced from this unactive state
 By virtue of some casual weight,
 On either side you hear them clatter,
 And judge of right and left hand matter.

740

Now, Richard, this coercive force,
 Without your choice, must take its course;
 Great kings to wars are pointed forth,
 Like loaded needles to the north.
 And thou and I, by power unseen,
 Are barely passive, and sucked-in
 To Henault's vaults or Celia's chamber,
 As straw and paper are by amber.

750

If we sit down to play or set 752

(Suppose at ombre or basset)

Let people call us cheats or fools;

Our cards and we are equal tools.

We sure in vain the cards condemn;

Ourselves both cut and shuffled them.

In vain on Fortune's aid rely,

She only is a stander-by.

Poor men! poor papers! we and they 760

Do some impulsive force obey;

And are but played with—do not play.

But space and matter we should blame;

They palmed the trick that lost the
game.

Thus, to save further contradiction,

Against what you my think but fiction,

I for attraction, Dick, declare,

Deny it those bold men that dare.

As well your motion, as your thought,

Is all by hidden impulse wrought; 770

Even saying that you think or walk,

How like a country squire you talk!

Mark then;—Where fancy, or desire,

Collects the beams of vital fire;

Into that limb fair Alma slides,

And there, pro tempore, resides.

She dwells in Nicolini's tongue,

When Pyrrhus chants the heavenly song.

When Pedro does the lute command,

She guides the cunning artist's hand; 780

Through Macer's gullet she runs down,

When the vile glutton dines alone;

And, void of modesty and thought,

She follows Bibo's endless draught.

Through the soft sex again she ranges ; 785
As youth, caprice, or fashion, changes.
Fair Alma, careless and serene,
In Fanny's sprightly eyes is seen ;
While they diffuse their infant beams,
Themselves not conscious of their flames. 790
Again fair Alma sits confessed
On Florimel's experter breast ;
When she the rising sigh constrains,
And by concealing speaks her pains.
In Cynthia's neck fair Alma glows,
When the vain thing her jewels shows ;
When Jenny's stays are newly laced,
Fair Alma plays about her waist ;
And when the swelling hoop sustains
The rich brocade, fair Alma deigns 800
Into that lower space to enter,
Of the large round herself the centre.
Again, that single limb or feature
(Such is the cogent force of nature)
Which most did Alma's passion move
In the first object of her love,
For ever will be found confessed,
And printed on the amorous breast.
O Abelard, ill-fated youth,
Thy tale will justify this truth : 810
But well I weet, thy cruel wrong
Adorns a nobler poet's song.
Dan Pope, for thy misfortune grieved,
With kind concern and skill has weaved
A silken web ; and ne'er shall fade
Its colours ; gently has he laid
The mantle o'er thy sad distress ;
And Venus shall the texture bless.

He o'er the weeping nun has drawn 819
Such artful folds of sacred lawn,
That love, with equal grief and pride,
Shall see the crime he strives to hide;
And, softly drawing back the veil,
The god shall to his votaries tell
Each conscious tear, each blushing grace,
That decked dear Eloisa's face.

Happy the poet, blest the lays,
Which Buckingham has deigned to praise!

Next, Dick, as youth and habit sways, 830
A hundred gambols Alma plays.
If, whilst a boy, Jack ran from school,
Fond of his hunting-horn and pole;
Though gout and age his speed detain,
Old John halloos his hounds again;
By his fire-side he starts the hare,
And turns her in his wicker chair;
His feet, however lame, you find,
Have got the better of his mind.

If, while the mind was in her leg,
The dance affected nimble Peg; 840
Old Madge, bewitched at sixty-one,
Calls for Green Sleeves, and Jumping Joan.
In public mask, or private ball,
From Lincoln's-inn to Goldsmith's-hall,
All Christmas long away she trudges,
Trips it with prentices and judges;
In vain her children urge her stay,
And age or palsy bar the way.
But, if those images prevail
Which whilom did affect the tail, 850
She still renews the ancient scene,
Forgets the forty years between;

Awkwardly gay, and oddly merry,
Her scarf pale pink, her head-knot cherry;
O'erheated with ideal rage,
She cheats her son, to wed her page. 853

If Alma, whilst the man was young,
Slipped up too soon into his tongue;
Pleased with his own fantastic skill,
He lets that weapon ne'er lie still. 860
On any point if you dispute,
Depend upon it, he'll confute;
Change sides, and you increase your pain,
For he'll confute you back again,
For one may speak with Tully's tongue,
Yet all the while be in the wrong;
And 'tis remarkable that they
Talk most, who have the least to say.
Your dainty speakers have the curse,
To plead bad causes down to worse; 870
As dames, who native beauty want,
Still uglier look, the more they paint.

Again; if in the female sex
Alma should on this member fix,
(A cruel and a desperate case,
From which Heaven shield my lovely lass!)
For evermore all care is vain,
That would bring Alma down again.
As, in habitual gout or stone,
The only thing that can be done, 880
Is to correct your drink and diet,
And keep the inward foe in quiet;
So, if for any sins of ours
Or our forefathers, higher powers,
Severe though just, afflict our life
With that prime ill, a talking wife;

Till death shall bring the kind relief, 887
 We must be patient, or be deaf.

You know a certain lady, Dick,
 Who saw me when I last was sick :
 She kindly talked, at least three hours,
 Of plastic forms, and mental powers ;
 Described our pre-existing station
 Before this vile terrene creation ;
 And, lest I should be wearied, madam,
 To cut things short, came down to Adam ;
 From whence, as fast as she was able,
 She drowns the world, and builds up Babel.
 Through Syria, Persia, Greece she goes,
 And takes the Romans in the close. 900

But we'll descant on general nature,
 This is a system, not a satire.

Turn we this globe, and let us see
 How different nations disagree
 In what we wear, or eat and drink,
 Nay, Dick, perhaps in what we think.
 In water as you smell and taste
 The soils through which it rose and passed ;
 In Alma's manners you may read
 The place where she was born and bred. 910

One people from their swaddling bands
 Released their infants' feet and hands ;
 Here Alma to these limbs was brought ;
 And Sparta's offspring kicked and fought.

Another taught their babes to talk,
 Ere they could yet in go-carts walk ;
 There Alma settled in the tongue,
 And orators from Athens sprung.

Observe but in these neighbouring lands
 The different use of mouths and hands ; 920

As men reposed their various hopes,
In battles these, and those in tropes. 921

In Briton's isles, as Heylin notes,
The ladies trip in petticoats;
Which, for the honour of their nation,
They quit but on some great occasion.
Men there in breeches clad you view;
They claim that garment as their due.
In Turkey the reverse appears;
Long coats the haughty husband wears, 930
And greets his wife with angry speeches,
If she be seen without her breeches.

In our fantastic climes, the fair
With cleanly powder dry their hair;
And round their lovely breast and head
Fresh flowers their mingled odours shed.
Your nicer Hottentots think meet
With guts and tripe to deck their feet;
With downcast looks on Totta's legs
The ogling youth most humbly begs, 940
She would not from his hopes remove
At once his breakfast and his love;
And, if the skittish nymph should fly,
He in a double sense must die.

We simple toasters take delight
To see our women's teeth look white;
And every saucy ill-bred fellow
Sneers at a mouth profoundly yellow.
In China none hold women sweet,
Except their snags are black as jet. 950
King Chihu put ten queens to death,
Convict on statute, ivory teeth.

At Tonquin, if a prince should die,
As Jesuits write, who never lie,

The wife, and counsellor, and priest, 955
 Who served him most, and loved him best,
 Prepare and light his funeral fire,
 And, cheerful, on the pile expire.
 In Europe 'twould be hard to find,
 In each degree, one half so kind. 960

Now turn we to the farthest east,
 And there observe the gentry dressed;
 Prince Giolo, and his royal sisters,
 Scarred with ten thousand comely blisters;
 The marks remaining on the skin,
 To tell the quality within.
 Distinguished flashes deck the great;
 As each excels in birth or state,
 His eylet-holes are more and ampler:
 The king's own body was a sampler. 970
 Happy the climate, where the beau
 Wears the same suit for use and show;
 And at a small expense your wife,
 If once well pinked, is clothed for life.

Westward again, the Indian fair
 Are nicely smeared with fat of bear;
 Before you see, you smell your toast,
 And sweetest she who stinks the most!
 The finest sparks and cleanest beaux
 Drip from the shoulders to the toes; 980
 How sleek their skins, their joints how easy,
 There slovens only are not greasy!

I mentioned different ways of breeding;
 Begin we with our children's reading.
 To master John the English maid
 A horn-book gives of ginger-bread;
 And, that the child may learn the better,
 As he can name, he eats the letter.

Proceeding thus with vast delight,
 He spells, and gnaws, from left to right.
 But, show a Hebrew's hopeful son
 Where we suppose the book begun,
 The child would thank you for your kindness,
 And read quite backward from our finis :
 Devour he learning ne'er so fast,
 Great A would be reserved till last.

989

An equal instance of this matter
 Is in the manners of a daughter.
 In Europe, if a harmless maid,
 By nature and by love betrayed,
 Should, ere a wife, become a nurse,
 Her friends would look on her the worse.
 In China, Dampier's Travels tell ye
 (Look in his Index for Pagelli),
 Soon as the British ships unmoor,
 And jolly long-boat rows to shore,
 Down come the nobles of the land :
 Each brings his daughter in his hand,
 Beseeching the imperious tar
 To make her but one hour his care.
 The tender mother stands affrighted
 Lest her dear daughter should be slighted ;
 And poor miss Yaya dreads the shame
 Of going back the maid she came.

1000

1010

Observe how custom, Dick, compels
 The lady that in Europe dwells ;
 After her tea, she slips away,
 And what to do one need not say.
 Now see how great Pomonque's queen
 Behaved herself amongst the men ;
 Pleased with her punch, the gallant soul
 First drank, then watered in the bowl ;

1020

And sprinkled in the captain's face 1023
The marks of her peculiar grace.

To close this point, we need not roam
For instances so far from home;
What parts gay France from sober Spain?
A little rising rocky chain.
Of men born south or north of the hill,
Those seldom move; these ne'er stand still. 1030
Dick, you love maps, and may perceive
Rome not far distant from Geneve.
If the good Pope remains at home,
He's the first prince in Christendom.
Choose then, good Pope, at home to stay,
Nor westward curious take thy way:
Thy way unhappy shouldst thou take
From Tyber's bank to Leman lake;
Thou art an aged priest no more,
But a young flaring painted whore; 1040
Thy sex is lost; thy town is gone,
No longer Rome, but Babylon.
That some few leagues should make this change,
To men unlearned seems mighty strange.

But need we, friend, insist on this?
Since, in the very Cantons Swiss,
All your philosophers agree,
And prove it plain, that one may be
A heretic, or true believer,
On this, or t' other side a river. 1050

Here, with an artful smile, quoth Dick,
Your proofs come mighty full and thick.

The bard, on this extensive chapter
Wound up into poetic rapture,
Continued: Richard, cast your eye
By night upon a winter-sky;

Cast it by day-light on the strand,
 Which compasses fair Albion's land;
 If you can count the stars that glow
 Above, or sands that lie below,
 Into those common places look,
 Which from great authors I have took,
 And count the proofs I have collected,
 To have my writings well protected.
 These I lay by for time of need,
 And thou mayst at thy leisure read.
 For, standing every critic's rage,
 I safely will to future age,
 My system, as a gift, bequeath,
 Victorious over spite and death.

1057

1070

CANTO III.

Richard, who now was half asleep,
 Roused, nor would longer silence keep:
 And sense like this, in vocal breath,
 Broke from his two-fold hedge of teeth.
 Now, if this phrase too harsh be thought,
 Pope, tell the world, 'tis not my fault.
 Old Homer taught us thus to speak;
 If 'tis not sense, at least 'tis Greek.

As folks, quoth Richard, prone to leasing,
 Say things at first, because they're pleasing, 1080
 Then prove what they have once asserted,
 Nor care to have their lie deserted,
 Till their own dreams at length deceive them,
 And, oft repeating, they believe them;
 Or as, again, those amorous blades,
 Who trifle with their mothers' maids,
 Though at the first their wild desire
 Was but to quench a present fire;

Yet if the object of their love 1089
 Chance by Lucina's aid to prove,
 They seldom let the bantling roar
 In basket at a neighbour's door;
 But, by the flattering glass of nature
 Viewing themselves in cake-bread's feature,
 With serious thought and care support
 What only was begun in sport:

Just so with you, my friend, it fares,
 Who deal in philosophic wares.
 Atoms you cut, and forms you measure,
 To gratify your private pleasure; 1100
 Till airy seeds of casual wit
 Do some fantastic birth beget;
 And, pleased to find your system mended
 Beyond what you at first intended,
 The happy whimsey you pursue,
 Till you at length believe it true.
 Caught by your own delusive art,
 You fancy first, and then assert.

Quoth Matthew: friend, as far as I
 Through art or nature cast my eye, 1110
 This axiom clearly I discern,
 That one must teach, and the other learn.
 No fool Pythagoras was thought;
 Whilst he his weighty doctrines taught,
 He made his listening scholars stand,
 Their mouth still covered with their hand;
 Else, may be, some odd-thinking youth,
 Less friend to doctrine than to truth,
 Might have refused to let his ears
 Attend the music of the spheres: 1120
 Denied all transmigrating scenes,
 And introduced the use of beans.

From great Lucretius take his void, 1123
And all the world is quite destroyed.
Deny Descartes his subtle matter,
You leave him neither fire nor water.
How oddly would Sir Isaac look,
If you in answer to his book,
Say in the front of your discourse,
That things have no elastic force! 1130
How could our chymic friends go on,
To find the philosophic stone,
If you more powerful reasons bring,
To prove that there is no such thing!
Your chiefs in sciences and arts
Have great contempt of Alma's parts.
They find she giddy is, or dull;
She doubts if things are void, or full;
And who should be presumed to tell
What she herself should see, or feel! 1140
She doubts if two and two make four,
Though she has told them ten times o'er.
It can't—it may be—and it must;
To which of these must Alma trust?
Nay further yet they make her go
In doubting, if she doubts, or no.
Can syllogism set things right?
No: majors soon with minors fight;
Or, both in friendly consort joined,
The consequence limps false behind. 1150
So to some cunning man she goes,
And asks of him how much she knows.
With patience grave he hears her speak,
And from his short notes gives her back
What from her tale he comprehended:
Thus the dispute is wisely ended.

From the account the loser brings, 1157
The conjurer knows who stole the things.

Squire (interrupted Dick), since when
Were you amongst these cunning men?

Dear Dick, quoth Mat, let not thy force
Of eloquence spoil my discourse.

I tell thee, this is Alma's case,
Still asking what some wise man says,
Who does his mind in words reveal,
Which all must grant, though few can spell.

You tell your doctor, you are ill,
And what does he, but write a bill,
Of which you need not read one letter;
The worse the scrawl, the dose the better. 1170
For if you knew but what you take,
Though you recover, he must break.

Ideas, forms, and intellects,
Have furnished out three different sects.
Substance, or accident, divides
All Europe into adverse sides.

Now, as, engaged in arms or laws,
You must have friends to back your cause;
In philosophic matters so
Your judgment must with others' go; 1180
For as in senates, so in schools,
Majority of voices rules.

Poor Alma, like a lonely deer,
O'er hills and dales does doubtful err;
With panting haste, and quick surprise,
From every leaf that stirs, she flies,
Till mingled with the neighbouring herd,
She slights what erst she singly feared:
And now, exempt from doubt and dread,
She dares pursue, if they dare lead; 1190

As their example still prevails,
 She tempts the stream, or leaps the pales. 1191

He then, quoth Dick, who by your
 rule

Thinks for himself, becomes a fool;
 As party man, who leaves the rest,
 Is called but whimsical at best.
 Now, by your favour, master Mat,
 Like Ralpho, here I smell a rat.
 I must be listed in your sect,
 Who, though they teach not, can protect. 1200
 Right, Richard, Mat in triumph cried,
 So put off all mistrust and pride.
 And, while my principles I beg,
 Pray answer only with your leg.
 Believe what friendly I advise;
 Be first secure, and then be wise.
 The man within the coach that sits,
 And to another's skill submits,
 Is safer much (whate'er arrives)
 And warmer too than he that drives. 1210

So Dick adept, tuck back thy hair;
 And I will pour into thy ear
 Remarks which none did e'er disclose,
 In smooth-faced verse, or hobbling prose.
 Attend, dear Dick, but don't reply;
 And thou mayst prove as wise as I.

When Alma now, in different ages,
 Has finished her ascending stages;
 Into the head at length she gets,
 And there in public grandeur sits, 1220
 To judge of things, and censure wits.

Here, Richard, how could I explain
 The various labyrinths of the brain;

Surprise my readers whilst I tell them 1224
Of cerebrum and cerebellum!

How could I play the commentator
On dura and on pia mater!
Where hot and cold, and dry and wet,
Strive each the other's place to get;
And with incessant toil and strife, 1230
Would keep possession during life.

I could demonstrate every pore,
Where memory lays up all her store;
And to an inch compute the station
'Twixt judgment and imagination.
O friend! I could display much learning,
At least to men of small discerning.
The brain contains ten thousand cells;
In each some active fancy dwells;
Which always is at work, and framing 1240
The several follies I was naming.

As in a hive's vimineous dome
Ten thousand bees enjoy their home,
Each does her studious actions vary,
To go and come, to fetch and carry;
Each still renews her little labour,
Nor justles her assiduous neighbour;
Each, whilst this thesis I maintain,
I fancy, Dick, I know thy brain.
O, with the mighty theme affected, 1250
Could I but see thy head dissected!

My head! quoth Dick, to serve your whim!
Spare that, and take some other limb.
Sir, in your nice affairs of system,
Wise men propose; but fools assist them.

Says Matthew: Richard, keep thy head,
And hold thy peace; and I'll proceed.



Proceed! quoth Dick: Sir, I aver,
You have already gone too far. 1258
When people once are in the wrong,
Each line they add is much too long;
Who fastest walks, but walks astray,
Is only furthest from his way.
Bless your conceits! must I believe,
Howe'er absurd, what you conceive:
And, for your friendship, live and die
A papist in philosophy!
I say, whatever you maintain
Of Alma in the heart or brain:
The plainest man alive may tell ye, 1270
Her seat of empire is the belly;
From hence she sends out those supplies,
Which make us either stout or wise;
The strength of every other member
Is founded on your belly-timber:
The qualms or raptures of your blood
Rise in proportion to your food;
And if you would improve your thought,
You must be fed as well as taught.
Your stomach makes your fabric roll, 1280
Just as the bias rules the bowl.
That great Achilles might employ
The strength designed to ruin Troy,
He dined on lion's marrow, spread
On toasts of ammunition-bread:
But, by his mother sent away,
Amongst the Thracian girls to play,
Effeminate he sat, and quiet;
Strange product of a cheese-cake diet!
Now give my argument fair play, 1290
And take the thing the other way.

The youngster, who at nine and three 1292
 Drinks with his sisters milk and tea,
 From breakfast reads till twelve o'clock,
 Burnet and Heylin, Hobbes and Locke;
 He pays due visits after noon
 To cousin Alice and uncle John;
 At ten from coffee-house or play
 Returning, finishes the day.

But, give him port and potent sack, 1300
 From milksop he starts up mohawk;
 Holds that the happy know no hours;
 So through the street at midnight scours,
 Breaks watchmen's heads, and chairmen's glasses,
 And thence proceeds to nicking sashes;
 Till, by some tougher hand o'ercome,
 And first knocked down, and then led home,
 He damns the footman, strikes the maid,
 And decently reels up to bed.

Observe the various operations 1210
 Of food and drink in several nations.

Was ever Tartar fierce or cruel
 Upon the strength of water-gruel;
 But who shall stand his rage and force,
 If first he rides, then eats his horse!
 Salads, and eggs, and lighter fare,
 Tune the Italian spark's guitar.

And, if I take Dan Congreve right,
 Pudding and beef make Britons fight.
 Tokay and coffee cause this work 1320

Between the German and the Turk;
 And both, as they provisions want,
 Chicane avoid, retire and faint.

Hunger and thirst, or guns and swords,
 Give the same death in different words.

To push this argument no further; 1326
To starve a man, in law is murther.

As in a watch's fine machine,
Though many artful springs are seen, 1330
The added movements which declare

How full the moon, how old the year,
Derive their secondary power
From that which simply points the hour.
For, though those gimeracks were away,
(Quare would not swear, but Quare would say)
However more reduced and plain,
The watch would still a watch remain;

But, if the horal orbit ceases,
The whole stands still, or breaks to pieces;
Is now no longer what it was, 1340

And you may even go sell the case.
So, if unprejudiced you scan
The goings of this clock-work, man,
You find a hundred movements made
By fine devices in his head;
But 'tis the stomach's solid stroke
That tells his being, what's o'clock.

If you take off this rhetoric-trigger,
He talks no more in mode and figure;
Or, clog his mathematic wheel, 1350

His buildings fall, his ship stands still;
Or, lastly, break his politic-weight,
His voice no longer rules the state.
Yet, if these finer whims were gone,
Your clock, though plain, would still go on,
But spoil the engine of digestion,
And you entirely change the question.
Alma's affairs no power can mend,
The jest, alas! is at an end;

Soon ceases all this worldly bustle,
And you consign the corpse to Russel.¹ 1360

Now make your Alma come or go
From leg to hand, from top to toe,
Your system, without my addition,
Is in a very sad condition.
So Harlequin extolled his horse,
Fit for the war, or road, or course.
His mouth was soft, his eye was good,
His foot was sure as ever trod;
One fault he had (a fault indeed!) 1370
And what was that? the horse was dead.

Dick, from these instances and fetches,
Thou mak'st of horses, clocks, and watches,
Quoth Mat, to me thou seem'st to mean,
That Alma is a mere machine.
That, telling others what's o'clock,
She knows not what herself has struck;
But leaves to standers-by the trial
Of what is marked upon her dial.

Here hold a blow, good friend, quoth Dick,
And raised his voice exceeding quick. 1381
Fight fair, Sir: what I never meant
Don't you infer. In argument
Similes are like songs in love;
They much describe, they nothing prove.

Mat, who was here a little gravelled,
Tossed up his nose, and would have cavilled;
But, calling Hermes to his aid,
Half pleased, half angry, thus he said:

Where mind 'tis for the author's fame 1390
That Matthew called, and Hermes came.
In danger heroes, and in doubt

¹ A celebrated undertaker of funerals.

Poets find gods to help them out.

1393

Friend Richard, I begin to see,
That you and I shall scarce agree.
Observe how oddly you behave;
The more I grant, the more you crave.
But, comrade, as I said just now,
I should affirm, and you allow.

We system-makers can sustain
The thesis, which you grant was plain;
And with remarks and comments tease ye,
In case the thing before was easy.
But, in a point obscure and dark,
We fight as Leibnitz did with Clarke;
And, when no reason we can show,
Why matters this or that way go,
The shortest way the thing we try,
And what we know not, we deny;
True to our own o'erbearing pride,
And false to all the world beside.

1410

That old philosopher grew cross,
Who could not tell what motion was;
Because he walked against his will,
He faced men down, that he stood still.
And he who, reading on the heart
(When all his quodlibets of art
Could not expound its pulse and heat)
Swore, he had never felt it beat.
Chrysippus, foiled by Epicurus,
Makes bold (Jove bless him!) to assure us,
That all things, which our mind can view
May be at once both false and true.
And Malebranche has an odd conceit,
As ever entered Frenchman's pate:
Says he, so little can our mind

1420

Of matter or of spirit find, 1427

That we by guess at least may gather
Something, which may be both, or neither.

Faith, Dick, I must confess, 'tis true
(But this is only *entre nous*)

That many knotty points there are,
Which all discuss, but few can clear,
As nature silyly had thought fit,

For some by-ends to cross-bite wit;
Circles to square, and cubes to double,
Would give a man excessive trouble;

The longitude uncertain roams,
In spite of Whiston and his bombs.

What system, Dick, has right averred 1440

The cause why woman has no beard?

Or why, as years our frame attack,
Our hairs grow white, our teeth grow black!

In points like these, we must agree,
Our barbers know as much as we.

Yet still, unable to explain,

We must persist the best we can;

With care our system still renew,

And prove things likely, though not true.

I could, thou seest, in quaint dispute, 1450

By dint of logic, strike thee mute;

With learnèd skill, now push, now parry,

From Darii to Bocardo¹ vary,

And never yield; or, what is worst,

Never conclude the point discoursed.

Yet, that you *hic et nunc* may know,

How much you to my candour owe,

I'll from the disputant descend,

To shew thee, I assume the friend.

¹ Logical terms.

I'll take thy notion for my own—
(So much philosophers have done);
It makes my system more complete;
Dick, can it have a nobler fate?
Take what you will, said Dick, dear
friend;
But bring thy matters to an end.

1460

I find, quoth Mat, reproof is vain:
Who first offend will first complain.
Thou wishest I should make to shore,
Yet still putt'st in thy thwarting oar.
What I have told thee fifty times
In prose, receive for once in rhymes:
A huge fat man in country fair,
Or city church (no matter where)
Laboured and pushed amidst the crowd,
Still bawling out extremely loud,
Lord save us, why do people press!
Another, marking his distress,
Friendly replied, Plump gentleman,
Get out as fast as e'er you can;
Or cease to push, or to exclaim:
You make the very crowd you blame.

1470

1480

Says Dick, your moral does not need
The least return; so e'en proceed;
Your tale, howe'er applied, was short;
So far, at least, I thank you for 't.
Mat took his thanks; and, in a tone
More magisterial, thus went on.

Now, Alma settles in the head,
As has before been sung, or said;
And here begins this farce of life;
Enter revenge, ambition, strife;

1490

Behold on both sides men advance, 1492
To form in earnest Bays's dance.

L'Avare, not using half his store,
Still grumbles that he has no more;
Strikes not the present tun, for fear
The vintage should be bad next year;
And eats to-day with inward sorrow,
And dread of fancied want to-morrow.
Abroad if the surtout you wear 1500

Repels the rigour of the air;
Would you be warmer, if at home
You had the fabric and the loom!
And, if two boots keep out the weather,
What need you have two hides of leather?
Could Pedro, think you, make no trial
Of a sonata on his viol,
Unless he had the total gut
Whence every string at first was cut!

When Rarus shows you his cartoon 1510
He always tells you, with a groan,
Where two from that same hand were torn
Long before you or he were born.

Poor Vento's mind so much is crossed
For part of his Pretonius lost,
That he can never take the pains
To understand what yet remains.

What toil did honest Curio take,
What strict enquiries did he make,
To get one medal wanting yet, 1520
And perfect all his Roman set!
'Tis found; and, O his happy lot!
'Tis bought, locked up, and lies forgot.
Of these no more you hear him speak:
He now begins upon the Greek.

These, ranged and showed, shall in their
turns

1526

Remain obscure as in their urns.
My copper-lamps at any rate,
For being true antique, I bought:
Yet wisely melted down my plate,
On modern models to be wrought;
And trifles I alike pursue,
Because they're old, because they're new.

Dick, I have seen you with delight,
For Georgy¹ make a paper kite.
And simple odes, too many, show ye
My servile complaisance to Chloe.
Parents and lovers are decreed
By Nature fools. That's brave indeed,
Quoth Dick, such truths are worth receiving.
Yet still Dick looked as not believing.

1541

Now, Alma, to divines and prose
I leave thy frauds, and crimes, and woes;
Nor think to-night of thy ill-nature,
But of thy follies, idle creature!
The turns of thy uncertain wing,
And not the malice of thy sting;
Thy pride of being great and wise
I do but mention, to despise;
I view with anger and disdain
How little gives thee joy or pain;
A print, a bronze, a flower, a root,
A shell, a butterfly can do't;
Even a romance, a tune, a rhyme,
Help thee to pass the tedious time,
Which else would on thy hand remain;
Though, flown, it ne'er looks back again;

1550

¹ Mr Shelton's son.

And cards are dealt, and chess-boards
brought, 1558

To ease the pain of coward thought:
Happy result of human wit!
That Alma may herself forget.

Dick, thus we act; and thus we are,
Or tossed by hope, or sunk by care.
With endless pain this man pursues
What, if he gained, he could not use:
And th' other fondly hopes to see
What never was, nor e'er shall be.
We err by use, go wrong by rules,
In gesture grave, in action fools;
We join hypocrisy to pride, 1570
Doubling the faults we strive to hide.

Or grant that, with extreme surprise,
We find ourselves at sixty wise;
And twenty pretty things are known,
Of which we can't accomplish one;
Whilst, as my system says, the mind
Is to these upper rooms confined:
Should I, my friend, at large repeat
Her borrowed sense, her fond conceit,
The bead-roll of her vicious tricks, 1580
My poem will be too prolix.

For could I my remarks sustain,
Like Socrates, or Miles Montaigne,
Who in these times would read my books,
But Tom o' Stiles, or John o' Nokes?

As Brentford kings, discreet and wise,
After long thought and grave advice,
Into Lardella's coffin peeping,
Saw nought to cause their mirth or
weeping;

So Alma, now to joy or grief
Superior, finds her late relief;
Wearied of being high or great,
And nodding in her chair of state;
Stunned and worn out with endless chat
Of Will did this, and Nan said that;
She finds, poor thing, some little crack,
Which Nature, forced by Time, must make,
Through which she wings her destined
way;

1590

Upward she soars; and down drops clay:
While some surviving friend supplies
Hic jacet, and a hundred lies.

1600

O Richard, till that day appears,
Which must decide our hopes and fears,
Would fortune calm her present rage,
And give us playthings for our age;
Would Clotho wash her hands in milk,
And twist our thread with gold and silk;
Would she, in friendship, peace, and plenty
Spin out our years to four times twenty;
And should we both in this condition
Have conquered love, and worse ambition;
(Else those two passions, by the way,
May chance to show us scurvy play);
Then, Richard, then should we sit down,
Far from the tumult of this town;
I fond of my well-chosen seat,
My pictures, medals, books complete.
Or, should we mix our friendly talk,
O'ershaded in that favourite walk,
Which thy own hand had whilom planted,
Both pleased with all we thought we
wanted;

1610

1620

Yet then, even then, one cross reflection 1622
Would spoil thy grove, and my collection.
Thy son, and his, ere that may die,
And Time some uncouth heir supply,
Who shall for nothing else be known
But spoiling all that thou hast done.
Who set the twigs, shall he remember
That is in haste to sell the timber;
And what shall of thy woods remain, 1630
Except the box that threw the main!

Nay, may not Time and Death remove
The near relations whom I love;
And my coz Tom, or his coz Mary,
(Who hold the plough, or skim the dairy)
My favourite books and pictures sell
To Smart, or Doiley, by the ell;
Kindly throw in a little figure,
And set the price upon the bigger!
Those who could never read the grammar, 1640
When my dear volumes touch the hammer,
May think books best, as richest bound;
My copper medals by the pound
May be with learned justice weighed;
To turn the balance, Otho's head
May be thrown in; and for the metal,
The coin may mend a tinker's kettle.

Tired with these thoughts—Less tired than I,
Quoth Dick, with your philosophy—
That people live and die, I knew 1650
An hour ago, as well as you.
And, if Fate spins us longer years,
Or is in haste to take the shears,
I know we must both fortunes try,
And bear our evils, wet or dry.

Yet, let the goddess smile or frown,
 Bread we shall eat, or white or brown;
 And in a cottage, or a court,
 Drink fine champagne or muddled port.
 What need of books these truths to tell,
 Which folks perceive who cannot spell?
 And must we spectacles apply,
 To view what hurts our naked eye!

1656

Sir, if it be your wisdom's aim
 To make me merrier than I am;
 I'll be all night at your devotion—
 Come on, friend; broach the pleasing notion:
 But, if you would depress my thought,
 Your system is not worth a groat.

For Plato's fancies what care I!
 I hope you would not have me die,
 Like simple Cato, in the play,
 For anything that he can say;
 Even let him of ideas speak
 To heathens in his native Greek.
 If to be sad is to be wise,
 I do most heartily despise
 Whatever Socrates has said,
 Or Tully writ, or Wanley¹ read.

1670

Dear Drift,² to set our matters right,
 Remove these papers from my sight;
 Burn Mat's Descartes and Aristotle:
 Here! Jonathan, your master's bottle.

1680

¹ Humphrey Wanley, librarian to the Earl of Oxford, author of the
 'Wonders of the Little World.'—² Mr Prior's Secretary and Executor.

SOLOMON ON THE VANITY OF THE
WORLD.

A POEM. IN THREE BOOKS.

‘Ο Βίος γὰρ ὄνομ’ ἔχει, πόνος δ’ ἔργῳ πέλει. Eurip.

Siquis Deus mihi largiatur, ut ex hac ætate repuerescam, et in cunis vagiam, valde
recusem. Cic. de Senect.The bewailing of man's miseries hath been elegantly and copiously set forth by many,
in the writings as well of philosophers, as of divines. And it is both a pleasant and
a profitable contemplation. Lord Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*.

THE PREFACE.

It is hard for a man to speak of himself with any tolerable satisfaction or success. He can be no more pleased in blaming himself, than in reading a satire made on him by another; and though he may justly desire that a friend should praise him, yet, if he makes his own panegyric, he will get very few to read it. It is harder for him to speak of his own writings. An author is in the condition of a culprit; the public are his judges. By allowing too much, and condescending too far, he may injure his own cause, and become a kind of *felo de se*; and by pleading and asserting too boldly, he may displease the court that sits upon him: his apology may only heighten his accusation. I would avoid those extremes; and though I grant it would not be very civil to trouble the reader with a long preface, before he enters upon an indifferent poem, I would say something to persuade him to take it as it is, or to excuse it for not being better.

The noble images and reflections, the profound reasonings upon human actions, and excellent precepts for the government of life, which are found in the Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and other books, commonly attributed to Solomon, afford subjects for finer poems in every kind, than have, I think, yet appeared in the Greek, Latin, or any modern language. How far they were verse in their original, is a dissertation not to be entered into at present.

Out of this great treasure, which lies heaped up together, in a confused magnificence, above all order, I had a mind to collect and digest such observations, and apothegms, as most particularly tend to the proof of that great assertion, laid down in the beginning of the Ecclesiastes, *ALL IS VANITY*.

Upon the subject thus chosen, such various images present themselves to a writer's mind, that he must find it easier to judge what should be rejected, than what ought to be received. The difficulty lies in drawing and disposing; or (as painters term it) in grouping such a multitude of different objects, preserving still the justice and conformity of style and colouring, the *simplex duntaxat et unum*, which Horace prescribes, as requisite to make the whole picture beautiful and perfect.

As precept, however true in theory, or useful in practice, would be but dry and tedious in verse, especially if the recital be long, I found it necessary to form some story, and give a kind of body to the poem. Under what species it may be comprehended, whether didascalie or heroic, I leave to the judgment of the critics; desiring them to be favourable in their censure; and not solicitous what the poem is called, provided it may be accepted.

The chief personage or character in the epic, is always proportioned to the design of the work, to carry on the narration and the moral. Homer intended to show us in his *Iliad*, that dissensions amongst great men obstruct the execution of the noblest enterprises, and tend to the ruin of a state or kingdom. His Achilles, therefore, is haughty and passionate; impatient of any restraint by laws, and arrogant in arms. In his *Odysses* the same poet endeavours to explain, that the hardest difficulties may be overcome by labour, and our fortune restored after the severest afflictions. Ulysses, therefore, is valiant, virtuous, and patient. Virgil's design was to tell us how, from a small colony established by the Trojans in Italy, the Roman empire rose, and from what ancient families Augustus (who was his prince and patron) descended. His hero, therefore, was to fight his way to the throne, still distinguished and protected by the favour of the gods. The poet to this end takes off from the vices of Achilles, and adds to the virtues of Ulysses; from both perfecting a character proper for his work in the person of *Æneas*.

As Virgil copied after Homer, other epic poets have copied after them both. Tasso's *Gierusalemme Liberata* is directly Troy town sacked; with this difference only, that the two chief characters in Homer, which the Latin poet had joined in one, the Italian has separated in his *Godfrey and Rinaldo*: but he makes them both carry on his work with very great success. Ronsard's *Franciade* (incomparably good as far as it goes) is again Virgil's *Æneis*. His hero comes from a foreign country, settles a colony, and lays the foundation of a future empire. I instance these, as the greatest Italian and French poets in the epic. In our language Spenser has not contented himself with this submissive manner of imitation. He launches out into very flowery paths, which still seem to conduct him into one great road. His *Fairy Queen* (had it been finished) must have ended in the account which every knight was to give of his adventures, and in the accumulated praises of his heroine *Gloriana*. The whole would have been an heroic poem, but in another cast and figure, than any that had ever been written before. Yet it is observable that every hero (as far as we can judge by the books still remaining) bears his distinguished character, and represents some particular virtue conducive to the whole design.

To bring this to our present subject. The pleasures of life do not compensate its miseries. Age steals upon us unawares; and death, as the only cure of our ills, ought to be expected, but not feared. This instruction is to be illustrated by the action of some great person. Who therefore more proper for the business, than Solomon himself? And why may he not be supposed now to repeat what, we take it for granted, he acted almost three thousand years since? If in the fair situation where this prince was placed, he was acquainted with sorrow; if endowed with the greatest perfections of nature, and possessed of all the advantages of external condition, he could not find happiness; the rest of mankind may safely take the monarch's word for the truth of what he asserts. And the author who would persuade, that we should bear the ills of life patiently, merely because Solomon felt the same, has a better argument than Lucretius had, when in his imperious way, he at once convinces and commands, that we ought to submit to death without repining, because Epicurus died.

The whole poem is a soliloquy. Solomon is the person who speaks. He

is at once the hero and the author; but he tells us very often what others say to him. Those chiefly introduced are his rabbis and philosophers in the first book, and his women and their attendants in the second. With these the sacred history mentions him to have conversed; as likewise with the angel brought down in the third book, to help him out of his difficulties, or at least to teach him how to overcome them.

Nec deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus.

I presume this poetical liberty may be very justly allowed me on so solemn an occasion.

In my description I have endeavoured to keep to the notions and manners of the Jewish nation at the time when Solomon lived: and where I allude to the customs of the Greeks, I believe I may be justified by the strictest chronology; though a poet is not obliged to the rules that confine an historian. Virgil has anticipated two hundred years, or the Trojan hero and Carthaginian queen could not have been brought together: and without the same anachronism several of the finest parts of his *Æneis* must have been omitted. Our countryman Milton goes yet further. He takes up many of his material images some thousands of years after the Fall of man. Nor could he otherwise have written, or we read one of the sublimest pieces of invention that was ever yet produced. This likewise takes off the objection, that some names of countries, terms of art, and notions in natural philosophy are otherwise expressed, than can be warranted by the geography or astronomy of Solomon's time. Poets are allowed the same liberty in their descriptions and comparisons, as painters in their draperies and ornaments: their personages may be dressed, not exactly in the same habits which they wore, but in such as make them appear most graceful. In this case probability must atone for the want of truth. This liberty has indeed been abused by eminent masters in either science. Raphael and Tasso have showed their discretion, where Paul Veronese and Ariosto are to answer for their extravagances. It is the excess, not the thing itself, that is blameable.

I would say one word of the measure, in which this, and most poems of the age are written. Heroic with continued rhyme, as Donne and his contemporaries used it, carrying the sense of one verse most commonly into another, was found too dissolute and wild, and came very often too near prose. As Davenant and Waller corrected, and Dryden perfected it, it is too confined. It cuts off the sense at the end of every first line, which must always rhyme to the next following; and consequently, produces too frequent an identity in the sound, and brings every couplet to the point of an epigram. It is indeed too broken and weak, to convey the sentiments and represent the images proper for epic. And, as it tires the writer while he composes, it must do the same to the reader while he repeats; especially in a poem of any considerable length.

If striking out into blank verse, as Milton did (and in this kind Mr Philips, had he lived, would have excelled), or running the thought into alternate and stanza, which allows a greater variety, and still preserves the dignity of the verse, as Spenser and Fairfax have done; if either of these, I say, be a proper remedy for my poetical complaint, or if any other may be found, I dare not determine. I am only inquiring, in order to be better informed, without presuming to direct the judgment of others. And while I

am speaking of the verse itself, I give all just praise to many of my friends now living, who have in epic carried the harmony of their numbers as far as the nature of this measure will permit. But once more: he that writes in rhymes, dances in fetters: and as his chain is more extended, he may certainly take larger steps.

I need make no apology for the short digressive panegyric upon Great Britain, in the first book. I am glad to have it observed, that there appears throughout all my verses a zeal for the honour of my country; and I had rather be thought a good Englishman, than the best poet, or greatest scholar that ever wrote.

And now as to the publishing of this piece, though I have in a literal sense observed Horace's *Nonum prematur in Annum*, yet have I by no means obeyed our poetical lawgiver, according to the spirit of the precept. The poem has indeed been written and laid aside much longer than the term prescribed; but in the meantime I had little leisure, and less inclination to revise or print it. The frequent interruptions I have met with in my private studies, and the great variety of public life in which I have been employed; my thoughts (such as they are) having generally been expressed in foreign language, and even formed by a habitude very different from what the beauty and elegance of English poetry requires: all these, and some other circumstances which we had as good pass by at present, do justly contribute to make my excuse in this behalf very plausible. Far indeed from designing to print, I had locked up these papers in my *scrittoire*, there to lie in peace till my executors might have taken them out. What altered this design, or how my *scrittoire* came to be unlocked before my coffin was nailed, is the question. The true reason I take to be the best. Many of my friends of the first quality, finest learning, and greatest understanding, have wrested the key from my hands by a very kind and irresistible violence: and the poem is published, not without my consent indeed, but a little against my opinion; and with an implicit submission to the partiality of their judgment. As I give up here the fruits of many of my vacant hours to their amusement and pleasure, I shall always think myself happy, if I may dedicate my most serious endeavours to their interest and service. And I am proud to finish this preface by saying, that the violence of many enemies, whom I never justly offended, is abundantly recompensed by the goodness of more friends, whom I can never sufficiently oblige. And if I here assume the liberty of mentioning my Lord Harley and Lord Bathurst as the authors of this amicable confederacy, among all those whose names do me great honour at the beginning of my book,¹ these two only ought to be angry with me; for I disobey their positive order, whilst I make even this small acknowledgment of their particular kindness.

TEXTS CHIEFLY ALLUDED TO IN THIS BOOK.

THE words of the Preacher, the son of David, king of Jerusalem. Ecclesiastes, chapter i. verse 1.

Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, vanity of vanities, all is vanity.
Verse 2.

¹ As subscribers to the edition in folio, 1718.

I communed with mine own heart, saying, Lo, I am come to great estate, and have gotten more wisdom than all they that have been before me in Jerusalem: yea, my heart had great experience of wisdom and knowledge. Verse 16.

He spake of trees, from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall: he spake also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes. 1 Kings, chapter iv. verse 33.

I know, that whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever: nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it: and God doeth it, that men should fear before him. Ecclesiastes, chapter iii. verse 14.

He hath made everything beautiful in his time; also he hath set the world in their heart, so that no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end. Verse 11.

For in much wisdom is much grief: and he that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow. Chapter i. verse 18.

And further by these, my Son, be admonished; of making many books there is no end: and much study is a weariness of the flesh. Chapter xii. verse 12.

KNOWLEDGE:

BOOK THE FIRST.

THE ARGUMENT.

Solomon seeking happiness from knowledge, convenes the learned men of his kingdom; requires them to explain to him the various operations and effects of nature; discourses of vegetables, animals, and man; proposes some questions concerning the origin, and situation of the habitable earth; proceeds to examine the system of the visible heaven; doubts if there be not a plurality of worlds; enquires into the nature of spirits and angels; and wishes to be more fully informed, as to the attributes of the Supreme Being. He is imperfectly answered by the Rabbins and doctors; blames his own curiosity; and concludes, that, as to human science, all is vanity.

YE sons of men, with just regard attend,
Observe the preacher, and believe the friend,
Whose serious Muse inspires him to explain,
That all we act, and all we think is vain.
That in this pilgrimage of seventy years,
Over rocks of perils, and through vales of tears,
Destined to march, our doubtful steps we tend,
Tired with the toil, yet fearful of its end.

That from the womb we take our fatal shares 9
Of follies, passions, labours, tumults, cares;
And at approach of death shall only know
The truths, which from these pensive numbers
flow,

That we pursue false joy, and suffer real woe.

Happiness, object of that waking dream,
Which we call life, mistaking; fugitive theme
Of my pursuing verse; ideal shade,
Notional good, by fancy only made,
And by tradition nursed; fallacious fire,
Whose dancing beams mislead our fond desire;
Cause of our care, and error of our mind; 20
Oh! hadst thou ever been by Heaven designed
To Adam, and his mortal race, the boon
Entire had been reserved for Solomon:
On me the partial lot had been bestowed,
And in my cup the golden draught had flowed.

But O! ere yet original man was made,
Ere the foundations of this earth were laid,
It was opponent to our search, ordained,
That joy, still sought, should never be attained;
This sad experience cites me to reveal, 30
And what I dictate, is from what I feel.

Born as I was, great David's favourite son,
Dear to my people, on the Hebrew throne;
Sublime my court with Ophir's treasures blessed,
My name extended to the farthest east,
My body clothed with every outward grace,
Strength in my limbs, and beauty in my face,
My shining thought with fruitful notions crowned,
Quick my invention, and my judgment sound.
Arise (I communed with myself) arise; 40
Think, to be happy; to be great, be wise;

Content of spirit must from science flow, 42
For 'tis a godlike attribute to know.

I said; and sent my edict through the land;
Around my throne the lettered Rabbins stand,
Historic leaves revolve, long volumes spread,
The old discoursing, as the younger read:
Attent I heard, proposed my doubts, and said:

The vegetable world, each plant and tree, 50
Its seed, its name, its nature, its degree
I am allowed, as Fame reports, to know,
From the fair cedar on the craggy brow
Of Lebanon, nodding supremely tall,
To creeping moss, and hyssop on the wall;
Yet, just and conscious to myself, I find
A thousand doubts oppose the searching mind.

I know not why the beech delights the glade
With boughs extended, and a rounder shade;
Whilst towering firs in conic forms arise, 60
And with a pointed spear divide the skies.
Nor why again the changing oak should shed
The yearly honour of his stately head;
Whilst the distinguished yew is ever seen,
Unchanged his branch, and permanent his green.
Wanting the sun why does the caltha fade?
Why does the cyprus flourish in the shade?
The fig and date, why love they to remain
In middle station, and an even plain;
While in the lower marsh the gourd is found;
And while the hill with olive shade is crowned? 70
Why does one climate, and one soil endure
The blushing poppy with a crimson hue;
Yet leave the lily pale, and tinge the violet blue?
Why does the fond carnation love to shoot
A various colour from one parent root;

While the fantastic tulip strives to break 76
In twofold beauty, and a parted streak?
The twining jasmine, and the blushing rose,
With lavish grace their morning scents disclose;
The smelling tuberose and jonquil declare,
The stronger impulse of an evening air.
Whence has the tree (resolve me) or the flower
A various instinct, or a different power;
Why should one earth, one clime, one stream, one breath
Raise this to strength, and sicken that to death?

Whence does it happen, that the plant which well
We name the sensitive should move and feel;
Whence know her leaves to answer her command,
And with quick horror fly the neighbouring hand?

Along the sunny bank, or watery mead, 90
Ten thousand stalks their various blossoms spread;
Peaceful and lowly in their native soil,
They neither know to spin, nor care to toil;
Yet with confessed magnificence deride
Our vile attire, and impotence of pride.
The cowslip smiles, in brighter yellow dressed,
Than that which veils the nubile virgin's breast;
A fairer red stands blushing in the rose,
Than that which on the bridegroom's vestment flows.
Take but the humblest lily of the field, 100
And if our pride will to our reason yield,
It must by sure comparison be shown
That on the regal seat great David's son,
Arrayed in all his robes, and types of power,
Shines with less glory, than that simple flower.

Of fishes next, my friends, I would enquire,
How the mute race engender or respire;
From the small fry that glide on Jordan's stream
Unmarked, a multitude without a name,

To that Leviathan, who o'er the seas 110
Immense rolls onward his impetuous ways,
And mocks the wind, and in the tempest plays. .
How they in warlike bands march greatly forth
From freezing waters, and the colder north,
To southern climes directing their career,
Their station changing with the inverted year.
How all with careful knowledge are endued,
To choose their proper bed, and wave, and food:
To guard their spawn, and educate their brood.

Of birds, how each according to her kind 120
Proper materials for her nest can find,
And build a frame, which deepest thought in man
Would or amend, or imitate in vain.
How in small flights they know to try their young,
And teach the callow child her parent's song.
Why these frequent the plain, and those the wood,
Why every land has her specific brood;
Where the tall crane, or winding swallow goes,
Fearful of gathering winds and falling snows;
If into rocks, or hollow trees they creep, 130
In temporary death confined to sleep,
Or conscious of the coming evil, fly
To milder regions, and a southern sky.

Of beasts and creeping insects shall we trace
The wondrous nature, and the various race;
Or wild or tame, or friend to man or foe,
Of us what they, or what of them we know?

Tell me, ye studious, who pretend to see
Far into nature's bosom, whence the bee
Was first informed her venturous flight to steer 140
Through trackless paths, and an abyss of air.
Whence she avoids the slimy marsh, and knows
The fertile hills, where sweeter herbage grows,

And honey-making flowers their opening buds disclose.
How from the thickened mist, and setting sun, 145
Finds she the labour of her day is done?

Who taught her against winds and rain to strive,
To bring her burden to the certain hive,
And through the liquid fields again to pass
Duteous, and hearkening to the sounding brass? 150

And, O thou sluggard, tell me why the ant,
Midst summer's plenty thinks of winter's want;
By constant journeys careful to prepare
Her stores; and bringing home the corny ear,
By what instruction does she bite the grain,
Lest hid in earth, and taking root again,
It might elude the foresight of her care? .
Distinct in either insect's deed appear
The marks of thought, contrivance, hope, and fear.

Fix thy corporeal, and internal eye 160
On the young gnat, or new-engendered fly;
On the vile worm that yesterday began
To crawl; thy fellow-creatures, abject man!
Like thee they breathe, they move, they taste, they see,
They show their passions by their acts, like thee;
Darting their stings, they previously declare
Designed revenge, and fierce intent of war;
Laying their eggs, they evidently prove
The genial power, and full effects of love.
Each then has organs to digest his food, 170
One to beget, and one receive the brood;
Has limbs and sinews, blood, and heart, and brain,
Life and her proper functions to sustain,
Though the whole fabric smaller than a grain.
What more can our pernicious reason grant
To the large whale, or castled elephant:
To those enormous terrors of the Nile,

The crested snake, and long-tailed crocodile; 178
Than that all differ but in shape and name,
Each destined to a less or larger frame?

For potent nature loves a various act,
Prone to enlarge, or studious to contract:
Now forms her work too small, now too immense,
And scorns the measures of our feeble sense.
The object spread too far, or raised too high,
Denies its real image to the eye;
Too little it eludes the dazzled sight,
Becomes mixed blackness, or unparted light.
Water and air the varied form confound;
The straight looks crooked, and the square grows round.

Thus while with fruitless hope, and weary pain, 191
We seek great Nature's power, but seek in vain,
Safe sits the goddess in her dark retreat,
Around her, myriads of ideas wait,
And endless shapes which the mysterious queen
Can take or quit, can alter or retain:
As from our lost pursuit she wills to hide
Her close decrees, and chasten human pride.

Untamed and fierce the tiger still remains;
He tires his life in biting on his chains; 200
For the kind gift of water and of food,
Ungrateful, and returning ill for good,
He seeks his keeper's flesh, and thirsts his blood:
While the strong camel, and the generous horse,
Restrained and awed by man's inferior force,
Do to the rider's will their rage submit,
And answer to the spur, and own the bit;
Stretch their glad mouths to meet the feeder's hand,
Pleased with his weight, and proud of his command.

Again: the lonely fox roams far abroad, 210
On secret rapine bent, and midnight fraud;

Now hunts the cliff, now traverses the lawn,
And flies the hated neighbourhood of man;
While the kind spaniel and the faithful hound,
Likest that fox in shape and species found,
Refuses through these cliffs and lawns to roam,
Pursues the noted path, and covets home;
Does with kind joy domestic faces meet,
Takes what the glutton child denies to eat,
And dying licks his long-loved master's feet. 212

By what immediate cause they are inclined,
In many acts, 'tis hard, I own, to find.
I see in others, or I think I see,
That strict their principles, and ours agree.
Evil like us they shun, and covet good;
Abhor the poison, and receive the food.
Like us they love or hate; like us they know,
To joy the friend, or grapple with the foe.
With seeming thought their actions they intend,
And use the means proportioned to the end. 220
Then vainly the philosopher avers,
That reason guides our deed, and instinct theirs.
How can we justly different causes frame,
When the effects entirely are the same,
Instinct and reason how can we divide,
'Tis the fool's ignorance, and the pedant's pride!

With the same folly sure, man vaunts his sway;
If the brute beast refuses to obey.
For tell me, when the empty boaster's word
Proclaims himself the universal lord, 230
Does he not tremble, lest the lion's paw
Should join his plea against the fancied law!
Would not the learned coward leave the chair,
If in the schools or porches should appear
The fierce hyæna, or the foaming bear?

The combatant too late the field declines,
When now the sword is girded to his loins.
When the swift vessel flies before the wind,
Too late the sailor views the land behind;
And 'tis too late now back again to bring
Enquiry, raised and towering on the wing;
Forward she strives, averse to be withheld
From nobler objects, and a larger field.

246

Consider with me this ethereal space,
Yielding to earth and sea the middle place.
Anxious I ask ye, how the pensile ball
Should never strive to rise, nor fear to fall.
When I reflect, how the revolving sun
Does round our globe his crooked journeys run,
I doubt of many lands, if they contain
Or herd of beast, or colony of man;
If any nations pass their destined days
Beneath the neighbouring sun's director rays;
If any suffer on the polar coast
The rage of Arctos, and eternal frost.

260

May not the pleasure of Omnipotence
To each of these some secret good dispense;
Those who amidst the torrid regions live,
May they not gales unknown to us receive;
See daily showers rejoice the thirsty earth,
And bless the flowery buds' succeeding birth?
May they not pity us, condemned to bear
The various heaven of an obliquer sphere;
While by fixed laws, and with a just return,
They feel twelve hours that shade, for twelve that burn;
And praise the neighbouring sun, whose constant flame
Enlightens them with seasons still the same?
And may not those, whose distant lot is cast
North beyond Tartary's extended waste;

270

Where through the plains of one continual day, 280
Six shining months pursue their even way,
And six succeeding urge their dusky flight,
Obscured in vapours, and o'erwhelmed in night;
May not, I ask, the natives of these climes
(As annals may inform succeeding times)
To our quotidian change of heaven prefer
Their own vicissitude, and equal share
Of day and night, disparted through the year;
May they not scorn our sun's repeated race,
To narrow bounds prescribed, and little space, 290
Hastening from morn, and headlong driven from
noon,

Half of our daily toil yet scarcely done;
May they not justly to our claims upbraid
Shortness of night, and penury of shade;
That, ere our wearied limbs are justly blessed
With wholesome sleep, and necessary rest,
Another sun demands return of care,
The remnant toil of yesterday to bear?
Whilst, when the solar beams salute the sight,
Bold and secure in half a year of light, 300
Uninterrupted voyages they take
To the remotest wood, and farthest lake;
Manage the fishing, and pursue the course
With more extended nerves, and more continued force?
And when declining day forsakes their sky,
When gathering clouds speak gloomy winter nigh;
With plenty for the coming season blessed,
Six solid months (an age) they live released
From all the labour, process, clamour, woe,
Which our sad scenes of daily action know. 310
They light the shining lamp, prepare the feast,
And with full mirth receive the welcome guest;

Or tell their tender loves (the only care 313
Which now they suffer) to the listening fair,
And raised in pleasure, or reposed in ease
(Grateful alternates of substantial peace)
They bless the long nocturnal influence shed
On the crowned goblet, and the genial bed.

In foreign isles which our discoverers find,
Far from this length of continent disjointed, 320
The rugged bears, or spotted lynx's brood
Frighten the valleys, and infest the wood;
The hungry crocodile, and hissing snake
Lurk in the troubled stream and fenny brake;
And man, untaught and ravenous as the beast,
Does valley, wood, and brake, and stream infest.
Derived these men and animals their birth
From trunk of oak, or pregnant womb of earth?
Whence then the old belief that all began
In Eden's shade, and one created man? 330

Or, grant, this progeny was wafted o'er
By coasting boats from next adjacent shore;
Would those, from whom we will suppose they spring,
Slaughter to harmless lands, and poison bring;
Would they on board or bears, or lynxes take,
Feed the she-adder, and the brooding snake;
Or could they think the new discovered isle
Pleased to receive a pregnant crocodile?

And, since the savage lineage we must trace
From Noah saved, and his distinguished race; 340
How should their fathers happen to forget
The arts which Noah taught, the rules he set;
To sow the glebe, to plant the generous vine,
And load with grateful flames the holy shrine?
While the great sire's unhappy sons are found,
Unpressed their vintage, and untilled their ground,

Straggling o'er dale and hill in quest of food, 347
And rude of arts, of virtue, and of God.

How shall we next o'er earth and seas pursue
The varied forms of everything we view ;
That all is changed, though all is still the same,
Fluid the parts, yet durable the frame ?
Of those materials which have been confessed
The pristine springs, and parents of the rest,
Each becomes other. Water stopped gives birth
To grass and plants, and thickens in the earth :
Diffused, it rises in a higher sphere,
Dilates its drops, and softens into air.
Those finer parts of air again aspire, 360
Move into warmth, and brighten into fire ;
That fire once more by thicker air o'ercome,
And downward forced, in earth's capacious womb
Alters its particles, is fire no more,
But lies resplendent dust, and shining ore.
Or, running through the mighty mother's veins,
Changes its shape, puts off its old remains ;
With watery parts its lessened force divides,
Flows into waves, and rises into tides.

Disparted streams shall from their channels fly,
And deep surcharged by sandy mountains lie, 370
Obscurely sepulchred. By beating rain,
And furious wind, down to the distant plain
The hill, that hides his head above the skies,
Shall fall ; the plain by slow degrees shall rise
Higher than erst had stood the summit hill :
For time must nature's great behests fulfil.

Thus, by a length of years, and change of fate,
All things are light and heavy, small or great ;
Thus Jordan's waves shall future clouds appear,
And Egypt's Pyramids refine to air. 380

Thus later age shall ask for Pison's flood, 381
And travellers inquire, where Babel stood.

Now where we see these changes often fall,
Sedate we pass them by as natural;
Where to our eye more rarely they appear,
The pompous name of prodigy they bear.
Let active thought these close meanders trace;
Let human wit their dubious boundaries place;
Are all things miracle; or nothing such:
And prove we not too little, or too much! 390

For that a branch cut off, a withered rod
Should at a word pronounced revive and bud,
Is this more strange, than that the mountain's brow,
Stripped by December's frost, and white with snow,
Should push in spring, ten thousand thousand buds,
And boast returning leaves, and blooming woods?
That each successive night from opening heaven
The food of angels should to man be given;
Is this more strange, than that with common bread
Our fainting bodies every day are fed? 400
Than that each grain and seed consumed in earth,
Raises its store, and multiplies its birth;
And from the handful which the tiller sows,
The laboured fields rejoice, and future harvest flows?

Then, from whate'er we can to sense produce
Common and plain, or wondrous and abstruse,
From nature's constant or eccentric laws;
The thoughtful soul this general inference draws,
That an effect must presuppose a cause:
And while she does her upward flight sustain, 410
Touching each link of the continued chain,
At length she is obliged and forced to see
A first, a source, a life, a deity;
What has for ever been, and must for ever be.

This great existence thus by reason found, 415
Blessed by all power, with all perfection crowned;
How can we bind or limit his decree,
By what our ear has heard, or eyes may see?
Say then, is all in heaps of water lost,
Beyond the islands, and the mid-land coast; 420
Or has that God who gave the world its birth,
Severed those waters by some other earth,
Countries by future ploughshares to be torn,
And cities raised by nations yet unborn!
Ere the progressive course of restless age
Performs three thousand times its annual stage,
May not our power and learning be suppressed,
And arts and empire learn to travel west?

Where, by the strength of this idea charmed,
Lightened with glory, and with rapture warmed, 430
Ascends my soul; what sees she white and great
Amidst subjected seas? An isle, the seat
Of power and plenty; her imperial throne,
For justice and for mercy sought and known;
Virtues sublime, great attributes of Heaven,
From thence to this distinguished nation given:
Yet farther west the western isle extends
Her happier fame; her armed fleet she sends
To climates folded yet from human eye;
And lands, which we imagine wave and sky. 440
From pole to pole she hears her acts resound,
And rules an empire by no ocean bound;
Knows her ships anchored, and her sails unfurled,
In other Indies, and a second world.

Long shall Britannia (that must be her name)
Be first in conquest, and preside in fame;
Long shall her favoured monarchy engage
The teeth of envy, and the force of age:

Revered and happy she shall long remain, 449
Of human things least changeable, least vain;
Yet all must with the general doom comply,
And this great glorious power, tho' last, must die.

Now let us leave this earth, and lift our eye
To the large convex of yon azure sky;
Behold it like an ample curtain spread,
Now streaked and glowing with the morning red;
Anon at noon in flaming yellow bright,
And choosing sable for the peaceful night.
Ask reason now, whence light and shade were given,
And whence this great variety of Heaven; 460
Reason, our guide, what can she more reply,
Than that the sun illuminates the sky;
Than that night rises from his absent ray,
And his returning lustre kindles day!

But we expect the morning red in vain;
'Tis hid in vapours, or obscured by rain.
The noon-tide yellow we in vain require;
'Tis black in storm, or red in lightning fire.
Pitchy and dark the night sometimes appears,
Friend to our woe, and parent of our fears; 470
Our joy and wonder sometimes she excites,
With stars unnumber'd, and eternal lights.
Send forth, ye wise, send forth your labouring thought,
Let it return with empty notions fraught,
Of airy columns every moment broke,
Of circling whirlpools, and of spheres of smoke;
Yet this solution but once more affords
New change of terms, and scaffolding of words;
In other garb my question I receive,
And take the doubt the very same I gave. 480

Lo! as a giant strong the lusty sun
Multiplied rounds in one great round does run;

Twofold his course, yet constant his career, 483
Changing the day, and finishing the year.
Again when his descending orb retires,
And earth perceives the absence of his fires,
The moon affords us her alternate ray,
And with kind beams distributes fainter day,
Yet keeps the stages of her monthly race,
Various her beams, and changeable her face. 490
Each planet shining in its proper sphere,
Does with just speed his radiant voyage steer;
Each sees his lamp with different lustre crowned:
Each knows his course with different periods bound;
And in his passage through the liquid space,
Nor hastens, nor retards his neighbour's race.
Now, shine these planets with substantial rays;
Does innate lustre gild their measured days;
Or do they (as your schemes, I think, have shown)
Dart furtive beams, and glory not their own, 500
All servants, to that source of light the sun?

Again I see ten thousand thousand stars,
Nor cast in lines, in circles, nor in squares,
(Poor rules, with which our bounded mind is
filled,

When we would plant, or cultivate, or build);
But shining with such vast, such various light,
As speaks the hand that formed them, infinite;
How mean the order and perfection sought
In the best product of the human thought,
Compared to the great harmony that reigns 510
In what the spirit of the world ordains!

Now if the sun to earth transmits his ray,
Yet does not scorch us with too fierce a day;
How small a portion of his power is given
To orbs more distant, and remoter Heaven!

And of those stars, which our imperfect eye
 Has doomed, and fixed to one eternal sky,
 Each by a native stock of honour great,
 May dart strong influence, and diffuse kind heat,
 (Itself a sun) and with transmissive light
 Enliven worlds denied to human sight.
 Around the circles of their ambient skies
 New moons may grow or wane, may set or rise;
 And other stars may to those suns be earths;
 Give their own elements their proper births;
 Divide their climes, or elevate their pole;
 See their land flourish, and their oceans roll;
 Yet these great orbs thus radically bright,
 Primitive founts, and origins of light,
 May each to other (as their different sphere
 Makes or their distance, or their height appear)
 Be seen a nobler, or inferior star;
 And in that space, which we call air and sky,
 Myriads of earths, and moons, and suns may lie
 Unmeasured, and unknown to human eye.

516

530

In vain we measure this amazing sphere,
 And find and fix its centre here or there,
 Whilst its circumference scorning to be brought
 Even into fancied space, illudes our vanquished
 thought.

Where then are all the radiant monsters driven, 540
 With which your guesses filled the frightened heaven?
 Where will their fictitious images remain?
 In paper schemes, and the Chaldean's brain.

This problem yet, this offspring of a guess,
 Let us for once a child of truth confess;
 That these fair stars, these objects of delight
 And terror, to our searching dazzled sight,
 Are worlds immense, unnumbered, infinite.

But do these worlds display their beams, or guide 549
Their orbs, to serve thy use, to please thy pride;
Thyself but dust; thy stature but a span,
A moment thy duration; foolish man!
As well may the minutest emmet say,
That Caucasus was raised to pave his way;
The snail, that Lebanon's extended wood
Was destined only for his walk and food;
The vilest cockle gaping on the coast
That rounds the ample seas as well may boast,
The craggy rock projects above the sky,
That he in safety at his foot may lie; 560
And the whole ocean's confluent waters swell,
Only to quench his thirst, or move and blanch his shell.

A higher flight the venturous goddess tries,
Leaving material worlds, and local skies;
Inquires, what are the beings, where the space,
That formed and held the angels' ancient race?
For rebel Lucifer with Michael fought
(I offer only what tradition taught)
Embattled cherub against cherub rose,
Did shield to shield, and power to power oppose; 570
Heaven rung with triumph: Hell was filled with
woes.

What were those forms of which your volumes tell,
How some fought great, and others recreant fell;
These bound to bear an everlasting load,
Durance of chain, and banishment of God;
By fatal turns their wretched strength to tire;
To swim in sulphurous lakes, or land on solid fire.
Whilst those exalted to primeval light,
Excess of blessing, and supreme delight,
Only perceive some little pause of joys 580
In those great moments when their God employs

Their ministry, to pour his threatened hate
 On the proud king, or the rebellious state;
 Or to reverse Jehovah's high command,
 And speak the thunder falling from his hand,
 When to his duty the proud king returns,
 And the rebellious state in ashes mourns.
 How can good angels be in Heaven confined,
 Or view that presence which no space can bind?
 Is God above, beneath, or yon, or here;
 He who made all, is he not every where?
 Oh how can wicked angels find a night
 So dark to hide them from that piercing light,
 Which formed the eye, and gave the power of sight?

582

590

What mean I now of angel, when I hear
 Firm body, spirit pure, or fluid air;
 Spirits to actions spiritual confined,
 Friends to our thought, and kindred to our mind,
 Should only act and prompt us from within,
 Nor by external eye be ever seen.
 Was it not therefore to our fathers known,
 That these had appetite, and limb, and bone?
 Else how could Abraham wash their wearied feet,
 Or Sarah please their taste with savoury meat?
 Whence should they fear? or why did Lot engage
 To save their bodies from abusive rage?
 And how could Jacob, in a real fight,
 Feel or resist the wrestling angel's might?
 How could a form its strength with matter try?
 Or how a spirit touch a mortal's thigh?

600

610

Now are they air condensed, or gathered rays?
 How guide they then our prayer, or keep our
 ways,
 By stronger blasts still subject to be tossed,
 By tempests scattered, and in whirlwinds lost?

Have they again (as sacred song proclaims) 615
 Substances real, and existing frames;
 How comes it since with them we jointly share
 The great effect of one Creator's care;
 That, whilst our bodies sicken and decay,
 Theirs are for ever healthy, young, and gay? 620
 Why, whilst we struggle in this vale beneath,
 With want and sorrow, with disease and death,
 Do they, more blessed, perpetual life employ
 On songs of pleasure, and in scenes of joy?

Now when my mind has all this world surveyed,
 And found that nothing by itself was made;
 When thought has raised itself by just degrees
 From valleys crowned with flowers, and hills with trees;
 From smoking minerals, and from rising streams,
 From fattening Nilus, or victorious Thames; 630
 From all the living that four-footed move
 Along the shore, the meadow, or the grove;
 From all that can with fins, or feathers fly,
 Through the ærial, or the watery sky;
 From the poor reptile with a reasoning soul,
 That miserable master of the whole;
 From this great object of the body's eye,
 This fair half-round, this ample azure sky,
 Terribly large, and wonderfully bright,
 With stars unnumbered, and unmeasured light; 640
 From essences unseen, celestial names,
 Enlightening spirits, and ministerial flames,
 Angels, dominions, potentates, and thrones,
 All that in each degree the name of creature owns:
 Lift we our reason to that sovereign cause,
 Who blest the whole with life, and bounded it with laws!
 Who forth from nothing called this comely frame,
 His will and act, his word and work the same;

To whom a thousand years are but a day;
 Who bade the light her genial beams display;
 And set the moon, and taught the sun his way.
 Who, waking time, his creature, from the source
 Primeval, ordered his predestined course;
 Himself, as in the hollow of his hand,
 Holding, obedient to his high command,
 The deep abyss, the long continued store,
 Where months, and days, and hours, and minutes pour
 Their floating parts, and thenceforth are no more
 This Alpha and Omega, first and last,
 Who, like a potter in a mould has cast
 The world's great frame, commanding it to be
 Such as the eyes of sense and reason see;
 Yet if he wills, may change or spoil the whole;
 May take yon beauteous, mystic, starry roll,
 And burn it, like an useless parchment scroll;
 May from its basis in one moment pour
 This melted earth——
 Like liquid metal, and like burning ore!
 Who sole in power, at the beginning said,
 Let sea and air, and earth and heaven be made;
 And it was so: and when he shall ordain
 In other sort, has but to speak again,
 And they shall be no more: of this great theme,
 This glorious, hallowed, everlasting name,
 This God I would discourse.——

The learned Elders sat appalled, amazed;
 And each with mutual look on the other gazed,
 Nor speech they meditate, nor answer frame:
 (Too plain, alas! their silence spake their shame:)
 Till one, in whom an outward mien appeared,
 And turn superior to the vulgar herd,
 Began; that human learning's furthest reach

Was but to note the doctrines I could teach;
 That mine to speak, and theirs was to obey,
 For I in knowledge more than power did sway:
 And the astonished world in me beheld
 Moses eclipsed, and Jesse's son excelled.
 Humble a second bowed, and took the word;
 Foresaw my name by future age adored;
 O live, said he, thou wisest of the wise!
 As none has equalled, none shall ever rise
 Excelling thee.——

683

690

Parent of wicked, bane of honest deeds,
 Pernicious flattery! thy malignant seeds
 In an ill hour, and by a fatal hand
 Sadly diffused o'er virtue's gleby land,
 With rising pride amidst the corn appear,
 And choke the hopes and harvest of the year.

And now the whole perplexed ignoble crowd,
 Mute to my questions, in my praises loud,
 Echoed the word: whence things arose, or how
 They thus exist, the aptest nothing know;
 What yet is not, but is ordained to be,
 All veil of doubt apart, the dumbest see.

700

My prophets, and my sophists finished here
 Their civil efforts of the verbal war;
 Not so my rabbins, and logicians yield;
 Retiring still they combat; from the field
 Of open arms unwilling they depart,
 And sculk behind the subterfuge of art.
 To speak one thing, mixed dialects they join;
 Divide the simple, and the plain define;
 Fix fancied laws, and form imagined rules,
 Terms of their art, and jargon of their schools,
 Ill-grounded maxims by false gloss enlarged,
 And captious science against reason charged.

710

Soon their crude notions with each other fought:
The adverse sect denied what this had taught; 718
And he at length the amplest triumph gained,
Who contradicted what the last maintained.

O wretched impotence of human mind!
We erring still excuse for error find;
And darkling grope, not knowing we are blind.

Vain man! since first the blushing sire essayed
His folly with connected leaves to shade;
How does the crime of thy resembling race
With like attempt that pristine error trace!
Too plain thy nakedness of soul espied,
Why dost thou strive the conscious shame to hide
By marks of eloquence and veils of pride? 730

With outward smiles their flattery I received;
Owned my sick mind by their discourse relieved;
But bent and inward to myself again
Perplexed, these matters I revolved in vain.
My search still tired, my labour still renewed,
At length I ignorance, and knowledge viewed,
Impartial, both in equal balance laid;
Light flew the knowing scale, the doubtful heavy
weighed.

Forced by reflective reason, I confess,
That human science is uncertain guess. 740
Alas! we grasp at clouds, and beat the air,
Vexing that spirit we intend to clear.
Can thought beyond the bounds of matter climb;
Or who shall tell me what is space or time?
In vain we lift up our presumptuous eyes
To what our Maker to their ken denies:
The searcher follows fast: the object faster flies.
The little which imperfectly we find,
Seduces only the bewildered mind.

To fruitless search of something yet behind.
 Various discussions tear our heated brain;
 Opinions often turn, still doubts remain;
 And who indulges thought increases pain.

750

How narrow limits were to wisdom given!
 Earth she surveys; she thence would measure Heaven:
 Through mists obscure, now wings her tedious way,
 Now wanders dazzled with too bright a day;
 And from the summit of a pathless coast,
 Sees infinite, and in that sight is lost.

Remember, that the cursed desire to know,
 Offspring of Adam! was thy source of woe.
 Why wilt thou then renew the vain pursuit,
 And rashly catch at the forbidden fruit?
 With empty labour and eluded strife
 Seeking, by knowledge, to attain to life:
 For ever from that fatal tree debarred,
 Which flaming swords and angry cherubs guard.

660

TEXTS CHIEFLY ALLUDED TO IN BOOK II.

I said in mine heart, Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth; therefore
 enjoy pleasure. Ecclesiastes, ii. 1.

I made me great works, I builded me houses, I planted me vineyards. Verse 4.

I made me gardens and orchards; and I planted trees in them of all kind
 of fruits. Verse 5.

I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth
 trees. Verse 6.

Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the
 labour that I had laboured to do: and, behold, all was vanity and vexa-
 tion of spirit; and there was no profit under the sun. Verse 11.

I gat me men-singers and women-singers, and the delights of the sons of
 men, as musical instruments, and that of all sorts. Verse 8.

I sought in mine heart to give myself unto wine (yet acquainting mine
 heart with wisdom) and to lay hold on folly, till I might see what was
 that good for the sons of men, which they should do under the heaven
 all the days of their life. Verse 3.

Then said I in my heart, As it happeneth to the fool, so it happeneth even to me; and why was I then more wise? Then I said in my heart, that this also is vanity. Verse 15.

Therefore I hated life, because the work that is wrought under the sun is grievous unto me. Verse 17.

Dead flies cause the ointment to send forth a stinking savour: so doth a little folly him that is in reputation for wisdom and honour. x. Verse 1.

The memory of the just is blessed: but the name of the wicked shall rot. Proverbs, x. 7.

PLEASURE:

BOOK THE SECOND.

THE ARGUMENT.

Solomon, again seeking happiness, inquires if wealth and greatness can produce it; begins with the magnificence of gardens and buildings, the luxury of music and feasting; and proceeds to the hopes and desires of love. In two episodes are shown the follies and troubles of that passion. Solomon, still disappointed, falls under the temptations of libertinism and idolatry; recovers his thoughts, reasons aright, and concludes, that as to the pursuit of pleasure, and sensual delight, all is vanity and vexation of spirit.

TRY then, O man, the moments to deceive,
That from the womb attend thee to the grave;
For wearied nature find some apter scheme,
Health be thy hope, and pleasure be thy theme;
From the perplexing and unequal ways,
Where study brings thee, from the endless maze,
Which doubt persuades to run, forewarned, recede
To the gay field and flowery path, that lead
To jocund mirth, soft joy, and careless ease:
Forsake what may instruct, for what may please; 10
Essay amusing art, and proud expense,
And make thy reason subject to thy sense.

I communed thus; the power of wealth I tried,
And all the various luxe of costly pride.
Artists and plans relieved my solemn hours;
I founded palaces, and planted bowers.

Birds, fishes, beasts of each exotic kind,
 I to the limits of my court confined.
 To trees transferred I gave a second birth,
 And bid a foreign shade grace Judah's earth.
 Fish-ponds were made, where former forests grew,
 And hills were levelled to extend the view.
 Rivers diverted from their native course,
 And bound with chains of artificial force,
 From large cascades in pleasing tumult rolled,
 Or rose through figured stone, or breathing gold.
 From furthest Africa's tormented womb
 The marble brought, erects the spacious dome;
 Or forms the pillars' long extended rows,
 On which the planted grove, and pensile garden grows.

The workmen here obeyed the master's call, 31
 To gild the turret, and to paint the wall;
 To mark the pavement there with various stone,
 And on the jasper steps to rear the throne.
 The spreading cedar that an age had stood,
 Supreme of trees, and mistress of the wood,
 Cut down and carved, my shining roof adorns,
 And Lebanon his ruined honour mourns.

A thousand artists show their cunning power,
 To raise the wonders of the ivory tower. 40
 A thousand maidens ply the purple loom,
 To weave the bed, and deck the regal room;
 Till Tyre confesses her exhausted store,
 That on her coast the Murex¹ is no more;
 Till from the Parian isle, and Libya's coast,
 The mountains grieve their hopes of marble lost;
 And India's woods return their just complaint,
 Their brood decayed, and want of Elephant.
 My full design with vast expense achieved,

¹ The Murex is a shell-fish; of whose liquor a purple colour is made.

I came, beheld, admired, reflected, grieved ; 50
I chid the folly of my thoughtless haste,
For, the work perfected, the joy was past.

To my new courts sad thought did still repair ;
And round my gilded roofs hung hovering care.
In vain on silken beds I sought repose,
And restless oft from purple couches rose ;
Vexatious thought still found my flying mind
Nor bound by limits, nor to place confined ;
Haunted my nights, and terrified my days ;
Stalked through my gardens, and pursued my ways, 60
Nor shut from artful bower, nor lost in winding maze.

Yet take thy bent, my soul ; another sense
Indulge ; add music to magnificence !
Essay, if harmony may grief control,
Or power of sound prevail upon the soul.
Often our seers and poets have confessed,
That music's force can tame the furious beast ;
Can make the wolf, or foaming boar restrain
His rage ; the lion drop his crested mane,
Attentive to the song ; the lynx forget 70
His wrath to man, and lick the minstrel's feet.
Are we, alas, less savage yet than these ;
Else music sure may human cares appease.

I spake my purpose, and the cheerful choir
Parted their shares of harmony ; the lyre
Softened the timbrel's noise ; the trumpet's sound
Provoked the Dorian flute (both sweeter found
When mixed) ; the fife the viol's notes refined,
And every strength with every grace was joined .
Each morn they waked me with a sprightly lay ; 80
Of opening Heaven they sung, and gladsome day.
Each evening their repeated skill expressed
Scenes of repose, and images of rest ;

Yet still in vain; for music gathered thought:
But how unequal the effects it brought!
The soft ideas of the cheerful note,
Lightly received, were easily forgot:
The solemn violence of the graver sound
Knew to strike deep, and leave a lasting wound.

84

And now reflecting, I with grief descry
The sickly lust of the fantastic eye;
How the weak organ is with seeing cloyed,
Flying ere night what it at noon enjoyed.
And now (unhappy search of thought!) I found
The fickle ear soon glutted with the sound;
Condemned eternal changes to pursue,
Tired with the last, and eager of the new.

90

I bade the virgins and the youth advance,
To temper music with the sprightly dance.
In vain! two low the mimic-motions seem;
What takes our heart must merit our esteem.
Nature, I thought, performed too mean a part,
Forming her movements to the rules of art;
And vexed I found, that the musician's hand
Had o'er the dancer's mind too great command.

100

I drank; I liked it not: 'twas rage, 'twas noise;
An airy scene of transitory joys.
In vain I trusted, that the flowing bowl
Would banish sorrow, and enlarge the soul;
To the late revel, and protracted feast
While dreams succeeded, and disordered rest;
And, as at dawn of morn fair reason's light
Broke through the fumes and phantoms of the night,
What had been said, I asked my soul, what done;
How flowed our mirth, and whence the source begun!
Perhaps the jest that charmed the sprightly crowd,
And made the jovial table laugh so loud,

110

To some false notion owed its poor pretence, 118
To an ambiguous word's perverted sense;
To a wild sonnet, or a wanton air,
Offence and torture to the sober ear.
Perhaps, alas! the pleasing stream was brought
From this man's error, from another's fault:
From topics which good-nature would forget,
And prudence mention with the last regret.

Add yet unnumbered ills, that lie unseen
In the pernicious draught; the word obscene,
Or harsh, which once elanced must ever fly
Irrevocable; the too prompt reply,
Seed of severe distrust, and fierce debate, 130
What we should shun, and what we ought to hate.

Add too the blood impoverished, and the course
Of health suppressed, by wine's continued force.

Unhappy man! whom sorrow thus and rage
To different ills alternately engage;
Who drinks, alas! but to forget; nor sees,
That melancholy sloth, severe disease,
Memory confused, and interrupted thought,
Death's harbingers, lie latent in the draught;
And in the flowers that wreath the sparkling bowl,
Fell adders hiss, and poisonous serpents roll. 141

Remains there ought untried, that may remove
Sickness of mind, and heal the bosom?—Love.
Love yet remains; indulge his genial fire,
Cherish fair hope, solicit young desire,
And boldly bid thy anxious soul explore
This last great remedy's mysterious power.

Why therefore hesitates my doubtful breast;
Why ceases it one moment to be blest?

Let all my wives and concubines be dressed;
Let them to-night attend the royal feast;
All Israel's beauty, all the foreign fair;
The gifts of princes, or the spoils of war:
Before their monarch they shall singly pass,
And the most worthy shall obtain the grace.

152

I said: the feast was served; the bowl was crowned;
To the king's pleasure went the mirthful round;
The women came, as custom wills, they passed; 160
On one, (O that distinguished one!) I cast
The favourite glance! O! yet my mind retains
That fond beginning of my infant pains.
Mature the virgin was, of Egypt's race;
Grace shaped her limbs, and beauty deck'd her face;
Easy her motion seemed, serene her air;
Full, though unzoned, her bosom rose; her hair
Untied, and ignorant of artful aid,
Adown her shoulders loosely lay displayed,
And in the jetty curls ten thousand Cupids played. 170

Fixed on her charms, and pleased that I could love,
Aid me, my friends, contribute to improve
Your monarch's bliss, I said; fresh roses bring
To strew my bed, till the impoverished Spring
Confess her want; around my amorous head
Be dropping myrrh, and liquid amber shed,
Till Arab has no more. From the soft lyre,
Sweet flute, and ten-stringed instrument, require
Sounds of delight; and thou, fair nymph, draw nigh;
Thou in whose graceful form, and potent eye, 180
Thy master's joy long sought at length is found;
And, as thy brow, let my desires be crowned;
O favourite virgin, that hast warmed the breast,
Whose sovereign dictates subjugate the East!
I said; and sudden from the golden throne,

With a submissive step, I hasted down, 186
The glowing garland from my hair I took,
Love in my heart, obedience in my look;
Prepared to place it on her comely head:
O favourite virgin! (yet again I said)
Receive the honours destined to thy brow;
And O above thy fellows happy thou!
Their duty must thy sovereign word obey:
Rise up, my love, my fair one, come away.

What pang, alas! what ecstasy of smart
Tore up my senses, and transfixed my heart,
When she with modest scorn the wreath returned,
Reclined her beauteous neck, and inward mourned!

Forced by my pride, I my concern suppressed,
Pretended drowsiness, and wish of rest; 200
And sullen I forsook the imperfect feast:
Ordering the eunuchs, to whose proper care
Our eastern grandeur gives the imprisoned fair,
To lead her forth to a distinguished bower,
And bid her dress the bed, and wait the hour.

Restless I followed this obdurate maid
(Swift are the steps that love and anger tread);
Approached her person, courted her embrace,
Renewed my flame, repeated my disgrace;
By turns put on the suppliant, and the lord: 210
Threatened this moment, and the next implored:
Offered again the unaccepted wreath,
And choice of happy love, or instant death.

Averse to all her amorous king desired,
Far as she might, she decently retired:
And, darting scorn and sorrow from her eyes,
What means, said she, king Solomon the wise?

This wretched body trembles at your power;
Thus far could fortune, but she can no more.

Free to herself my potent mind remains;
Nor fears the victor's rage, nor feels his chains.

'Tis said, that thou canst plausibly dispute,
Supreme of seers! of angel, man, and brute;
Canst plead with subtle wit and fair discourse,
Of passion's folly, and of reason's force;
That to the tribes attentive, thou canst show
Whence their misfortunes, or their blessings flow;
That thou in science, as in power art great,
And truth and honour on thy edicts wait.
Where is that knowledge now, that regal thought, 230
With just advice, and timely counsel fraught?
Where now, O judge of Israel, does it rove?—
What in one moment dost thou offer? Love—
Love! why 'tis joy or sorrow, peace or strife;
'Tis all the colour of remaining life:
And human misery must begin or end,
As he becomes a tyrant, or a friend.
Would David's son, religious, just, and grave,
To the first bride-bed of the world receive
A foreigner, a heathen, and a slave? 240
Or grant, thy passion has these names destroyed;
That love, like death, makes all distinctions void;
Yet in his empire o'er thy abject breast,
His flames and torments only are expressed;
His rage can in my smiles alone relent,
And all his joys solicit my consent.

Soft love, spontaneous tree, its parted root
Must from two hearts with equal vigour shoot;
Whilst each delighted, and delighting gives
The pleasing ecstasy which each receives. 250
Cherished with hope, and fed with joy, it grows;
Its cheerful buds their opening bloom disclose,
And round the happy soil diffusive odour flows.

If angry fate that mutual care denies,
The fading plant bewails its due supplies;
Wild with despair, or sick with grief, it dies. 254

By force beasts act, and are by force restrained;
The human mind by gentle means is gained.
Thy useless strength, mistaken king, employ,
Sated with rage, and ignorant of joy, 260
Thou shalt not gain what I deny to yield;
Nor reap the harvest, though thou spoilst the field.
Know, Solomon, thy poor extent of sway;
Contract thy brow, and Israel shall obey:
But wilful love thou must with smiles appease;
Approach his awful throne by just degrees;
And, if thou wouldst be happy, learn to please.

Not that those arts can here successful prove,
For I am destined for another's love.
Beyond the cruel bounds of thy command, 270
To my dear equal, in my native land,
My plighted vow I gave: I his received:
Each swore with truth, with pleasure each believed.
The mutual contract was to heaven conveyed:
In equal scales the busy angels weighed
Its solemn force, and clapped their wings, and spread
The lasting roll, recording what we said.

Now in my heart behold thy poniard stained;
Take the sad life which I have long disdained;
End, in a dying virgin's wretched fate, 280
Thy ill-starred passion, and my steadfast hate.
For long as blood informs these circling veins,
Or fleeting breath its latest power retains,
Hear me to Egypt's vengeful gods declare,
Hate is my part; be thine, O King, despair.
Now strike, she said, and opened bare her breast;
Stand it in Judah's chronicles confessed,

That David's son, by impious passion moved, 288
Smote a she-slave, and murdered what he loved!

Ashamed, confused, I started from the bed,
And to my soul yet uncollected, said:
Into thyself, fond Solomon, return;
Reflect again, and thou again shalt mourn.
When I through numbered years have pleasure sought,
And in vain hope the wanton phantom caught;
To mock my sense, and mortify my pride,
'Tis in another's power, and is denied.
Am I a king, great Heaven! does life or death
Hang on the wrath or mercy of my breath,
While kneeling I my servant's smiles implore; 300
And one mad damsel dares dispute my power?

To ravish her! that thought was soon depressed,
Which must debase the monarch to the beast.
To send her back! O whither, and to whom;
To lands where Solomon must never come;
To that insulting rival's happy arms,
For whom, disdaining me, she keeps her charms? .

Fantastic tyrant of the amorous heart,
How hard thy yoke, how cruel is thy dart!
Those 'scape thy anger, who refuse thy sway, 310
And those are punished most who most obey.
See Judah's king revere thy greater power;
What canst thou covet, or how triumph more?
Why then, O love, with an obdurate ear,
Does this proud nymph reject a monarch's prayer;
Why to some simple shepherd does she run,
From the fond arms of David's favourite son!
Why flies she from the glories of a court,
Where wealth and pleasure may thy reign support,
To some poor cottage on the mountain's brow, 320
Now bleak with winds, and covered now with snow;

Where pinching want must curb her warm desires, 322
And household cares suppress thy genial fires?

Too aptly the afflicted heathens prove
Thy force, while they erect the shrines of love;
His mystic form the artizans of Greece
In wounded stone, or molten gold, express;
And Cyprus to his godhead pays her vow,
Fast in his hand the idol holds his bow,
A quiver by his side sustains his store 330
Of pointed darts, sad emblems of his power;
A pair of wings he has, which he extends
Now to be gone; which now again he bends
Prone to return, as best may serve his wanton ends.
Entirely thus I find the fiend portrayed,
Since first, alas! I saw the beauteous maid;
I felt him strike, and now I see him fly;
Cursed demon! O! for ever broken lie
Those fatal shafts, by which I inward bleed,
O! can my wishes yet o'ertake thy speed! 340
Tired mayst thou pant, and hang thy flagging wing,
Except thou turnst thy course, resolved to bring
The damsel back, and save the love-sick king!

My soul thus struggling in the fatal net,
Unable to enjoy, or to forget;
I reasoned much, alas! but more I loved;
Sent and recalled, ordained and disapproved;
Till, hopeless, plunged in an abyss of grief,
I from necessity received relief;
Time gently aided to assuage my pain, 350
And wisdom took once more the slackened rein.

But O how short my interval of woe!
Our griefs how swift, our remedies how slow!
Another nymph, (for so did Heaven ordain,
To change the manner, but renew the pain)

Another nymph, amongst the many fair,
That made my softer hours their solemn care,
Before the rest affected well to stand,
And watched my eye, preventing my command.
Abra, she so was called, did soonest haste
To grace my presence, Abra went the last;
Abra was ready ere I called her name;
And, though I called another, Abra came.

356

Her equals first observed her growing zeal,
And laughing glossed, that Abra served so well.
To me her actions did unheeded die,
Or were remarked but with a common eye;
Till more apprised of what the rumour said,
More I observed peculiar in the maid.

The sun declined had shot his western ray,
When, tired with business of the solemn day,
I purposed to unbend the evening hours,
And banquet private in the women's bowers.
I called before I sat to wash my hands;
(For so the precept of the law commands):
Love had ordained, that it was Abra's turn
To mix the sweets, and minister the urn.

370

With awful homage, and submissive dread,
The maid approached, on my declining head
To pour the oils; she trembled as she poured;
With an unguarded look she now devoured
My nearer face; and now recalled her eye,
And heaved, and strove to hide a sudden sigh.

380

And whence, said I, canst thou have dread, or pain?
What can thy imagery of sorrow mean;
Secluded from the world, and all its care,
Hast thou to grieve or joy, to hope or fear?
For sure, I added, sure thy little heart
Ne'er felt love's anger, nor received his dart.

Abashed, she blushed, and with disorder spoke; 390
Her rising shame adorned the words it broke.

If the great master will descend to hear
The humble series of his handmaid's care,
O! while she tells it, let him not put on
The look that awes the nations from the throne!
O! let not death severe in glory lie
In the king's frown, and terror of his eye!

Mine to obey, thy part is to ordain;
And, though to mention, be to suffer pain,
If the king smile, whilst I my woes recite, 400
If weeping I find favour in his sight,
Flow fast my tears, full rising his delight.

O! witness Earth beneath, and Heaven above,
For can I hide it, I am sick of love:
If madness may the name of passion bear,
Or love be called, what is indeed despair.

Thou Sovereign Power! whose secret will controls
The inward bent and motion of our souls!
Why hast thou placed such infinite degrees
Between the cause and cure of my disease? 410
The mighty object of that raging fire,
In which unpitied Abra must expire,
Had he been born some simple shepherd's heir,
The lowing herd, or fleecy sheep his care,
At morn with him I o'er the hills had run,
Scornful of winter's frost, and summer's sun,
Still asking where he made his flock to rest at noon.
For him at night, the dear expected guest,
I had with hasty joy prepared the feast;
And from the cottage, o'er the distant plain, 420
Sent forth my longing eye to meet the swain;
Wavering, impatient, tossed by hope and fear,
Till he and joy together should appear,

And the loved dog declare his master near.
On my declining neck, and open breast,
I should have lulled the lovely youth to rest;
And from beneath his head, at dawning day,
With softest care have stolen my arm away,
To rise and from the fold release the sheep,
Fond of his flock, indulgent to his sleep.

424

430

Or if kind Heaven, propitious to my flame
(For sure from Heaven the faithful ardour came),
Had blest my life, and decked my natal hour
With height of title, and extent of power;
Without a crime my passion had aspired,
Found the loved prince, and told what I desired.

Then had I come, preventing Sheba's queen,
To see the comeliest of the sons of men;
To hear the charming poet's amorous song,
And gather honey falling from his tongue;
To take the fragrant kisses of his mouth,
Sweeter than breezes of her native south;
Likening his grace, his person, and his mien,
To all that great or beauteous I had seen.
Serene and bright his eyes, as solar beams
Reflecting tempered light from crystal streams;
Ruddy as gold his cheek; his bosom fair
As silver; the curled ringlets of his hair
Black as the raven's wing; his lips more red,
Than eastern coral, or the scarlet thread;
Even his teeth, and white like a young flock
Coeval, newly shorn, from the clear brook
Recent, and blanching on the sunny rock.
Ivory with sapphires interspersed, explains
How white his hands, how blue the manly veins.
Columns of polished marble, firmly set
On golden bases, are his legs and feet.

440

450

His stature all majestic, all divine, 453
Straight as the palm-tree, strong as is the pine.
Saffron and myrrh are on his garments shed,
And everlasting sweets bloom round his head.
What utter I, where am I, wretched maid!
Die, Abra, die; too plainly hast thou said
Thy soul's desire to meet his high embrace,
And blessings stamped upon thy future race;
To bid attentive nations bless thy womb,
With unborn monarchs charged, and Solomons to come.

Here o'er her speech her flowing eyes prevail;
O foolish maid, and O unhappy tale!
My suffering heart for ever shall defy 470
New wounds, and danger from a future eye.
O! yet my tortured senses deep retain
The wretched memory of my former pain,
The dire affront, and my Egyptian chain.

As time, I said, may happily efface
That cruel image of the king's disgrace,
Imperial reason shall resume her seat,
And Solomon once fall'n again be great;
Betrayed by passion, as subdued in war,
We wisely should exert a double care, 480
Nor ever ought a second time to err.

This Abra then——

I saw her; 'twas humanity; it gave
Some respite to the sorrows of my slave.
Her fond excess proclaimed her passion true;
And generous pity to that truth was due.
Well I intreated her, who well deserved;
I called her often, for she always served.
Use made her person easy to my sight,
And ease insensibly produced delight. 490

Whene'er I revelled in the women's bowers

(For first I sought her but at looser hours),
The apples she had gathered smelt most sweet,
The cake she kneaded was the savoury meat;
But fruits their odour lost, and meats their taste,
If gentle Abra had not decked the feast.
Dishonoured did the sparkling goblet stand,
Unless received from gentle Abra's hand:
And, when the virgins formed the evening choir,
Raising their voices to the master-lyre,
Too flat I thought this voice, and that too shrill;
One showed too much, and one too little skill;
Nor could my soul approve the music's tone,
Till all was hushed, and Abra sung alone.
Fairer she seemed, distinguished from the rest,
And better mien disclosed, as better dressed.
A bright tiara, round her forehead tied,
To juster bounds confined its rising pride;
The blushing ruby on her snowy breast,
Rendered its panting whiteness more confessed;
Bracelets of pearl gave roundness to her arm,
And every gem augmented every charm.
Her senses pleased, her beauty still improved,
And she more lovely grew, as more beloved.
And now I could behold, avow, and blame
The several follies of my former flame;
Willing my heart for recompense to prove
The certain joys that lie in prosperous love.
For what, said I, from Abra can I fear,
Too humble to insult, too soft to be severe:
The damsel's sole ambition is to please;
With freedom I may like, and quit with ease;
She soothes, but never can enthrall my mind,
Why may not peace and love for once be joined?
Great Heaven! how frail thy creature man is made!

492

500

510

520

How by himself insensibly betrayed!
 In our own strength unhappily secure,
 Too little cautious of the adverse power;
 And by the blast of self-opinion moved,
 We wish to charm, and seek to be beloved.
 On pleasure's flowing brink we idly stray,
 Masters as yet of our returning way;
 Seeing no danger we disarm our mind,
 And give our conduct to the waves and wind;
 Then in the flowery mead, or verdant shade,
 To wanton dalliance negligently laid,
 We weave the chaplet, and we crown the bowl,
 And smiling see the nearer waters roll,
 Till the strong gusts of raging passion rise,
 Till the dire tempest mingles earth and skies;
 And swift into the boundless ocean borne,
 Our foolish confidence too late we mourn;
 Round our devoted heads the billows beat,
 And from our troubled view the lessened lands retreat.

526

540

O mighty love! from thy unbounded power
 How shall the human bosom rest secure;
 How shall our thought avoid the various snare?
 Or wisdom to our cautioned soul declare
 The different shapes, thou pleasest to employ,
 When bent to hurt, and certain to destroy?

550

The haughty nymph, in open beauty dressed,
 To-day encounters our unguarded breast;
 She looks with majesty, and moves with state;
 Unbent her soul, and in misfortunes great,
 She scorns the world, and dares the rage of fate.

Here whilst we take stern manhood for our guide,
 And guard our conduct with becoming pride;
 Charmed with her courage in her action shown,
 We praise her mind, the image of our own.

She that can please is certain to persuade;
 To-day beloved, to-morrow is obeyed. 560
 We think we see through reason's optics right,
 Nor find how beauty's rays elude our sight:
 Struck with her eye, whilst we applaud our mind,
 And when we speak her great, we wish her kind.
 To-morrow, cruel power! thou armst the fair
 With flowing sorrow, and dishevelled hair;
 Sad her complaint, and humble is her tale,
 Her sighs explaining where her accents fail.
 Here generous softness warms the honest breast, 570
 We raise the sad, and succour the distressed.
 And whilst our wish prepares the kind relief,
 Whilst pity mitigates her rising grief,
 We sicken soon from her contagious care,
 Grieve for her sorrows, groan for her despair;
 And against love too late those bosoms arm,
 Which tears can soften, and which sighs can warm.
 Against this nearest cruelest of foes,
 What shall wit meditate, or force oppose?
 Whence, feeble nature, shall we summon aid, 580
 If by our pity and our pride betrayed!
 External remedy shall we hope to find,
 When the close fiend has gained our treacherous mind;
 Insulting there does reason's power deride,
 And, blind himself, conducts the dazzled guide.
 My conqueror now, my lovely Abra, held
 My freedom in her chains; my heart was filled
 With her, with her alone; in her alone
 It sought its peace and joy; while she was gone,
 It sighed, and grieved, impatient of her stay: 590
 Returned, she chased those sighs, that grief away:
 Her absence made the night, her presence brought the
 day.

The ball, the play, the mask by turns succeed, 593
For her I make the song, the dance with her I lead.
I court her various in each shape and dress,
That luxury may form, or thought express.

To-day, beneath the palm tree on the plains,
In Deborah's arms and habit Abra reigns;
The wreath denoting conquest guides her brow,
And low, like Barak, at her feet I bow. 600
The mimic chorus sings her prosperous hand,
As she had slain the foe, and saved the land.

To-morrow she approves a softer air,
Forsakes the pomp and pageantry of war;
The form of peaceful Abigail assumes,
And from the village with the present comes;
The youthful band depose their glittering arms,
Receive her bounties, and recite her charms;
Whilst I assume my father's step and mien,
To meet with due regard my future queen. 610

If haply Abra's will be now inclined
To range the woods, or chase the flying hind,
Soon as the sun awakes, the sprightly court
Leave their repose, and hasten to the sport.
In lessened royalty, and humble state,
Thy king, Jerusalem, descends to wait,
Till Abra comes. She comes; a milk-white steed,
Mixture of Persia's and Arabia's breed,
Sustains the nymph; her garments flying loose
(As the Sidonian maids, or Thracian use), 620
And half her knee, and half her breast appear,
By art, like negligence, disclosed, and bare.
Her left hand guides the hunting courser's flight;
A silver bow she carries in her right;
And from the golden quiver at her side
Rustles the ebon arrow's feathered pride.

Sapphires and diamonds on her front display
 An artificial moon's increasing ray.
 Diana, huntress, mistress of the groves,
 The favourite Abra speaks, and looks, and moves.
 Her, as the present goddess, I obey;
 Beneath her feet the captive game I lay,
 The mingled chorus sings Diana's fame;
 Clarions and horns in louder peals proclaim
 Her mystic praise; the vocal triumphs bound
 Against the hills; the hills reflect the sound.

627

If, tired this evening with the hunted woods,
 To the large fish pools, or the glassy floods
 Her mind to-morrow points; a thousand hands
 To-night employed, obey the king's commands.
 Upon the watery beach an artful pile
 Of planks is joined, and forms a moving isle,
 A golden chariot in the midst is set,
 And silver cygnets seem to feel its weight.
 Abra, bright queen, ascends her gaudy throne,
 In semblance of the Grecian Venus known;
 Tritons and sea-green Naiads round her move,
 And sing in moving strains the force of love;
 Whilst as the approaching pageant does appear,
 And echoing crowds speak mighty Venus near,
 I, her adorer, too devoutly stand

640

650

Fast on the utmost margin of the land,
 With arms and hopes extended, to receive
 The fancied goddess rising from the wave.

O subject reason, O imperious love,
 Whither yet further would my folly rove!
 Is it enough that Abra should be great
 In the walled palace, or the rural seat?
 That masking habits, and a borrowed name,
 Contrive to hide my plenitude of shame?

660

No, no; Jerusalem combined must see
My open fault, and regal infamy.
Solemn a month is destined for the feast;
Abra invites, the nation is the guest.
To have the honour of each day sustained,
The woods are traversed, and the lakes are drained;
Arabia's wilds, and Egypt's are explored:
The edible creation decks the board:
Hardly the Phenix 'scapes——

661

The men their lyres, the maids their voices raise, 670
To sing my happiness, and Abra's praise.
And slavish bards our mutual loves rehearse
In lying strains, and ignominious verse;
While, from the banquet leading forth the bride,
Whom prudent love from public eyes should hide,
I show her to the world, confessed and known
Queen of my heart, and partner of my throne.

And now her friends and flatterers fill the court;
From Dan, and from Beersheba they resort;
They barter places, and dispose of grants, 680
Whole provinces unequal to their wants;
They teach her to recede, or to debate;
With toys of love to mix affairs of state;
By practised rules her empire to secure;
And in my pleasure make my ruin sure.
They gave, and she transferred the cursed advice,
That monarchs should their inward soul disguise,
Dissemble and command, be false and wise;
By ignominious arts for servile ends
Should compliment their foes, and shun their friends.
And now I leave the true and just supports 691
Of legal princes, and of honest courts,
Barzillai's, and the fierce Benaiah's heirs,
Whose sires, great partners in my father's cares,

Saluted their young king at Hebron crowned, 695
Great by their toil, and glorious by their wound.
And now, unhappy council, I prefer
Those whom my follies only made me fear,
Old Corah's brood, and taunting Shimei's race;
Miscreants who owed their lives to David's grace;
Though they had spurned his rule, and cursed him to
his face.

Still Abra's power, my scandal still increased;
Justice submitted to what Abra pleased:
Her will alone could settle or revoke;
And law was fixed by what she latest spoke.

Israel neglected, Abra was my care:
I only acted, thought, and lived for her.
I durst not reason with my wounded heart;
Abra possessed, she was its better part.
O! had I now reviewed the famous cause, 710
Which gave my righteous youth so just applause;
In vain on the dissembled mother's tongue
Had cunning art, and sly persuasion hung;
And real care in vain, and native love
In the true parent's panting breast had strove;
While both deceived had seen the destined child
Or slain, or saved, as Abra frowned, or smiled.

Unknowing to command, proud to obey,
A lifeless king, a royal shade I lay.
Unheard the injured orphans now complain: 720
The widow's cries address the throne in vain.
Causes unjudged disgrace the loaded file;
And sleeping laws the king's neglect revile.
No more the elders thronged around my throne,
To hear my maxims, and reform their own.
No more the young nobility were taught,
How Moses governed, and how David fought.

Loose and undisciplined the soldier lay,
 Or lost in drink and game the solid day;
 Porches and schools, designed for public good,
 Uncovered, and with scaffolds cumbered stood,
 Or nodded, threatening ruin:
 Half pillars wanted their expected height;
 And roofs imperfect prejudiced the sight.
 The artists grieve; the labouring people droop;
 My father's legacy, my country's hope,
 God's temple, lies unfinished:

The wise and great deplored their monarch's fate,
 And future mischiefs of a sinking state.
 Is this, the serious said, is this the man
 Whose active soul through every science ran?
 Who, by just rule and elevated skill,
 Prescribed the dubious bounds of good and ill?
 Whose golden sayings, and immortal wit,
 On large phylacteries expressive writ,
 Were to the forehead of the rabbins tied,
 Our youth's instruction, and our age's pride!
 Could not the wise his wild desires restrain;
 Then was our hearing, and his preaching vain,
 What from his life and letters were we taught,
 But that his knowledge aggravates his fault!

In lighter mood the humorous and the gay
 (As crowned with roses at their feasts they lay)
 Sent the full goblet, charged with Abra's name,
 And charms superior to their master's fame;
 Laughing, some praise the king, who let them see,
 How aptly luxe¹ and empire might agree;
 Some glossed, how love and wisdom were at strife;
 And brought my proverbs to confront my life.
 However, friend, here's to the king, one cries:

¹ 'Luxe:' luxury.

To him who was the king, the friend replies. 761
 The king, for Judah's, and for wisdom's curse,
 To Abra yields; could I, or thou do worse?
 Our looser lives let chance or folly steer,
 If thus the prudent and determined err.
 Let Dinah bind with flowers her flowing hair,
 And touch the lute, and sound the wanton air;
 Let us the bliss without the sting receive,
 Free, as we will, or to enjoy, or leave.
 Pleasures on levity's smooth surface flow; 770
 Thought brings the weight, that sinks the soul to woe.
 Now be this maxim to the king conveyed,
 And added to the thousand he has made.

Sadly, O reason, is thy power expressed,
 Thou gloomy tyrant of the frightened breast;
 And harsh the rules, which we from thee receive,
 If for our wisdom we our pleasure give;
 And more to think be only more to grieve.
 If Judah's king at thy tribunal tried,
 Forsakes his joy, to vindicate his pride; 780
 And changing sorrows, I am only found
 Loosed from the chains of love, in thine more strictly
 bound!

But do I call thee tyrant, or complain,
 How hard thy laws, how absolute thy reign,
 While thou, alas, art but an empty name,
 To no two men, who e'er discoursed, the same;
 The idle product of a troubled thought,
 In borrowed shapes, and airy colours wrought;
 A fancied line, and a reflected shade;
 A chain which man to fetter man has made; 790
 By artifice imposed, by fear obeyed.
 Yet, wretched name, or arbitrary thing,
 Whence ever I thy cruel essence bring,

I own thy influence; for I feel thy sting. 794
 Reluctant I perceive thee in my soul,
 Formed to command, and destined to control.
 Yes; thy insulting dictates shall be heard;
 Virtue for once shall be her own reward.
 Yes, rebel Israel, this unhappy maid
 Shall be dismissed: the crowd shall be obeyed: 800
 The king his passion, and his rule shall leave,
 No longer Abra's, but the people's slave.
 My coward soul shall bear its wayward fate;
 I will, alas! be wretched, to be great,
 And sigh in royalty, and grieve in state.

I said; resolved to plunge into my grief
 At once so far, as to expect relief
 From my despair alone:
 I chose to write the thing I durst not speak,
 To her I loved, to her I must forsake. 810
 The harsh epistle laboured much to prove,
 How inconsistent majesty, and love.
 I always should, it said, esteem her well,
 But never see her more; it bid her feel
 No future pain for me; but instant wed
 A lover more proportioned to her bed;
 And quiet dedicate her remnant life
 To the just duties of an humble wife.

She read, and forth to me she wildly ran,
 To me, the ease of all her former pain; 820
 She kneeled, entreated, struggled, threatened,
 cried,

And with alternate passion lived, and died;
 Till now, denied the liberty to mourn,
 And by rude fury from my presence torn,
 This only object of my real care,
 Cut off from hope, abandoned to despair,

In some few posting fatal hours is hurled 827
 From wealth, from power, from love, and from the
 world.

Here tell me, if thou dar'st, my conscious soul,
 What different sorrows did within thee roll;
 What pangs, what fires, what racks didst thou sustain?
 What sad vicissitudes of smarting pain?
 How oft from pomp and state did I remove,
 To feed despair, and cherish hopeless love;
 How oft, all day, recalled I Abra's charms,
 Her beauties pressed, and panting in my arms;
 How oft, with sighs, viewed every female face,
 Where mimic fancy might her likeness trace;
 How oft desired to fly from Israel's throne,
 And live in shades with her and love alone? 840
 How oft, all night, pursued her in my dreams,
 O'er flowery valleys, and through crystal streams;
 And waking, viewed with grief the rising sun,
 And fondly mourned the dear delusion gone?

When thus the gathered storms of wretched love,
 In my swoln bosom, with long war had strove;
 At length they broke their bounds; at length their force
 Bore down whatever met its stronger course:
 Laid all the civil bonds of manhood waste;
 And scattered ruin as the torrent passed. 850

So from the hills, whose hollow caves contain
 The congregated snow, and swelling rain,
 Till the full stores their ancient bounds disdain,
 Precipitate the furious torrent flows;
 In vain would speed avoid, or strength oppose;
 Towns, forests, herds, and men promiscuous drowned,
 With one great death deform the dreary ground;
 The echoed woes from distant rocks resound.

And now, what impious ways my wishes took,

How they the monarch, and the man forsook; 860
And how I followed an abandoned will,
Through crooked paths, and sad retreats of ill;
How Judah's daughters now, now foreign slaves,
By turns my prostituted bed receives;
Through tribes of women how I loosely ranged
Impatient; liked to-night, to-morrow changed;
And, by the instinct of capricious lust,
Enjoyed, disdained, was grateful, or unjust.
O, be these scenes from human eyes concealed,
In clouds of decent silence justly veiled! 870
O, be the wanton images conveyed
To black oblivion, and eternal shade!
Or let their sad epitome alone,
And outward lines, to future age be known,
Enough to propagate the sure belief,
That vice engenders shame; and folly broods o'er grief.

Buried in sloth, and lost in ease I lay,
The night I revelled, and I slept the day.
New heaps of fuel damped my kindling fires;
And daily change extinguished young desires. 880
By its own force destroyed, fruition ceased;
And, always wearied, I was never pleased.
No longer now does my neglected mind
Its wonted stores, and old ideas find.
Fixed judgment there no longer does abide,
To take the true, or set the false aside.
No longer does swift memory trace the cells,
Where springing wit, or young invention dwells.
Frequent debauch to habitude prevails;
Patience of toil, and love of virtue fails; 890
By sad degrees impaired my vigour dies,
Till I command no longer e'en in vice.

The women on my dotage build their sway;

They ask, I grant; they threaten, I obey.
In regal garments now I gravely stride,
Awed by the Persian damsel's haughty pride.
Now with the looser Syrian dance, and sing,
In robes tucked up, opprobrious to the king.

894

Charmed by their eyes, their manners I acquire,
And shape my foolishness to their desire;
Seduced and awed by the Philistine dame,
At Dagon's shrine I kindle impious flame.
With the Chaldean's charms her rites prevail,
And curling frankincense ascends to Baal.
To each new harlot I new altars dress,
And serve her god, whose person I caress.

900

Where, my deluded sense, was reason flown,
Where the high majesty of David's throne,
Where all the maxims of eternal truth,
With which the living God informed my youth?
When with the lewd Egyptian I adore
Vain idols, deities that ne'er before
In Israel's land had fixed their dire abodes,
Beastly divinities, and droves of gods;
Osiris, Apis, powers that chew the cud,
And dog Anubis, flatterer for his food;
When in the woody hills' forbidden shade
I carved the marble, and invoked its aid:
When in the fens to snakes and flies, with zeal
Unworthy human thought, I prostrate fell;
To shrubs and plants my vile devotion paid,
And set the bearded leek, to which I prayed:
When to all beings sacred rites were given,
Forgot the arbiter of earth and heaven.

910

920

Through these sad shades, this chaos in my soul,
Some seeds of light at length began to roll;
The rising motion of an infant ray

Shot glimmering through the cloud, and promised
day.

923

And now, one moment able to reflect,
I found the king abandoned to neglect;
Seen without awe, and served without respect.
I found my subjects amicably join,
To lessen their defects by citing mine.
The priest with pity prayed for David's race,
And left his text, to dwell on my disgrace.
The father, whilst he warned his erring son,
The sad examples which he ought to shun,
Described, and only named not Solomon.
Each bard, each sire did to his pupil sing,
A wise child better than a foolish king.

940

Into myself my reason's eye I turned;
And as I much reflected, much I mourned.
A mighty king I am, an earthly god,
Nations obey my word, and wait my nod;
I raise or sink, imprison or set free,
And life or death depends on my decree.
Fond the idea, and the thought is vain:
O'er Judah's king ten thousand tyrants reign;
Legions of lust, and various powers of ill
Insult the master's tributary will;
And he, from whom the nations should receive
Justice and freedom, lies himself a slave,
Tortured by cruel change of wild desires,
Lashed by mad rage, and scorched by brutal fires.

950

O Reason! once again to thee I call,
Accept my sorrow, and retrieve my fall.
Wisdom, thou sayst, from Heaven received her birth;
Her beams transmitted to the subject earth;
Yet this great empress of the human soul
Does only with imagined power control,

960

If restless passion by rebellious sway
Compels the weak usurper to obey.

961

O troubled, weak, and coward, as thou art!
Without thy poor advice the labouring heart
To worse extremes with swifter steps would run,
Not saved by virtue, yet by vice undone.

Oft have I said; the praise of doing well
Is to the ear, as ointment to the smell.

Now, if some flies perchance, however small,
Into the alabaster urn should fall,

970

The odours of the sweets inclosed, would die;
And stench corrupt, sad change, their place supply.
So the least faults, if mixed with fairest deed,
Of future ill become the fatal seed;
Into the balm of purest virtue cast,
Annoy all life with one contagious blast.

Lost Solomon! pursue this thought no more:
Of thy past errors recollect the store;

And silent weep, that while the deathless Muse
Shall sing the just, shall o'er their heads diffuse

980

Perfumes with lavish hand, she shall proclaim
Thy crimes alone; and to thy evil fame
Impartial, scatter damps and poisons on thy name.

Awaking therefore, as who long had dreamed,
Much of my women and their gods ashamed;
From this abyss of exemplary vice
Resolved, as time might aid my thought, to rise;

Again I bid the mournful goddess write
The fond pursuit of fugitive delight;

Bid her exalt her melancholy wing,

990

And, raised from earth, and saved from passion, sing
Of human hope by cross event destroyed,
Of useless wealth, and greatness unenjoyed,
Of lust and love, with their fantastic train,
Their wishes, smiles, and looks deceitful all, and vain.

TEXTS CHIEFLY ALLUDED TO IN BOOK III.

Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. Ecclesiastes xii. 6.

The sun also ariseth, and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to his place where he arose. i. 5.

The wind goeth towards the south, and turneth about unto the north. It whirleth about continually; and the wind returneth again, according to his circuits. Verse 6.

All the rivers run into the sea : yet the sea is not full. Unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again. Verse 7.

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was : and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it. xii. 7.

Now when Solomon had made an end of praying, the fire came down from heaven, and consumed the burnt-offering, and the sacrifices; and the glory of the Lord filled the house. 2 Chron. vii. 1.

By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down; yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion, &c. Psalm cxxxvii. 1.

I said of laughter, It is mad; and of mirth, What doeth it? Ecclesiastes ii. 2.

No man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end. iii. 11.

Whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever; nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it: and God doeth it, that men should fear before him. Verse 14.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter; Fear God and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man. xii. 13.

POWER:

BOOK THE THIRD.

THE ARGUMENT.

Solomon considers man through the several stages and conditions of life; and concludes in general, that we are all miserable. He reflects more particularly upon the trouble and uncertainty of greatness and power; gives some instances thereof from Adam down to himself; and still concludes that all is vanity. He reasons again upon life, death, and a future being; finds human wisdom too imperfect to resolve his doubts; has recourse to religion; is informed by an angel, what shall happen to himself, his family, and his kingdom, till the redemption of Israel; and, upon the whole, resolves to submit his inquiries and anxieties to the will of his Creator.

COME then, my soul, I call thee by that name,
Thou busy thing, from whence I know I am:
For, knowing what I am, I know thou art;
Since that must needs exist, which can impart.
But 'how cam'st thou to be, or whence thy spring,
For various of thee priests and poets sing.

Hear'st thou submissive; but a lowly birth,
Some separate particles of finer earth,
A plain effect which nature must beget,
As motion orders, and as atoms meet;
Companion of the body's good or ill,
From force of instinct more than choice of will;
Conscious of fear or valour, joy or pain,
As the wild courses of the blood ordain;
Who as degrees of heat and cold prevail,
In youth dost flourish, and with age shalt fail;
Till, mingled with thy partner's latest breath,
Thou flyst dissolved in air, and lost in death.

10

Or if thy great existence would aspire
To causes more sublime; of heavenly fire
Wert thou a spark struck off, a separate ray,
Ordained to mingle with terrestrial clay;
With it condemned for certain years to dwell,
To grieve its frailties, and its pains to feel;
To teach it good and ill, disgrace or fame,
Pale it with rage, or redden it with shame;
To guide its actions with informing care,
In peace to judge, to conquer in the war;
Render it agile, witty, valiant, sage,
As fits the various course of human age;
Till, as the earthly part decays and falls,
The captive breaks her prison's mouldering walls;
Hovers a while upon the sad remains,
Which now the pile, or sepulchre contains;

20

30

And thence with liberty unbounded flies,
Impatient to regain her native skies. 35

Whate'er thou art, where'er ordained to go
(Points which we rather may dispute than know),
Come on, thou little inmate of this breast,
Which for thy sake from passions I divest; 40
For these, thou sayst, raise all the stormy strife,
Which hinder thy repose, and trouble life.
Be the fair level of thy actions laid,
As temperance wills, and prudence may persuade;
Be thy affections undisturbed and clear,
Guided to what may great or good appear;
And try if life be worth the liver's care.

Amassed in man, there justly is beheld
What through the whole creation has excelled;
The life and growth of plants, of beasts the sense, 50
The angel's forecast and intelligence;
Say from these glorious seeds what harvest flows,
Recount our blessings, and compare our woes.
In its true light let clearest reason see
The man dragged out to act, and forced to be;
Helpless and naked on a woman's knees
To be exposed or reared as she may please;
Feel her neglect, and pine from her disease.
His tender eye by too direct a ray
Wounded, and flying from unpractised day, 60
His heart assaulted by invading air,
And beating fervent to the vital war;
To his young sense how various forms appear,
That strike his wonder, and excite his fear.
By his distortions he reveals his pains;
He by his tears, and by his sighs complains;
Till time and use assist the infant wretch,
By broken words, and rudiments of speech,

His wants in plainer characters to show,
And paint more perfect figures of his woe;
Condemned to sacrifice his childish years
To babbling ignorance, and to empty fears;
To pass the riper period of his age,
Acting his part upon a crowded stage;
To lasting toils exposed, and endless cares,
To open dangers, and to secret snares;
To malice which the vengeful foe intends,
And the more dangerous love of seeming friends.
His deeds examined by the people's will,
Prone to forget the good, and blame the ill;
Or sadly censured in their cursed debate,
Who, in the scorner's, or the judge's seat
Dare to condemn the virtue which they hate.
Or would he rather leave this frantic scene,
And trees and beasts prefer to courts and men;
In the remotest wood and lonely grot
Certain to meet that worst of evils, thought;
Different ideas to his memory brought;
Some intricate, as are the pathless woods,
Impetuous some, as the descending floods;
With anxious doubts, with raging passions torn,
No sweet companion near, with whom to mourn;
He hears the echoing rock return his sighs,
And from himself the frightened hermit flies.

Thus, through what path so'er of life we rove,
Rage companies our hate, and grief our love;
Vexed with the present moment's heavy gloom,
Why seek we brightness from the years to come!
Disturbed and broken like a sick man's sleep,
Our troubled thoughts to distant prospects leap;
Desirous still what flies us to o'ertake,
For hope is but the dream of those that wake.

69

80

90

100

But, looking back, we see the dreadful train 103
 Of woes anew, which were we to sustain,
 We should refuse to tread the path again.
 Still adding grief, still counting from the first,
 Judging the latest evils still the worst;
 And, sadly finding each progressive hour
 Heighten their number, and augment their power.
 Till, by one countless sum of woes oppressed, 110
 Hoary with cares, and ignorant of rest,
 We find the vital springs relaxed and worn:
 Compelled our common impotence to mourn,
 Thus, through the round of age, to childhood we return;
 Reflecting find, that naked from the womb
 We yesterday came forth; that in the tomb
 Naked again we must to-morrow lie,
 Born to lament, to labour, and to die.

Pass we the ills, which each man feels or dreads,
 The weight or fallen, or hanging o'er our heads; 120
 The bear, the lion, terrors of the plain,
 The sheepfold scattered, and the shepherd slain;
 The frequent errors of the pathless wood,
 The giddy precipice, and dangerous flood;
 The noisome pestilence, that in open war
 Terrible, marches through the midday air,
 And scatters death; the arrow that by night
 Cuts the dank mist, and fatal wings its flight;
 The billowing snow, and violence of the shower,
 That from the hills disperse their dreadful store; 130
 And o'er the vales collected ruin pour;
 The worm that gnaws the ripening fruit, sad guest,
 Canker or locust hurtful to infest
 The blade; while husks elude the tiller's care,
 And eminence of want distinguishes the year.

Pass we the slow disease, and subtle pain,

Which our weak frame is destined to sustain;
The cruel stone, with congregated war
Tearing his bloody way; the cold catarrh,
With frequent impulse, and continued strife,
Weakening the wasted seats of irksome life;
The gout's fierce rack, the burning fever's rage,
The sad experience of decay; and age,
Herself the sorest ill; while death, and ease,
Oft and in vain invoked, or to appease,
Or end the grief, with hasty wings recede
From the vexed patient, and the sickly bed.

137

Nought shall it profit, that the charming fair,
Angelic, softest work of Heaven, draws near
To the cold shaking paralytic hand,
Senseless of beauty's touch, or love's command,
Nor longer apt, or able to fulfil
The dictates of its feeble master's will.

150

Nought shall the psaltry, and the harp avail,
The pleasing song, or well repeated tale;
When the quick spirits their warm march forbear;
And numbing coldness has unbraced the ear.

The verdant rising of the flowery hill,
The vale enamelled, and the crystal rill,
The ocean rolling, and the shelly shore,
Beautiful objects, shall delight no more;
When the lax'd sinews of the weakened eye
In watery damps, or dim suffusion lie.
Day follows night, the clouds return again
After the falling of the latter rain;
But to the aged blind shall ne'er return
Grateful vicissitude; he still must mourn
The sun, and moon, and every starry light
Eclipsed to him, and lost in everlasting night.

160

Behold where age's wretched victim lies;

170

See his head trembling, and his half-closed eyes: 171
Frequent for breath his panting bosom heaves;
To broken sleep his remnant sense he gives,
And only by his pains, awaking, finds he lives.

Loosed by devouring time the silver cord
Dissevered lies; unhonoured from the board
The crystal urn, when broken, is thrown by,
And apter utensils their place supply.
These things and thou must share one equal lot:
Die, and be lost, corrupt, and be forgot; 180
While still another, and another race
Shall now supply, and now give up the place;
From earth all came, to earth must all return,
Frail as the cord, and brittle as the urn.

But be the terror of these ills suppressed:
And view we man with health and vigour blessed,
Home he returns with the declining sun,
His destined task of labour hardly done;
Goes forth again with the ascending ray,
Again his travel for his bread to pay, 190
And find the ill sufficient to the day.
Haply at night he does with horror shun
A widowed daughter, or a dying son;
His neighbour's offspring he to-morrow sees,
And doubly feels his want in their increase;
The next day, and the next he must attend
His foe triumphant, or his buried friend.
In every act and turn of life he feels
Public calamities, or household ills;
The due reward to just desert refused, 200
The trust betrayed, the nuptial bed abused:
The judge corrupt, the long depending cause,
And doubtful issue of misconstrued laws,
The crafty turns of a dishonest state,

And violent will of the wrong-doing great; 205
 The venom'd tongue injurious to his fame,
 Which nor can wisdom shun, nor fair advice reclaim.

Esteem we these, my friends, event and chance,
 Produced as atoms form their fluttering dance;
 Or higher yet their essence may we draw 210
 From destined order, and eternal law!
 Again, my muse, the cruel doubt repeat;
 Spring they, I say, from accident or fate;
 Yet such, we find they are, as can control
 The servile actions of our wavering soul;
 Can fright, can alter, or can chain the will;
 Their ills all built on life, that fundamental ill.

O fatal search! in which the labouring mind,
 Still pressed with weight of woe, still hopes to
 find

A shadow of delight, a dream of peace, 220
 From years of pain, one moment of release;
 Hoping at least she may herself deceive,
 Against experience willing to believe,
 Desirous to rejoice, condemned to grieve.

Happy the mortal man, who now at last
 Has through this doleful vale of misery passed;
 Who to his destined stage has carried on
 The tedious load, and laid his burden down;
 Whom the cut brass, or wounded marble shows
 Victor o'er life, and all her train of woes. 230
 He happier yet, who, privileged by fate
 To shorter labour, and a lighter weight,
 Received but yesterday the gift of breath,
 Ordered to-morrow to return to death.
 But O! beyond description happiest he,
 Who ne'er must roll on life's tumultuous sea;
 Who with blessed freedom from the general doom

Exempt, must never force the teeming womb, 238
Nor see the sun, nor sink into the tomb.

Who breathes, must suffer, and who thinks, must
mourn;

And he alone is blessed, who ne'er was born.

'Yet in thy turn, thou frowning preacher, hear:
Are not these general maxims too severe.

Say, cannot power secure its owner's bliss,
And is not wealth the potent sire of peace!
Are victors blessed with fame, or kings with ease?'

I tell thee, life is but one common care;
And man was born to suffer, and to fear.

'But is no rank, no station, no degree
From this contagious taint of sorrow free?' 250

None, mortal, none; yet in a bolder strain
Let me this melancholy truth maintain;
But hence, ye worldly, and profane, retire:
For I adapt my voice, and raise my lyre
To notions not by vulgar ear received:
Ye still must covet life, and be deceived:
Your very fear of death shall make ye try
To catch the shade of immortality;
Wishing on earth to linger, and to save
Part of its prey from the devouring grave; 260
To those who may survive ye, to bequeath
Something entire, in spite of time and death;
A fancied kind of being to retrieve,
And in a book, or from a building live.
False hope, vain labour, let some ages fly;
The dome shall moulder and the volume die.
Wretches, still taught, still will ye think it strange,
That all the parts of this great fabric change,
Quit their old station, and primeval frame,
And lose their shape, their essence, and their name!

Reduce the song: our hopes, our joys are vain: 271
 Our lot is sorrow, and our portion pain.

What pause from woe, what hopes of comfort bring
 The name of wise or great, of judge or king.
 What is a king? A man condemned to bear
 The public burden of the nation's care;
 Now crowned some angry faction to appease;
 Now falls a victim to the people's ease;
 From the first blooming of his ill-taught youth,
 Nourished in flattery, and estranged from truth: 280
 At home surrounded by a servile crowd,
 Prompt to abuse, and in detraction loud.
 Abroad begirt with men, and swords, and spears;
 His very state acknowledging his fears;
 Marching amidst a thousand guards, he shows
 His secret terror of a thousand foes;
 In war, however prudent, great, or brave,
 To blind events, and fickle chance a slave;
 Seeking to settle what for ever flies,
 Sure of the toil, uncertain of the prize. 290

But he returns with conquest on his brow,
 Brings up the triumph, and absolves the vow;
 The captive generals to his car are tied;
 The joyful citizens' tumultuous tide
 Echoing his glory, gratify his pride.
 What is this triumph? Madness, shouts, and noise,
 One great collection of the people's voice.
 The wretches he brings back in chains, relate
 What may to-morrow be the victor's fate.
 The spoils and trophies borne before him, show 300
 National loss, and epidemic woe,
 Various distress, which he and his may know.
 Does he not mourn the valiant thousands slain,
 The heroes, once the glory of the plain,

Left in the conflict of the fatal day,
Or the wolf's portion, or the vulture's prey. 305

Does he not weep the laurel, which he wears,
Wet with the soldier's blood, and widow's tears!

See, where he comes, the darling of the war;
See millions crowding round the gilded car! 310

In the vast joys of this ecstatic hour,
And full fruition of successful power,
One moment and one thought might let him scan
The various turns of life, and fickle state of man.

Are the dire images of sad distrust,
And popular change obscured amid the dust,
That rises from the victor's rapid wheel;
Can the loud clarion, or shrill fife repel
The inward cries of care! Can Nature's voice
Plaintive be drowned, or lessened in the noise; 320
Though shouts as thunder loud afflict the air,
Stun the birds now released, and shake the ivory chair!

Yon crowd (he might reflect), yon joyful crowd,
Pleased with my honours, in my praises loud,
(Should fleeting victory to the vanquished go;
Should she depress my arms, and raise the foe)
Would for that foe with equal ardour wait
At the high palace, or the crowded gate;
With restless rage would pull my statues down,
And cast the brass anew to his renown. 330

O impotent desire of worldly sway!
That I, who make the triumph of to-day,
May of to-morrow's pomp one part appear
Ghastly with wounds, and lifeless on the bier!
Then, vileness of mankind, then of all these,
Whom my dilated eye with labour sees,
Would one, alas, repeat me good, or great,
Wash my pale body, or bewail my fate!

Or, marched I chained behind the hostile car, 339
The victor's pastime, and the sport of war;
Would one, would one his pitying sorrow lend,
Or be so poor, to own he was my friend?

Avails it then, O reason, to be wise,
To see this cruel scene with quicker eyes;
To know with more distinction to complain,
And have superior sense in feeling pain!

Let us revolve that roll with strictest eye,
Where safe from time distinguished actions lie;
And judge if greatness be exempt from pain,
Or pleasure ever may with power remain. 350

Adam, great type, for whom the world was made,
The fairest blessing to his arms conveyed,
A charming wife, and air, and sea, and land,
And all that move therein to his command
Rendered obedient, say, my pensive muse,
What did these golden promises produce!
Scarce tasting life, he was of joy bereaved:
One day, I think, in Paradise he lived;
Destined the next his journey to pursue,
Where wounding thorns, and cursed thistles grew. 360
Ere yet he earns his bread, adown his brow,
Inclined to earth, his labouring sweat must flow;
His limbs must ache, with daily toils oppressed
Ere long-wished night brings necessary rest.
Still viewing with regret his darling Eve,
He for her follies, and his own must grieve.
Bewailing still afresh their hapless choice,
His ear oft frightened with the imaged voice
Of Heaven, when first it thundered; oft his view
Aghast, as when the infant lightning flew; 370
And the stern cherub stopped the fatal road,
Armed with the flames of an avenging God.

His younger son on the polluted ground, 373
 First fruit of death, lies plaintive of a wound
 Given by a brother's hand; his eldest birth
 Flies, marked by Heaven, a fugitive o'er earth.
 Yet why these sorrows heaped upon the sire,
 Becomes not man nor angel to inquire.

Each age sinned on; and guilt advanced with time:
 The son still added to the father's crime; 380
 Till God arose, and great in anger said,
 Lo! it repenteth me that man was made,
 Withdraw thy light, thou sun, be dark, ye skies,
 And from your deep abyss, ye waters, rise!

The frightened angels heard the Almighty Lord;
 And o'er the earth from wrathful vials poured
 Tempests and storms, obedient to his word.
 Meantime, his Providence to Noah gave
 The guard of all, that he designed to save.
 Exempt from general doom the patriarch stood, 390
 Contemned the waves, and triumphed o'er the flood.

The winds fall silent, and the waves decrease;
 The dove brings quiet, and the olive peace;
 Yet still his heart does inward sorrow feel,
 Which faith alone forbids him to reveal.
 If on the backward world his views are cast:
 'Tis death diffused and universal waste.
 Present, sad prospect, can he ought descry,
 But (what affects his melancholy eye)
 The beauties of the ancient fabric lost, 400
 In chains of craggy hill, or lengths of dreary coast;
 While to high Heaven his pious breathings turned,
 Weeping he hoped, and sacrificing mourned;
 When of God's image only eight he found
 Snatched from the watery grave, and saved from
 nations drowned;

And of three sons, the future hopes of earth, 406
The seed, whence empires must receive their birth,
One he foresees excluded heavenly grace,
And marked with curses, fatal to his race.

Abraham, potent prince, the friend of God,
Of human ills must bear the destined load;
By blood and battles must his power maintain,
And slay the monarchs, ere he rules the plain;
Must deal just portions of a servile life
To a proud handmaid, and a peevish wife;
Must with the mother leave the weeping son,
In want to wander, and in wilds to groan;
Must take his other child, his age's hope,
To trembling Moriam's melancholy top,
Ordered to drench his knife in filial blood; 420
Destroy his heir, or disobey his God.

Moses beheld that God; but how beheld?
The Deity in radiant beams concealed,
And clouded in a deep abyss of light;
While present, too severe for human sight,
Nor staying longer than one swift-winged night.
The following days, and months, and years decreed
To fierce encounter, and to toilsome deed.
His youth with want and hardships must engage;
Plots and rebellions must disturb his age. 430
Some Corah still arose, some rebel slave,
Prompter to sink the state, than he to save;
And Israel did his rage so far provoke,
That what the Godhead wrote, the prophet broke.
His voice scarce heard, his dictates scarce believed,
In camps, in arms, in pilgrimage, he lived;
And died obedient to severest law,
Forbid to tread the promised land he saw.

My father's life was one long line of care,

A scene of danger, and a state of war. 440
 Alarmed, exposed, his childhood must engage
 The bear's rough gripe, and foaming lion's rage.
 By various turns his threatened youth must fear
 Goliah's lifted sword, and Saul's emitted spear.
 Forlorn he must, and persecuted fly,
 Climb the steep mountain, in the cavern lie,
 And often ask, and be refused, to die.

For ever, from his manly toils, are known
 The weight of power, and anguish of a crown.
 What tongue can speak the restless monarch's woes,
 When God and Nathan were declared his foes? 451
 When every object his offence reviled,
 The husband murdered, and the wife defiled,
 The parent's sins impressed upon the dying child?
 What heart can think the grief which he sustained;
 When the king's crime brought vengeance on the land;
 And the inexorable prophet's voice
 Gave famine, plague, or war, and bid him fix his choice?

He died; and oh! may no reflection shed
 Its poisonous venom on the royal dead; 460
 Yet the unwilling truth must be expressed;
 Which long has laboured in this pensive breast;
 Dying he added to my weight of care,
 He made me to his crimes undoubted heir;
 Left his unfinished murder to his son,
 And Joab's blood entailed on Judah's crown.

Young as I was, I hasted to fulfil
 The cruel dictates of my parent's will.
 Of his fair deeds a distant view I took,
 But turned the tube upon his faults to look; 470
 Forgot his youth, spent in his country's cause,
 His care of right, his reverence to the laws;
 But could with joy his years of folly trace,

Broken and old in Bathsheba's embrace; 474
Could follow him where'er he strayed from good,
And cite his sad example; whilst I trod
Paths open to deceit, and tracked with blood.
Soon docile to the secret acts of ill,
With smiles I could betray, with temper kill;
Soon in a brother could a rival view; 480
Watch all his acts, and all his ways pursue.
In vain for life he to the altar fled;
Ambition and revenge have certain speed.
Even there, my soul, even there he should have fell;
But that my interest did my rage conceal.
Doubling my crime, I promise, and deceive;
Purpose to slay, whilst swearing to forgive.
Treaties, persuasions, sighs, and tears are vain;
With a mean lie cursed vengeance I sustain;
Join fraud to force, and policy to power; 490
Till of the destined fugitive secure,
In solemn state to parricide I rise;
And, as God lives, this day my brother dies.

Be witness to my tears, celestial Muse,
In vain I would forget, in vain excuse
Fraternal blood by my direction spilt;
In vain on Joab's head transfer the guilt;
The deed was acted by the subject's hand;
The sword was pointed by the king's command;
Mine was the murder, it was mine alone; 500
Years of contrition must the crime atone:
Nor can my guilty soul expect relief,
But from a long sincerity of grief!

With an imperfect hand, and trembling heart,
Her love of truth superior to her art,
Already the reflecting muse has traced
The mournful figures of my actions passed.

The pensive goddess has already taught,
 How vain is hope, and how vexatious thought;
 From growing childhood to declining age,
 How tedious every step, how gloomy every stage.
 This course of vanity almost complete,
 Tired in the field of life, I hope retreat
 In the still shades of death; for dread and pain,
 And griefs will find their shafts elanced in vain,
 And their points broke, retorted from the head,
 Safe in the grave, and free among the dead.

508

Yet tell me, frightened reason, what is death;
 Blood only stopped, and interrupted breath;
 The utmost limit of a narrow span,
 And end of motion which with life began,
 As smoke that rises from the kindling fires
 Is seen this moment, and the next expires;
 As empty clouds by rising winds are tossed,
 Their fleeting forms scarce sooner found than lost;
 So vanishes our state, so pass our days;
 So life but opens now, and now decays;
 The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh,
 To live is scarce distinguished from to die.

520

Cure of the miser's wish, and coward's fear,
 Death only shows us, what we knew was near.
 With courage therefore view th' appointed hour;
 Dread not death's anger, but expect his power;
 Nor nature's law with fruitless sorrow mourn,
 But die, O mortal man, for thou wast born!

530

Cautious through doubt; by want of courage, wise,
 To such advice the reasoner still replies.

Yet measuring all the long continued space,
 Every successive day's repeated race,
 Since time first started from his pristine goal,
 Till he had reached that hour wherein my soul

540

Joined to my body swelled the womb; I was, 542
At least I think so, nothing; must I pass
Again to nothing, when this vital breath
Ceasing, consigns me o'er, to rest, and death;
Must the whole man, amazing thought, return
To the cold marble, or contracted urn;
And never shall those particles agree,
That were in life this individual he;
But severed, must they join the general-mass 550
Through other forms, and shapes ordained to pass;
Nor thought nor image kept of what he was!
Does the great word that gave him sense, ordain,
That life shall never wake that sense again;
And will no power his sinking spirits save
From the dark caves of death and chambers of the grave!

Each evening I behold the setting sun
With downward speed into the ocean run;
Yet the same light, pass but some fleeting hours,
Exerts his vigour, and renews his powers; 560
Starts the bright race again, his constant flame
Rises and sets, returning still the same.
I mark the various fury of the winds;
These neither seasons guide, nor order binds;
They now dilate, and now contract their force,
Various their speed, but endless is their course.
From his first fountain and beginning ouze,
Down to the sea each brook and torrent flows;
Though sundry drops or leave, or swell the stream,
The whole still runs, with equal pace, the same. 570
Still other waves supply the rising urns,
And the eternal flood no want of water mourns.

Why then must man obey the sad decree,
Which subjects neither sun, nor wind, nor sea?
A flower, that does with opening morn arise,

And flourishing the day, at evening dies; 576
 A winged eastern blast, just skimming o'er
 The ocean's brow, and sinking on the shore;
 A fire, whose flames through crackling stubble fly;
 A meteor shooting from the summer sky;
 A bowl adown the bending mountain rolled;
 A bubble breaking, and a fable told;
 A noontide shadow, and a midnight dream;
 Are emblems, which with semblance apt proclaim
 Our earthly course; but, O my soul! so fast
 Must life run off, and death for ever last!

This dark opinion, sure, is too confined;
 Else whence this hope, and terror of the mind;
 Does something still, and somewhere yet remain,
 Reward or punishment, delight or pain; 590
 Say: shall our relics second birth receive;
 Sleep we to wake, and only die to live!
 When the sad wife has closed her husband's eyes,
 And pierced the echoing vault with doleful cries;
 Lies the pale corpse not yet entirely dead,
 The spirit only from the body fled,
 The grosser part of heat and motion void,
 To be by fire, or worm, or time destroyed;
 The soul, immortal substance, to remain,
 Conscious of joy, and capable of pain! 600
 And if her acts have been directed well,
 While with her friendly clay she deigned to dwell;
 Shall she with safety reach her pristine seat,
 Find her rest endless, and her bliss complete;
 And while the buried man we idly mourn,
 Do angels joy to see his better half return?
 But if she has deformed this earthly life
 With murderous rapine, and seditious strife,
 Amazed, repulsed, and by those angels driven

From the ethereal seat, and blissful Heaven, 610
In everlasting darkness must she lie,
Still more unhappy, that she cannot die!

Amid two seas on one small point of land
Wearied, uncertain, and amazed we stand;
On either side our thoughts incessant turn,
Forward we dread; and looking back we mourn.
Losing the present in this dubious haste,
And lost ourselves betwixt the future and the past.

These cruel doubts contending in my breast,
My reason staggering, and my hopes oppressed, 620
Once more I said: once more I will inquire,
What is this little, agile, pervious fire,
This fluttering motion, which we call the mind;
How does she act, and where is she confined!
Have we the power to guide her, as we please;
Whence then those evils, that obstruct our ease!
We happiness pursue, we fly from pain,
Yet the pursuit, and yet the flight is vain;
And, while poor nature labours to be blessed,
By day with pleasure, and by night with rest; 630
Some stronger power eludes our sickly will;
Dashes our rising hope with certain ill;
And makes us with reflective trouble see,
That all is destined, which we fancy free.

That power superior then, which rules our mind,
Is his decree by human prayer inclined?
Will he for sacrifice our sorrows ease,
And can our tears reverse his firm decrees!
Then let religion aid, where reason fails;
Throw loads of incense in, to turn the scales; 640
And let the silent sanctuary show,
What from the babbling schools we may not know,
How man may shun, or bear his destined part of woe.

What shall amend, or what absolve our fate? 644
Anxious we hover in a mediate state,
Betwixt infinity and nothing; bounds,
Or boundless terms, whose doubtful sense confounds.
Unequal thought, whilst all we apprehend,
Is, that our hopes must rise, our sorrows end;
As our Creator deigns to be our friend. 650

I said;—and instant bade the priests prepare
The ritual sacrifice, and solemn prayer.
Select from vulgar herds, with garlands gay,
A hundred bulls ascend the sacred way.
The artful youth proceed to form the choir,
They breathe the flute, or strike the vocal wire.
The maids in comely order next advance,
They beat the timbrel, and instruct the dance.
Follows the chosen tribe from Levi sprung,
Chanting by just return the holy song. 660
Along the choir in solemn state they passed,
The anxious king came last.
The sacred hymn performed, my promised vow
I paid; and bowing at the altar low,
Father of Heaven! I said, and judge of earth!
Whose word called out this universe to birth;
By whose kind power and influencing care
The various creatures move, and live, and are;
But, ceasing once that care, withdrawn that power,
They move, alas, and live, and are no more: 670
Omniscient Master, omnipresent King,
To thee, to thee, my last distress I bring.

Thou, that canst still the raging of the seas,
Chain up the winds, and bid the tempests cease;
Redeem my shipwrecked soul from raging gusts
Of cruel passion, and deceitful lusts;
From storms of rage, and dangerous rocks of pride,

Let thy strong hand this little vessel guide 678
(It was thy hand that made it) through the tide
Impetuous of this life; let thy command
Direct my course, and bring me safe to land.

If, while this wearied flesh draws fleeting breath,
Not satisfied with life, afraid of death,
It haply be thy will, that I should know
Glimpse of delight, or pause from anxious woe;
From now, from instant now, great Sire! dispel
The clouds that press my soul; from now reveal
A gracious beam of light; from now inspire
My tongue to sing, my hand to touch the lyre;
My opened thought to joyous prospects raise; 690
And, for thy mercy, let me sing thy praise.
Or, if thy will ordains, I still shall wait
Some new hereafter, and a future state;
Permit me strength, my weight of woe to bear,
And raise my mind superior to my care.
Let me, howe'er unable to explain
The secret labyrinths of thy ways to man,
With humble zeal confess thy awful power;
Still weeping hope, and wondering still adore.
So in my conquest be thy might declared: 700
And, for thy justice, be thy name revered.

My prayer scarce ended, a stupendous gloom 701
Darkens the air, loud thunder shakes the dome;
To the beginning miracle succeed
An awful silence, and religious dread.
Sudden breaks forth a more than common day:
The sacred wood, which on the altar lay,
Untouched, unlighted, glows.
Ambrosial odour, such as never flows
From Arab's gum, or the Sabæan rose, 710
Does round the air revolving scents diffuse;

The holy ground is wet with heavenly dew; 712
 Celestial music (such Jessides'¹ lyre,
 Such Miriam's timbrel would in vain require)
 Strikes to my thought through my admiring ear,
 With ecstasy too fine, and pleasure hard to bear:
 And lo! what sees my ravished eye; what feels
 My wondering soul; an opening cloud reveals
 A heavenly form embodied, and arrayed
 With robes of light. I heard: the angel said, 720
 Cease, man of woman born, to hope relief,
 From daily trouble, and continued grief.
 Thy hope of joy deliver to the wind;
 Suppress thy passions, and prepare thy mind.
 Free and familiar with misfortune grow,
 Be used to sorrow, and inured to woe.
 By weakening toil, and hoary age o'ercome,
 See thy decrease, and hasten to thy tomb.
 Leave to thy children tumult, strife, and war,
 Portions of toil, and legacies of care. 730
 Send the successive ills through ages down;
 And let each weeping father tell his son,
 That, deeper struck, and more distinctly grieved,
 He must augment the sorrows he received.

The child to whose success thy hope is bound,
 Ere thou art scarce interred, or he is crowned;
 To lust of arbitrary sway inclined
 (That cursed poison to the prince's mind!)
 Shall from thy dictate, and his duty rove,
 And lose his great defence, his people's love. 740
 Ill counselled, vanquished, fugitive, disgraced,
 Shall mourn the fame of Jacob's strength effaced.
 Shall sigh the king diminished, and the crown
 With lessened rays descending to his son;
 Shall see the wreaths, his grandsire knew to reap

¹ 'Jessides:' i.e. son of Jesse—David.

By active toil and military sweat,
Pining incline their sickly leaves, and shed
Their falling honours from his giddy head.
By arms, or prayer unable to assuage
Domestic horror, and intestine rage,
Shall from the victor and the vanquished fear,
From Israel's arrow, and from Judah's spear;
Shall cast his wearied limbs on Jordan's flood,
By brother's arms disturbed, and stained with kindred
blood.

746

Hence labouring years shall weep their destined race,
Charged with ill omens, sullied with disgrace.
Time, by necessity compelled, shall go
Through scenes of war, and epochas of woe.
The empire lessened in a parted stream,
Shall lose its course———

760

Indulge thy tears; the heathen shall blaspheme;
Judah shall fall, oppressed by grief and shame;
And men shall from her ruins know her fame.

New Egypts yet, and second bonds remain,
A harsher Pharaoh, and a heavier chain.
Again, obedient to a dire command,
Thy captive sons shall leave the promised land.
Their name more low, their servitude more vile,
Shall on Euphrates' bank renew the grief of Nile.

These pointed spires that wound the ambient sky,
Inglorious change, shall in destruction lie
Low, levelled with the dust; their heights unknown,
Or measured by their ruin. Yonder throne
For lasting glory built, designed the seat
Of kings for ever blessed, for ever great,
Removed by the invader's barbarous hand,
Shall grace his triumph in a foreign land.
The tyrant shall demand yon sacred load

771

Of gold and vessels set apart to God. 779
Then by vile hands to common use debased;
Shall send them flowing round his drunken feast,
With sacrilegious taunt, and impious jest.

Twice fourteen ages shall their way complete:
Empires by various turns shall rise and set;
While thy abandoned tribes shall only know
A different master, and a change of woe;
With downcast eyelids, and with looks aghast,
Shall dread the future, or bewail the past.

Afflicted Israel shall sit weeping down,
Fast by the streams, where Babel's waters run; 790
Their harps upon the neighbouring willows hung,
Nor joyous hymn encouraging their tongue,
Nor cheerful dance their feet; with toil oppressed,
Their wearied limbs aspiring but to rest.
In the reflective stream the sighing bride,
Viewing her charms impaired, abashed shall hide
Her pensive head; and in her languid face
The bridegroom shall foresee his sickly race;
While ponderous fetters vex their close embrace.
With irksome anguish then your priests shall mourn 800
Their long neglected feasts' despaired return.
And sad oblivion of their solemn days;
Thenceforth their voices they shall only raise,
Louder to weep. By day your frightened seers
Shall call for fountains to express their tears;
And wish their eyes were floods. By night from dreams
Of opening gulfs, black storms, and raging flames,
Starting amazed, shall to the people show
Emblems of heavenly wrath, and mystic types of woe.

The captives, as their tyrant shall require, 810
That they should breathe the song, and touch the lyre,
Shall say: can Jacob's servile race rejoice,

Untuned the music, and disused the voice? 813
What can we play (they shall discourse), how sing
In foreign lands, and to a barbarous king!
We and our fathers from our childhood bred
To watch the cruel victor's eye, to dread
The arbitrary lash, to bend, to grieve
(Out cast of mortal race), can we conceive
Image of aught delightful, soft or gay? 820
Alas! when we have toiled the longsome day;
The fullest bliss our hearts aspire to know,
Is but some interval from active woe;
In broken rest, and startling sleep to mourn,
Till morn, the tyrant, and the scourge, return.
Bred up in grief, can pleasure be our theme;
Our endless anguish does not nature claim;
Reason and sorrow are to us the same!
Alas! with wild amazement we require,
If idle folly was not pleasure's sire; 830
Madness, we fancy, gave an ill-timed birth
To grinning laughter, and to frantic mirth.
This is the series of perpetual woe,
Which thou, alas! and thine are born to know.
Illustrious wretch! repine not, nor reply:
View not, what Heaven ordains, with reason's eye;
Too bright the object is: the distance is too high.
The man who would resolve the work of fate,
May limit number, and make crooked straight;
Stop thy inquiry then, and curb thy sense; 840
Nor let dust argue with Omnipotence.
'Tis God who must dispose, and man sustain,
Born to endure, forbidden to complain.
Thy sum of life must his decrees fulfil;
What derogates from his command, is ill;
And that alone is good, which centres in his will.

Yet that thy labouring senses may not droop, 847
 Lost to delight, and destitute of hope :

Remark what I, God's messenger, aver
 From him, who neither can deceive, nor err.
 The land at length redeemed, shall cease to mourn;
 Shall from her sad captivity return.

Sion shall raise her long dejected head;
 And in her courts the law again be read.
 Again the glorious temple shall arise,
 And with new lustre pierce the neighbouring skies.

The promised seat of empire shall again
 Cover the mountain, and command the plain;
 And from thy race distinguished, One shall spring,
 Greater in act than victor, more than king 860

In dignity and power, sent down from Heaven,
 To succour earth. To Him, to Him, 'tis given,
 Passion, and care, and anguish to destroy.
 Through Him soft peace, and plenitude of joy
 Perpetual o'er the world redeemed shall flow,
 No more may man enquire, nor angel know!

Now, Solomon, remembering who thou art,
 Act through thy remnant life the decent part.
 Go forth; be strong; with patience, and with care
 Perform, and suffer; to thyself severe, 870

Gracious to others, thy desires suppressed,
 Diffused thy virtues, first of men, be best!
 Thy sum of duty let two words contain;
 (O may they graven in thy heart remain!)
 Be humble, and be just. The angel said:—

With upward speed his agile wings he spread;
 Whilst on the holy ground I prostrate lay,
 By various doubts impelled, or to obey,
 Or to object; at length (my mournful look
 Heavenward erect) determined, thus I spoke: 880

Supreme, all wise, eternal Potentate!
 Sole author, sole disposer of our fate!
 Enthroned in light, and immortality!
 Whom no man fully sees, and none can see!
 Original of beings, power divine!
 Since that I live, and that I think, is thine;
 Benign Creator, let thy plastic hand
 Dispose its own effect! Let thy command
 Restore, great Father, thy instructed son;
 And in my act may thy great will be done!

881

890

CONSIDERATIONS

ON PART OF THE EIGHTY-EIGHTH PSALM.

A COLLEGE EXERCISE, 1690.

- 1 HEAVY, O Lord, on me thy judgments lie,
 Accursed I am, while God rejects my cry;
 O'erwhelmed in darkness and despair I groan,
 And every place is hell; for God is gone.
 O Lord! arise, and let thy beams control
 Those horrid clouds, that press my frightened soul;
 Save the poor wanderer from eternal night,
 Thou that art the God of light.
- 2 Downward I hasten to my destined place;
 There none obtain thy aid, or sing thy praise.
 Soon I shall lie in death's deep ocean drowned:
 Is mercy there, or sweet forgiveness found;
 O save me yet, whilst on the brink I stand,
 Rebuke the storm, and waft my soul to land.
 O let her rest beneath thy wing secure,
 Thou that art the God of power.
- 3 Behold the prodigal, to thee I come,
 To hail my father, and to seek my home!

Nor refuge could I find, nor friend abroad,
 Straying in vice, and destitute of God.
 O let thy terrors, and my anguish end!
 Be thou my refuge, and be thou my friend;
 Receive the son thou didst so long reprove,
 Thou that art the God of love.

TO THE REV. DR FRANCIS TURNER,¹

BISHOP OF ELY, WHO HAD ADVISED A TRANSLATION
 OF PRUDENTIUS.

If poets, ere they clothed their infant thought,
 And the rude work to just perfection brought,
 Did still some god, or god-like man invoke,
 Whose mighty name their sacred silence broke;
 Your goodness, Sir, will easily excuse
 The bold requests of an aspiring muse;
 Who, with your blessing would your aid implore,
 And in her weakness justify your power.
 From your fair pattern she would strive to write,
 And with unequal strength pursue your flight; 10
 Yet hopes she ne'er can err that follows you,
 Led by your blessed commands, and great example too.

Then smiling and aspiring influence give,
 And make the muse and her endeavours live;
 Claim all her future labours as your due,
 Let every song begin and end with you.
 So to the blest retreat she'll gladly go,
 Where the saints' palm and muses' laurel grow;
 Where kindly both in glad embrace shall join,
 And round your brow their mingled honours twine; 20

¹ Doctor Francis Turner was at that time master of St John's College, Cambridge. He was one of the petitioning bishops who were committed to the Tower by James II. and one of those who were afterwards deprived of his see for refusing the oaths to the new government.

Both to the virtue due, which could excel,
As much in writing, as in living well.
So shall she proudly press the tuneful string,
And mighty things in mighty numbers sing;
Nor doubt to strike Prudentius' daring lyre,
And humbly bring the verse which you inspire.

21

A PASTORAL.

TO DR TURNER, BISHOP OF ELY, ON HIS DEPARTURE
FROM CAMBRIDGE.

DAMON.

TELL, dear Alexis, tell thy Damon, why
Dost thou in mournful shades obscurely lie;
Why dost thou sigh, why strike thy panting breast?
And steal from life the needful hours of rest?
Are thy kids starved by winter's early frost;
Are any of thy bleating stragglers lost;
Have strangers' cattle trod thy new-ploughed ground;
Has great Joanna, or her greater shepherd frowned?

ALEXIS.

See my kids browse, my lambs securely play,
(Ah, were their master unconcerned as they!)
No beasts (at noon I looked) had trod my ground;
Nor has Joanna, or her shepherd, frowned.

10

DAMON.

Then stop the lavish fountain of your eyes,
Nor let those sighs from your swoln bosom rise;
Chase sadness, friend, and solitude away,
And once again rejoice, and once again look gay.

ALEXIS.

Say what can more our tortured souls annoy, 17
 Than to behold, admire, and lose our joy;
 Whose fate more hard than those who sadly run,
 For the last glimpse of the departing sun;
 Or what severer sentence can be given,
 Than, having seen, to be excluded Heaven?

DAMON.

None, shepherd, none:

ALEXIS.

Then cease to chide my cares!
 And rather pity than restrain my tears;
 Those tears, my Damon, which I justly shed,
 To think how great my joys, how soon they fled;
 I told thee, friend, (now bless the shepherd's name,
 From whose dear care the kind occasion came,)
 That I, even I, might happily receive 30
 The sacred wealth, which Heaven and Daphnis give:
 That I might see the lovely awful swain,
 Whose holy crosier guides our willing plain;
 Whose pleasing power and ruling goodness keep
 Our souls with equal care as we our sheep;
 Whose praise excites each lyre, employs each tongue;
 Whilst only he who caused, dislikes the song.
 To this great, humble, parting man I gained
 Access, and happy for an hour I reigned;
 Happy as new-formed man in paradise, 40
 Ere sin debauched his inoffensive bliss;
 Happy as heroes after battles won,
 Prophets entranced, or monarchs on the throne;
 But (oh, my friend!) those joys with Daphnis flew;
 To them these tributary tears are due.

DAMON.

Was he so humble then, those joys so vast?
 Cease to admire that both so quickly passed.
 Too happy should we be, would smiling fate
 Render one blessing durable and great;
 But (oh, the sad vicissitude!) how soon 50
 Unwelcome night succeeds the cheerful noon;
 And rigid winter nips the flowery pomp of June!
 Then grieve not, friend, like you since all mankind
 A certain change of joy and sorrow find.
 Suppress your sigh, your downcast eyelids raise,
 Whom present you revere, him absent praise.

AN EPISTLE

TO FLEETWOOD SHEPHERD, ESQ.¹

WHEN crowding folks with strange ill faces
 Were making legs and begging places,
 And some with patents, some with merit,
 Tired out by good Lord Dorset's spirit;
 Sneaking I stood amongst the crew,
 Desiring much to speak with you.
 I waited while the clock struck thrice,
 And footman brought out fifty lies;
 Till, patience vexed, and legs grown weary,
 I thought it was in vain to tarry: 10
 But did opine it might be better,
 By penny-post to send a letter;
 Now if you miss of this epistle,
 I'm balked again, and may go whistle.
 My business, Sir, you'll quickly guess,
 Is to desire some little place:

¹ Fleetwood Shepherd, a reputed wit of Charles the Second's court, and the author of several rhymes published in the miscellanies of the times.

And fair pretensions I have for't,
 Much need, and very small desert.
 Whene'er I writ to you, I wanted;
 I always begged, you always granted. 20
 Now, as you took me up when little,
 Gave me my learning and my vittle;
 Asked for me, from my lord, things fitting,
 Kind as I'd been your own begetting;
 Confirm what formerly you've given,
 Nor leave me now at six and seven,
 As Sunderland has left Mun Stephen.¹

No family that takes a whelp
 When first he laps and scarce can yelp,
 Neglects or turns him out of gate 30
 When he's grown up to dog's estate:
 Nor parish, if they once adopt
 The spurious brats by strollers dropt,
 Leave them, when grown up lusty fellows,
 To the wide world, that is, the gallows:
 No, thank them for their love, that's worse
 Than if they'd throttled them at nurse.

My uncle, rest his soul! when living,
 Might have contrived me ways of thriving;
 Taught me with cyder to replenish 40
 My vats, or ebbing tide of rhenish.
 So when for hock I drew prickt white-wine,
 Swear't had the flavour, and was right wine.
 Or sent me with ten pounds to Furni-
 val's inn, to some good rogue-attorney;
 Where now, by forging deeds, and cheating,
 I'd found some handsome ways of getting.

¹ Mr Mun Stephen had been under secretary to Lord Sunderland when he held the post of secretary of state in the time of James II. A few years after the revolution, falling into a desponding state, he put an end to his life by cutting his throat.

All this you made me quit, to follow
The sneaking whey-faced god Apollo;
Sent me among a fiddling crew 50
Of folks, I'd never seen nor knew,
Calliope, and God knows who.
To add no more invectives to it,
You spoiled the youth to make a poet.
In common justice, Sir, there's no man
That makes the whore, but keeps the woman.
Among all honest christian people,
Whoe'er breaks limbs maintains the cripple.
The sum of all I have to say,
Is, that you'd put me in some way; 60
And your petitioner shall pray—
There's one thing more I had almost slipped,
But that may do as well in postscript:
My friend Charles Montague's preferred;
Nor would I have it long observed,
That one mouse eats, while t'other's starved.

ON THE TAKING OF NAMUR.

THE town which Louis bought, Nassau reclaims,
And brings instead of bribes avenging flames;
Now, Louis, take thy titles from above,
Boileau shall sing, and we'll believe thee Jove;
Jove gained his mistress with alluring gold,
But Jove, like thee, was impotent and old!
Active and young did he like William stand,
He had stunned the dame, his thunder in his hand.

ODE

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, III. OD. II. WRITTEN IN 1692.

How long, deluded Albion, wilt thou lie
 In the lethargic sleep, the sad repose,
 By which thy close, thy constant enemy,
 Has softly lulled thee to thy woes?
 Or wake, degenerate isle, or cease to own
 What thy own kings in Gallic camps have done;
 The spoils they brought thee back, the crowns they won.
 William, so fate requires, again is armed;
 Thy father to the field is gone:
 Again Maria weeps her absent lord, 10
 For thy repose content to rule alone.
 Are thy enervate sons not yet alarmed?
 When William fights dare they look tamely on,
 So slow to get their ancient fame restored,
 As nor to melt at Beauty's tears, nor follow Valour's
 sword?

See the repenting isle awakes,
 Her vicious chains the generous goddess breaks;
 The fogs around her temples are dispelled;
 Abroad she looks, and sees armed Belgia stand
 Prepared to meet their common lord's command; 20
 Her lions roaring by her side, her arrows in her hand.
 And, blushing to have been so long withheld,
 Weeps off her crime, and hastens to the field.
 Henceforth her youth shall be inured to bear
 Hazardous toil and active war;
 To march beneath the dog-star's raging heat,
 Patient of summer's drought, and martial sweat;
 And only grieve in winter's camps to find

Its days too short for labours they designed: 29
All night beneath hard heavy arms to watch,
All day to mount the trench, to storm the breach;
And all the rugged paths to tread,
Where William and his virtue lead.
Silence is the soul of war;
Deliberate counsel must prepare
The mighty work, which valour must complete.
Thus William rescued, thus preserves the state;
Thus teaches us to think and dare.
As whilst his cannon just prepared to breathe
Avenging anger and swift death, 40
In the tried metal the close dangers glow,
And now, too late, the dying foe
Perceives the flame, yet cannot ward the blow.
So whilst in William's breast ripe counsels lie,
Secret and sure as brooding fate,
No more of his design appears,
Than what awakens Gallia's fears;
And, though guilt's eye can sharply penetrate,
Distracted Lewis can descry
Only a long unmeasured ruin nigh. 50

On Norman coasts and banks of frightened Seine
Lo! the impending storms begin;
Britannia safely through her master's sea
Ploughs up her victorious way.
The French Salmoneus throws his bolts in vain,
Whilst the true thunderer asserts the main.
'Tis done; to shelves and rocks his fleets retire,
Swift victory in vengeful flames
Burns down the pride of their presumptuous names;
They run to shipwreck to avoid our fire, 60
And the torn vessels that regain their coast

Are but sad marks to show the rest are lost. 61
 All this the mild, the beauteous queen has done,
 And William's softer half shakes Lewis' throne.

Maria does the sea command
 Whilst Gallia flies her husband's arms by land.
 So, the sun absent, with full sway the moon
 Governs the isles, and rules the waves alone;
 So Juno thunders when her Jove is gone.
 Io Britannia! loose thy ocean's chains, 70
 Whilst Russel strikes the blow thy queen ordains;
 Thus rescued, thus revered, for ever stand,
 And bless the counsel, and reward the hand,
 Io Britannia! thy Maria reigns.

From Mary's conquests, and the rescued main,
 Let France look back to Sambre's armed shore,
 And boast her joy for William's death no more.¹
 He lives, let France confess, the victor lives;
 Her triumphs for his death were vain,
 And spoke her terror of his life too plain. 80
 The mighty years begin, the day draws nigh,
 In which that one of Lewis' many wives,²
 Who, by the baleful force of guilty charms,
 Has long enthralled him in her withered arms,
 Shall o'er the plains, from distant towers on high,
 Cast around her mournful eye,
 And with prophetic sorrow cry:
 'Why does my ruined lord retard his flight,
 Why does despair provoke his age to fight?
 As well the wolf may venture to engage 90
 The angry lion's generous rage;

¹ At the battle of Boyne King William being slightly wounded with a cannon ball, a report was spread which reached France, that he was killed. This report produced great, though short lived joy in that country.—² Madam Pompadour.

The ravenous vulture, and the bird of night, 92
As safely tempt the stooping eagle's flight;
As Lewis to unequal arms defy
Yon hero, crowned with blooming victory,
Just triumphing o'er rebel rage restrained,
And yet unbreathed from battles gained.
See! all yon dusty field's quite covered o'er
With hostile troops, and Orange at their head.
Orange, destined to complete 100
The great designs of labouring fate;
Orange the name that tyrants dread;
He comes, our ruined empire is no more;
Down, like the Persian, goes the Gallic throne,
Darius flies, young Ammon urges on.'

Now from the dubious battle's mingled heat,
Let Fear look back, and stretch her hasty wing,
Impatient to secure a base retreat;
Let the pale coward leave his wounded king,
For the vile privilege to breathe, 110
To live with shame in dread of glorious death,
In vain; for fate has swifter wings than fear,
She follows hard, and strikes him in the rear;
Dying and mad the traitor bites the ground,
His back transfixed with a dishonest wound;
While through the fiercest troops, and thickest press,
Virtue carries on success;
Whilst equal heaven guards the distinguished brave,
And armies cannot hurt whom angels save.

Virtue to verse immortal lustre gives, 120
Each by the other's mutual friendship lives;
Æneas suffered, and Achilles fought,
The hero's acts enlarged the poet's thought,

Or Virgil's majesty, and Homer's rage, 124
 Had ne'er like lasting nature vanquished age.
 Whilst Lewis then his rising terror drowns

With drums' alarms, and trumpets' sounds,
 Whilst hid in armed retreats and guarded towns,
 From danger as from honour far,
 He bribes close murder against open war; 130

In vain you Gallic muses strive
 With laboured verse to keep his fame alive:
 Your mouldering monuments in vain ye raise
 On the weak basis of the tyrant's praise:
 Your songs are sold, your numbers are profane,
 'Tis incense to an idol given,
 Meat offered to Prometheus' man
 That had no soul from heaven.

Against his will you chain your frightened king
 On rapid Rhine's divided bed: 140
 And mock your hero, whilst ye sing
 The wounds for which he never bled;
 Falsehood does poison on your praise diffuse,
 And Lewis' fear gives death to Boileau's muse.

On its own worth true majesty is reared,
 And virtue is her own reward;
 With solid beams and native glory bright,
 She neither darkness dreads, nor covets light;
 True to herself, and fixed to inborn laws,
 Nor sunk by spite, nor lifted by applause, 150
 She from her settled orb looks calmly down,
 On life or death, a prison or a crown.
 When bound in double chains poor Belgia lay,
 To foreign arms and inward strife a prey,
 Whilst one good man buoyed up her sinking state,
 And virtue laboured against Fate;

When fortune basely with ambition joined,
And all was conquered but the patriot's mind;

157

When storms let loose, and raging seas,
Just ready the torn vessel to o'erwhelm,
Forced not the faithful pilot from his helm,
Nor all the syren songs of future peace,
And dazzling prospect of a promised crown,

Could lure his stubborn virtue down;
But against charms, and threats, and hell, he stood,
To that which was severely good;

Then, had no trophies justified his fame,
No poet blest his song with Nassau's name,
Virtue alone did all that honour bring,
And Heaven as plainly pointed out the king,

170

As when he at the altar stood

In all his types and robes of power,
Whilst at his feet religious Britain bowed,
And owned him next to what we there adore.

Say, joyful Maese, and Boyne's victorious flood,
For each has mixed his waves with royal blood,
When William's armies passed, did he retire,
Or view from far the battle's distant fire!

Could he believe his person was too dear,

Or use his greatness to conceal his fear?

180

Could prayers or sighs the dauntless hero move,

Armed with Heaven's justice, and his people's love!

Through the first waves he winged his venturous way,

And on the adverse shore arose,

(Ten thousand flying deaths in vain oppose.)

Like the great ruler of the day,

With strength and swiftness mounting from the sea;

Like him all day he toiled; but long in night

The god had eased his wearied light,

Ere vengeance left the stubborn foes, 190
 Or William's labours found repose:
 When his troops faltered, stepped not he between?
 Restored the dubious fight again;
 Marked out the coward that durst fly,
 And led the fainting brave to victory!
 Still as she fled him, did he not o'ertake
 Her doubtful course, still brought her bleeding back!
 By his keen sword did not the boldest fall;
 Was he not king, commander, soldier, all!
 His dangers such as, with becoming dread, 200
 His subjects yet unborn shall weep to read;
 And were not those the only days that e'er
 The pious prince refused to hear
 His friends' advices, or his subjects' prayer?

Where'er old Rhine his fruitful water turns,
 Or fills his vassals' tributary urns;
 To Belgia's saved dominions, and the sea,
 Whose righted waves rejoice in William's sway;
 Is there a town where children are not taught,
 Here Holland prospered, for here Orange fought; 210
 Through rapid waters, and through flying fire,
 Here rushed the prince, here made whole France retire?
 By different nations be his valour blessed,
 In different languages confessed;
 And then let Shannon speak the rest.
 Let Shannon speak, how on her wondering shore,
 When conquest hovering on his arms did wait,
 And only asked some lives to bribe her o'er;
 The godlike man, the more than conqueror,
 With high contempt sent back the specious bait; 220
 And, scorning glory at a price too great,
 With so much power, such piety did join,

As made a perfect virtue soar
A pitch unknown to man before;
And lifted Shannon's waves o'er those of Boyne.
Nor do his subjects only share
The prosperous fruits of his indulgent reign;
His enemies approve the pious war,
Which, with their weapon, takes away their chain,
More than his sword his goodness strikes his foes; 230
They bless his arms, and sigh they must oppose,
Justice and freedom on his conquests wait;
And 'tis for man's delight that he is great:
Succeeding times shall long with joy contend,
If he were more a victor, or a friend;
So much his courage and his mercy strive,
He wounds to cure, and conquers to forgive.

Ye heroes, that have fought your country's cause,
Redressed her injuries, or formed her laws,
To my adventurous song just witness bear, 240
Assist the pious muse, and hear her swear;
That 'tis no poet's thought, no flight of youth,
But solid story, and severest truth;
That William treasures up a greater name,
Than any country, any age can boast.
And all that ancient stock of fame
He did from his forefathers take,
He has improved, and gives with interest back;
And in his constellation does unite
Their scattered rays of fainter light. 250
Above or envy's lash, or fortune's wheel
That settled glory shall for ever dwell;
Above the rolling orbs, and common sky,
Where nothing comes that e'er shall die.
Where roves the muse? Where, thoughtless to return,

Is her shortlived vessel borne,
 By potent winds too subject to be tossed,
 And in the sea of William's praises lost!
 Nor let her tempt that deep, nor make the shore,

256

Where our abandoned youth she sees,
 Shipwrecked in luxury, and lost in ease;
 Whom nor Britannia's danger can alarm,
 Nor William's exemplary virtue warm.
 Tell them, howe'er, the king can yet forgive
 Their guilty sloth, their homage yet receive,
 And let their wounded honour live:
 But sure and sudden be their just remorse;
 Swift be their virtue's rise, and strong its course;
 For though for certain years and destined times,

Merit has lain confused with crimes; 270
 Though Jove seemed negligent of human cares,
 Nor scourged our follies, nor returned our prayers,
 His justice now demands the equal scales,
 Sedition is suppressed, and truth prevails:
 Fate its great ends by slow degrees attains,
 And Europe is redeemed, and William reigns!

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY LORD BUCKHURST,

IN WESTMINSTER SCHOOL, AT A REPRESENTATION OF DRYDEN'S
 CLEOMENES, AT CHRISTMAS, MDCCXCV.

PISH, lord, I wish this prologue was but Greek,
 Then young Cleonidas would boldly speak;
 But can Lord Buckhurst in poor English say,
 Gentle spectators, pray excuse the play!
 No, witness all ye gods of ancient Greece,
 Rather than condescend to terms like these,

I'd go to school six hours on Christmas-day, 7
Or construe Persius while my comrades play.
Such work by hireling actors should be done,
Who tremble when they see a critic frown;
Poor rogues, that smart like fencers for their bread,
And, if they are not wounded, are not fed.
But, sirs, our labour has more noble ends,
We act our tragedy to see our friends;
Our generous scenes are for pure love repeated,
And if you are not pleased, at least you're treated.
The candles and the clothes ourselves we bought,
Our tops neglected, and our balls forgot.
To learn our parts, we left our midnight bed,
Most of you snored whilst Cleomenes read; 20
Not that from this confession we would sue
Praise undeserved; we know ourselves and you:
Resolved to stand or perish by our cause,
We neither censure fear nor beg applause;
For these are Westminster's and Sparta's laws.
Yet, if we see some judgment well inclined,
To young desert, and growing virtue kind,
That critic by ten thousand marks should know,
That greatest souls to goodness only bow;
And that your little hero does inherit 30
Not Cleomenes' more than Dorset's spirit.

THE SECRETARY.

WRITTEN AT THE HAGUE, MDCXCVI.

WHILE with labour assiduous due pleasure I mix,
And in one day atone for the business of six,
In a little Dutch chaise on a Saturday night,
On my left hand my Horace, a nymph on my right;

No memoirs to compose, and no postboy to move, 5
 That on Sunday may hinder the softness of love.
 For her, neither visits, nor parties at tea,
 Nor the long-winded cant of a dull refugee.
 This night and the next shall be hers and be mine,
 To good or ill-fortune the third we resign: 10
 Thus scorning the world, and superior to fate,
 I drive on my car in processional state.
 So with Phia through Athens Pisistratus rode;
 Men thought her Minerva, and him a new god.
 But why should I stories of Athens rehearse,
 Where people knew love, and were partial to verse;
 Since none can with justice my pleasures oppose,
 In Holland half drowned in interest and prose?
 By Greece and past ages what need I be tried,
 When the Hague and the present are both on my side! 20
 And is it enough for the joys of the day,
 To think what Anacreon or Sappho would say?
 When good Vandergoes and his provident Vrow,
 As they gaze on my triumph, do freely allow,
 That, search all the province, you 'll find no man dar is
 So blest as the Englishen Heer Secretar' is.

THE REMEDY WORSE THAN THE DISEASE.

- 1 I SENT for Ratcliffe; was so ill,
 That other doctors gave me over;
 He felt my pulse, prescribed his pill,
 And I was likely to recover.
- 2 But, when the wit began to wheeze,
 And wine had warmed the politician,
 Cured yesterday of my disease,
 I died last night of my physician.

UPON THIS PASSAGE IN THE SCALIGERIANA.

' Les Allemands ne se soucient pas quel Vin ils boivent pourveu que ce soit Vin, ni quel Latin ils parlent pourveu que ce soit Latin.'

WHEN you with High-Dutch Heeren dine,
Expect false Latin, and stummed wine.
They never taste who always drink;
They always talk, who never think.

TO A CHILD OF QUALITY,

FIVE YEARS OLD, MDCCIV., THE AUTHOR THEN FORTY.

- 1 LORDS, knights, and squires, the numerous band,
That wear the fair Miss Mary's fetters,
Were summoned by her high command,
To show their passions by their letters.
- 2 My pen among the rest I took,
Lest those bright eyes that cannot read,
Should dart their kindling fires, and look
The power they have to be obeyed.
- 3 Nor quality, nor reputation,
Forbid me yet my flame to tell;
Dear five years old befriends my passion,
And I may write till she can spell.
- 4 For, while she makes her silkworms beds
With all the tender things I swear;
Whilst all the house my passion reads,
In papers round her baby hair;
- 5 She may receive and own my flame,
For, though the strictest prudes should know it,

She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
And I for an unhappy poet.

- 6 Then too, alas! when she shall tear
The lines some younger rival sends;
She'll give me leave to write, I fear,
And we shall still continue friends.
- 7 For, as our different ages move,
'Tis so ordained, (would Fate but mend it!)
That I shall be past making love,
When she begins to comprehend it.

PARTIAL FAME.

- 1 THE sturdy man, if he in love obtains,
In open pomp and triumph reigns;
The subtle woman, if she should succeed,
Disowns the honour of the deed.
- 2 Though he, for all his boast, is forced to yield,
Though she can always keep the field;
He vaunts his conquest, she conceals her shame.
How partial is the voice of Fame!

TO CLOE.

- 1 WHILEST I am scorched with hot desire,
In vain cold friendship you return;
Your drops of pity on my fire
Alas! but make it fiercer burn.
- 2 Ah! would you have the flame suppressed,
That kills the heart it heats too fast,
Take half my passion to your breast;
The rest in mine shall ever last.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF
DEVONSHIRE,

ON A PIECE OF WIESSEN'S, WHEREON WERE
PAINTED ALL HER GRANDSONS.

WIESSEN¹ and Nature held a long contest,
If she created, or he painted best;
With pleasing thought the wondrous combat grew,
She, still formed fairer; he, still liker drew.
In these seven brethren, they contended last,
With art increased, their utmost skill they tried,
And, both well pleased they had themselves surpassed,
The goddess triumphed, and the painter died,
That both, their skill to this vast height did raise,
Be ours the wonder, and be yours the praise; 10
For here, as in some glass, is well descried
Only yourself thus often multiplied.
When Heaven had you and gracious Anna² made,
What more exalted beauty could it add.
Having no nobler images in store,
It but kept up to these, nor could do more
Than copy well what it had framed before.
If in dear Burghley's generous face we see
Obliging truth and handsome honesty:
With all that world of charms, which soon will move
Reverence in men, and in the fair ones love; 21
His every grace, his fair descent assures,
He has his mother's beauty, she has yours:
If every Cecil's face had every charm,
That thought can fancy, or that Heaven can form;
Their beauties all become your beauty's due,

¹ William Wiessen, an eminent portrait painter, born at the Hague in 1656.—² Eldest daughter of the countess.

They are all fair, because they're all like you. 27
 If every Cavendish great and charming look;
 From you that air, from you the charms they took.
 In their each limb your image is expressed;
 But on their brow firm courage stands confessed;
 There, their great father, by a strong increase,
 Adds strength to beauty, and completes the piece.
 Thus still your beauty, in your sons, we view,
 Wiessen seven times one great perfection drew;
 Whoever sat, the picture still is you.

So when the parent sun, with genial beams,
 Has animated many goodly gems,
 He sees himself improved, while every stone,
 With a resembling light, reflects a sun. 40

So when great Rhea many births had given,
 Such as might govern earth, and people Heaven;
 Her glory grew diffused, and fuller known,
 She saw the deity in every son;
 And to what God soe'er men altars raised,
 Honouring the offspring, they the mother praised.

In short-lived charms let others place their joys,
 Which sickness blasts, and certain age destroys;
 Your stronger beauty time can ne'er deface,
 'Tis still renewed, and stamped in all your race. 50

Ah! Wiessen, had thy art been so refined,
 As with their beauty to have drawn their mind;
 Through circling years thy labours would survive,
 And living rules to fairest virtue give;
 To men unborn and ages yet to live:
 'Twould still be wonderful, and still be new,
 Against what time, or spite, or fate, could do;
 Till thine confused with Nature's pieces lie,
 And Cavendish's name and Cecil's honour die.

A FABLE FROM PHÆDRUS.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MEDLEY,¹ 1710.

THE fox an actor's vizard found,
 And peered, and felt, and turned it round;
 Then threw it in contempt away,
 And thus old Phædrus heard him say:
 'What noble part canst thou sustain,
 Thou specious head without a brain?'

ON MY BIRTHDAY, JULY 21.

1 I, my dear, was born to-day,
 So all my jolly comrades say;
 They bring me music, wreaths, and mirth,
 And ask to celebrate my birth.
 Little, alas! my comrades know,
 That I was born to pain and woe;
 To thy denial, to thy scorn;
 Better I had ne'er been born;
 I wish to die even whilst I say,
 I, my dear, was born to-day.

2 I, my dear, was born to-day,
 Shall I salute the rising ray,
 Well-spring of all my joy and woe,
 Clotilda,² thou alone dost know!
 Shall the wreath surround my hair?
 Or shall the music please my ear;
 Shall I my comrades' mirth receive,
 And bless my birth, and wish to live?

¹ A periodical paper by Oldmixon, Maynwaring, and others, set up in opposition to the Examiner.—² Mrs Anne Durham.

Then let me see great Venus chase
 Imperious anger from thy face;
 Then let me hear thee smiling say,
 Thou, my dear, wert born to-day.

EPITAPH.¹ EXTEMPORE.

NOBLES and heralds, by your leave,
 Here lies what once was Matthew Prior;
 The son of Adam and of Eve,
 Can Bourbon or Nassau go higher?

FOR MY OWN MONUMENT.

- 1 As doctors give physic by way of prevention,
 Mat, alive, and in health, of his tombstone took
 care;
 For delays are unsafe, and his pious intention
 May haply be never fulfilled by his heir.
- 2 Then take Mat's word for it, the sculptor is paid,
 That the figure is fine, pray believe your own eye;
 Yet credit but lightly what more may be said,
 For we flatter ourselves, and teach marble to lie.

¹ Under the title 'Borrowed Thoughts,' Mr J. W. Singer gives the following lines written by Jno. Carnegie, as the prototype of Prior's Epitaph:—

Johnnie Carnegie lais heere
 Descendit of Adam and Eve
 Gif ony con gang hieher
 I'se willing gie him leve.

Mr Bluecowe, Vol. x., p. 216, N and O, gives the following quotation from a correspondent of the Antiquarian Repertory, 1784:—

'I lately met with the following very ancient epitaph upon a tombstone in Scotland, and it is undoubtedly that from which Mr Prior borrowed those well known lines intended for his own monument:—

John Carnagie lies here
 Descended from Adam and Eve
 If any can boast of a pedigree higher
 He will willingly give them leave.'

- 3 Yet, counting as far as to fifty his years,
His virtues and vices were as other men's are;
High hopes he conceived, and he smothered great
fears,
In life party-coloured, half pleasure, half care.
- 4 Nor to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave,
He strove to make interest and freedom agree;
In public employments industrious and grave,
And alone with his friends, lord, how merry was he!
- 5 Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot,
Both fortunes he tried, but to neither would trust;
And whirled in the round, as the wheel turned about,
He found riches had wings, and knew man was but
dust.
- 6 This verse little polished, though mighty sincere,
Sets neither his titles nor merit to view;
It says that his relics collected lie here,
And no mortal yet knows too if this may be true.
- 7 Fierce robbers there are that infest the highway,
So Mat may be killed, and his bones never found;
False witness at court, and fierce tempests at sea,
So Mat may yet chance to be hanged, or be
drowned.
- 8 If his bones lie on earth, roll in sea, fly in air,
To fate we must yield, and the thing is the same;
And if passing thou giv'st him a smile or a tear,
He cares not—yet pr'ythee be kind to his fame.

CUPID IN AMBUSH.

IT oft to many has successful been,
 Upon his arm to let his mistress lean;
 Or with her airy fan to cool her heat,
 Or gently squeeze her knees, or press her feet.
 All public sports, to favour young desire,
 With opportunities like this conspire.
 Even where his skill the gladiator shows,
 With human blood where the arena flows;
 There oftentimes love's quiver-bearing boy
 Prepares his bow and arrows to destroy. 10
 While the spectator gazes on the fight,
 And sees them wound each other with delight;
 While he his pretty mistress entertains,
 And wagers with her who the conquest gains;
 Silly the god takes aim, and hits his heart,
 And in the wounds he sees he bears his part.

THE TURTLE AND SPARROW.

AN ELEGIAC TALE, OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH
 OF PRINCE GEORGE, 1708.

BEHIND an unfrequented glade,
 Where yew and myrtle mix their shade,
 A widowed turtle pensive sat,
 And wept her murdered lover's fate.
 The sparrow chanced that way to walk
 (A bird that loves to chirp and talk);
 Be sure he did the turtle greet;
 She answered him as she thought meet.
 Sparrows and turtles, by the bye,
 Can think as well as you or I; 10

But how they did their thoughts express, 11
The margin shows by T. and S.

T. My hopes are lost, my joys are fled,
Alas! I weep Columbo dead;
Come, all ye winged lovers, come,
Drop pinks and daisies on his tomb;
Sing, Philomel, his funeral verse,
Ye pious redbreasts, deck his hearse;
Fair swans, extend your dying throats,
Columbo's death requires your notes: 20
'For him, my friends, for him I moan,
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.'

Stretched on the bier Columbo lies,
Pale are his cheeks, and closed his eyes;
Those cheeks, where beauty smiling lay;
Those eyes, where love was used to play.
Ah! cruel Fate, alas! how soon
That beauty and those joys are flown!

Columbo is no more; ye floods, 30
Bear the sad sound to distant woods;
The sound let echo's voice restore,
And say, Columbo is no more,
'Ye floods, ye woods, ye echoes, moan,
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.'

The dryads all forsook the wood,
And mournful naiads round me stood;
The tripping fawns and fairies came,
All conscious of our mutual flame:
'To sigh for him, with me to moan
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.'

Venus disdained not to appear, 40
To lend my grief a friendly ear;
But what avails her kindness now,
She ne'er shall hear my second vow.

The loves, that round their mother flew, 45
Did in her face her sorrows view;
Their drooping wings they pensive hung,
Their arrows broke, their bows unstrung;
They heard attentive what I said,
And wept, with me, Columbo dead: 50
'For him I sigh, for him I moan,
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.'

'Tis ours to weep,' great Venus said;
'Tis Jove's alone to be obeyed:
Nor birds nor goddesses can move
The just behests of fatal Jove.
I saw thy mate with sad regret,
And cursed the fowler's cruel net.
Ah, dear Columbo! how he fell,
Whom Turturella loved so well! 60
I saw him bleeding on the ground,
The sight tore up my ancient wound;
And, whilst you wept, alas! I cried,
Columbo and Adonis died.'

'Weep all ye streams; ye mountains, groan,
I mourn Columbo, dead and gone;
Still let my tender grief complain,
Nor day nor night that grief restrain.'
I said; and Venus still replied,
'Columbo and Adonis died.' 70

S. Poor Turturella, hard thy case,
And just thy tears, alas, alas!

T. And hast thou loved; and canst thou hear
With piteous heart a lover's care:
Come then, with me thy sorrows join,
And ease my woes by telling thine:
For thou, poor bird, perhaps mayst moan
Some Passerella dead and gone.

S. Dame Turtle, this runs soft in rhyme, 79
 But neither suits the place nor time;
 The fowler's hand, whose cruel care
 For dear Columbo set the snare,
 The snare again for thee may set;
 Two birds may perish in one net,
 Thou shouldst avoid this cruel field,
 And sorrow should to prudence yield.
 'Tis sad to die!—

T. — It may be so;
 'Tis sadder yet to live in woe.

S. When widows use this canting strain, 90
 They seem resolved to wed again.

T. When widowers would this truth disprove,
 They never tasted real love.

S. Love is soft joy and gentle strife,
 His efforts all depend on life.

When he has thrown two golden darts,
 And struck the lovers' mutual hearts;
 Of his black shafts let death send one,
 Alas! the pleasing game is done:

Ill is the poor survivor sped, 100
 A corpse feels mighty cold in bed.

Venus said right—'Nor tears can move,
 Nor plaints revoke the will of Jove.'

All must obey the general doom,
 Down from Alcides to Tom Thumb.

Grim Pluto will not be withstood
 By force or craft. Tall Robinhood,

As well as Little John, is dead
 (You see how deeply I am read).

With Fate's lean tipstaff none can dodge, 110
 He'll find you out where'er you lodge.
 Ajax, to shun his general power,

In vain absconded in a flower; 113
 An idle scene Tythonus acted,
 When to a grasshopper contracted;
 Death struck them in those shapes again,
 As once he did when they were men.

For reptiles perish, plants decay;
 Flesh is but grass, grass turns to hay;
 And hay to dung, and dung to clay. 120

Thus heads extremely nice discover,
 That folks may die some ten times over;
 But oft, by too refined a touch,
 To prove things plain, they prove too much.
 Whate'er Pythagoras may say
 (For each, you know, will have his way),
 With great submission I pronounce,
 That people die no more than once.
 But once is sure; and death is common
 To bird and man, including woman; 130
 From the spread eagle to the wren,
 Alas! no mortal fowl knows when;
 All that wear feathers first or last
 Must one day perch on Charon's mast;
 Must lie beneath the cypress shade,
 Where Strada's nightingale was laid;
 Those fowl who seem alive to sit,
 Assembled by Don Chaucer's wit,
 In prose have slept three hundred years;
 Exempt from worldly hopes and fears, 140
 And, laid in state upon their hearse,
 Are truly but embalmed in verse.
 As sure as Lesbia's sparrow I,
 Thou sure as Prior's dove,¹ must die,
 And ne'er again from Lethe's streams,

¹ See the Dove.

Return to Adige, or to Thames.

T. I therefore weep Columbo dead,
My hopes bereaved, my pleasures fled;
'I therefore must for ever moan
My dear Columbo dead and gone.'

S. Columbo never sees your tears,
Your cries Columbo never hears;
A wall of brass, and one of lead,
Divide the living from the dead,
Repelled by this, the gathered rain
Of tears beats back to earth again;
In the other the collected sound
Of groans, when once received, is drowned.
'Tis therefore vain one hour to grieve,
What time itself can ne'er retrieve.

By nature soft, I know a dove
Can never live without her love;
Then quit this flame, and light another;
Dame, I advise you like a brother.

T. What, I to make a second choice!
In other nuptials to rejoice!

S. Why not, my bird?——

T.

——No, sparrow, no!

Let me indulge my pleasing woe:
Thus sighing, cooing, ease my pain,
But never wish, nor love, again:
Distressed for ever, let me moan
'My dear Columbo, dead and gone.'

S. Our wingèd friends through all the grove
Contemn thy mad excess of love;
I tell thee, dame, the other day
I met a parrot and a jay,
Who mocked thee in their mimic tone,
And 'wept Columbo, dead and gone.'

T. Whate'er the jay or parrot said,
 My hopes are lost, my joys are fled;
 And I for ever must deplore
 'Columbo dead and gone.'—*S.* Encore?
 For shame! forsake this Bion-style,
 We'll talk an hour, and walk a mile.
 Does it with sense or health agree,
 To sit thus moping on a tree!
 To throw away a widow's life,
 When you again may be a wife!
 Come on! I'll tell you my amours;
 Who knows but they may influence yours;
 'Example draws where precept fails,
 And sermons are less read than tales.'

180

190

T. Sparrow, I take thee for my friend,
 As such will hear thee; I descend;
 Hop on, and talk; but, honest bird,
 Take care that no immodest word
 May venture to offend my ear.

S. Too saint-like turtle, never fear;
 By method things are best discoursed,
 Begin we then with wife the first.
 A handsome, senseless, awkward fool,
 Who would not yield, and could not rule;
 Her actions did her charms disgrace,
 And still her tongue talked of her face:
 Count me the leaves on yonder tree,
 So many different wills had she,
 And, like the leaves, as chance inclined,
 Those wills were changed with every wind:
 She courted the beau-monde to-night,
 The assembly, her supreme delight;
 The next she sat immured, unseen,
 And in full health enjoyed the spleen;

200

210

She censured that, she altered this, 214
 And with great care set all amiss;
 She now could chide, now laugh, now cry,
 Now sing, now pout, all God knows why;
 Short was her reign, she coughed, and died.
 Proceed we to my second bride;
 Well born she was, genteelly bred, 220
 And buxom both at board and bed;
 Glad to oblige, and pleased to please,
 And, as Tom Southern wisely says,
 'No other fault had she in life,
 But only that she was my wife.'¹
 O widow turtle! every she
 (So Nature's pleasure does decree)
 Appears a goddess till enjoyed;
 But birds, and men, and gods, are cloyed.
 Was Hercules one woman's man? 230
 Or Jove for ever Leda's swan?
 Ah! madam, cease to be mistaken,
 Few married fowl peck Dunmow-bacon.
 Variety alone gives joy,
 The sweetest meats the soonest cloy.
 What sparrow-dame, what dove alive,
 Though Venus should the chariot drive,
 But would accuse the harness weight,
 If always coupled to one mate;
 And often wish the fetter broke? 240
 'Tis freedom but to change the yoke.
T. Impious! to wish to wed again,
 Ere death dissolved the former chain!
S. Spare your remark, and hear the rest;
 She brought me sons; but (Jove be blessed!)
 She died in childbed on the nest.

¹ See 'The Wife's Excuse,' a comedy.

Well, rest her bones! quoth I, she's gone; 247
But must I therefore lie alone.

What! am I to her memory tied;
Must I not live, because she died!
And thus I logically said
(’Tis good to have a reasoning head!)
Is this my wife? Probatur, not;
For death dissolved the marriage-knot;
She was, concedo, during life;
But, is a piece of clay a wife?
Again; if not a wife d’ye see,
Why then no kin at all to me;
And he, who general tears can shed
For folks that happen to be dead, 260
May even with equal justice mourn
For those who never yet were born.

T. Those points indeed you quaintly prove:
But logic is no friend to love.

S. My children then were just pen-feathered:
Some little corn for them I gathered,
And sent them to my spouse’s mother;
So left that brood, to get another;
And, as old Harry whilom said,
Reflecting on Anne Boleyn dead, 270
Cocksbones! I now again do stand
The jollyest bachelor in the land.

T. Ah me! my joys, my hopes are fled;
My first, my only love, is dead.
With endless grief let me bemoan
Columbo’s loss!—

S. —Let me go on.

As yet my fortune was but narrow,
I wooed my cousin Philly Sparrow,
Of the elder house of Chirping End, 230

From whence the younger branch descend. 281
Well seated in a field of pease
She lived, extremely at her ease:
But, when the honey-moon was passed,
The following nights were soon o'ercast;
She kept her own, could plead the law,
And quarrel for a barley-straw;
Both, you may judge, became less kind,
As more we knew each other's mind;
She soon grew sullen; I hard-hearted; 290
We scolded, hated, fought, and parted.
To London, blessed town! I went;
She boarded at a farm in Kent.
A magpie from the country fled,
And kindly told me she was dead.
I pruned my feathers, cocked my tail,
And set my heart again to sale.

My fourth, a mere coquette, or such
I thought her; nor avails it much,
If true or false; our troubles spring 300
More from the fancy than the thing.
Two staring horns, I often said,
But ill became a sparrow's head;
But then, to set that balance even,
Your cuckold sparrow goes to Heaven.
The thing you fear, suppose it done,
If you inquire, you make it known.
Whilst at the root your horns are sore,
The more you scratch, they ache the more.
But turn the tables, and reflect, 310
All may not be, that you suspect.
By the mind's eye, the horns we mean
Are only in ideas seen;
'Tis from the inside of the head

Their branches shoot, their antlers spread; 315
 Fruitful suspicions often bear them,
 You feel them from the time you fear them.

Cuckoo! cuckoo! that echoed word
 Offends the ear of vulgar bird;
 But those of finer taste have found, 320
 There's nothing in 't beside the sound.

Preferment always waits on horns,
 And household peace the gift adorns;
 This way, or that, let factions tend,
 The spark is still the cuckold's friend;
 This way, or that, let madam roam,
 Well pleased and quiet she comes home.
 Now weigh the pleasure with the pain,
 The plus and minus, loss and gain,
 And what La Fontaine laughing says, 330
 Is serious truth, in such a case;

'Who slights the evil, finds it least;
 And who does nothing, does the best.'
 I never strove to rule the roast,
 She ne'er refused to pledge my toast;
 In visits if we chanced to meet,
 I seemed obliging, she discreet;
 We neither much caressed nor strove,
 But good dissembling passed for love.

T. Whate'er of light our eye may know, 340
 'Tis only light itself can show;
 Whate'er of love our heart can feel,
 'Tis mutual love alone can tell.

S. My pretty, amorous, foolish bird,
 A moment's patience! In one word,
 The three kind sisters broke the chain,
 She died, I mourned, and wooed again.

T. Let me with juster grief deplore

My dear Columbo, now no more;
Let me with constant tears bewail;

349

S. Your sorrow does but spoil my tale.
My fifth, she proved a jealous wife,
Lord shield us all from such a life;
'Twas doubt, complaint, reply, chitchat,
'Twas this, to-day; to-morrow, that.
Sometimes, forsooth, upon the brook
I kept a miss; an honest rook
Told it a snipe, who told a steer,
Who told it those who told it her.

One day a linnet and a lark
Had met me strolling in the dark;
The next a woodcock and an owl,
Quick-sighted, grave, and sober fowl,
Would on their corporal oath allege,
I kissed a hen behind the hedge.
Well, madam turtle, to be brief,
(Repeating but renews our grief)
As once she watched me from a rail,
(Poor soul!) her footing chanced to fail,
And down she fell, and broke her hip;
The fever came, and then the pip:
Death did the only cure apply:
She was at rest, and so was I.

360

370

T. Could love unmoved these changes view;
His sorrows, as his joys, are true.

S. My dearest dove, one wise man says,
Alluding to our present case,
'We're here to-day and gone to-morrow:'
Then what avails superfluous sorrow!
Another, full as wise as he,
Adds; that 'a married man may see
Two happy hours;' and which are they;

380

The first and last, perhaps you'll say! 383
'Tis true, when blithe she goes to bed,
And when she peaceably lies dead;
'Women 'twixt sheets are best, 'tis said,
Be they of holland, or of lead.'

Now, cured of Hymen's hopes and fears,
And sliding down the vale of years,
I hoped to fix my future rest, 390
And took a widow to my nest,
(Ah, turtle! had she been like thee,
Sober, yet gentle, wise, yet free!)
But she was peevish, noisy, bold,
A witch ingrafted on a scold.
Jove in Pandora's box confined
A hundred ills, to vex mankind;
To vex one bird, in her bandore,
He had at least a hundred more.
And, soon as time that veil withdrew, 400
The plagues o'er all the parish flew;
Her stock of borrowed tears grew dry,
And native tempests armed her eye;
Black clouds around her forehead hung,
And thunder rattled on her tongue.
We, young or old, or cock or hen,
All lived in Æolus's den;
The nearest her, the more accursed,
Ill fared her friends, her husband worst.
But Jove amidst his anger spares, 410
Remarks our faults, but hears our prayers.
In short, she died. Why then she's dead,
Quoth I, and once again I'll wed.
Would heaven, this mourning year were
past!
One may have better luck at last.

Matters at worst are sure to mend,
The Devil's wife was but a fiend.

416

T. Thy tale has raised a turtle's spleen,
Uxorious inmate! bird obscene!
Dar'st thou defile these sacred groves,
These silent seats of faithful loves!
Begone, with flagging wings sit down
On some old penthouse near the town;
In brewers' stables peck thy grain,
Then wash it down with puddled rain;
And hear thy dirty offspring squall
From bottles on a suburb wall.

Where thou hast been, return again,
Vile bird! thou hast conversed with men;
Notions like these from men are given,
Those vilest creatures under Heaven.

430

To cities and to courts repair,
Flattery and falsehood flourish there;
There all thy wretched arts employ,
Where riches triumph over joy;
Where passion does with interest barter,
And Hymen holds by Mammon's charter;
Where truth by point of law is parried,
And knaves and prudes are six times married.

APPLICATION,

WRITTEN LONG AFTER THE TALE.

O DEAREST daughter,¹ of two dearest friends,
To thee my muse this little tale commends.
Loving and loved, regard thy future mate,
Long love his person, though deplore his fate;
Seem young when old in thy dear husband's arms,

¹ Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley.

For constant virtue has immortal charms. 6
 And, when I lie low sepulchred in earth,
 And the glad year returns thy day of birth,
 Vouchsafe to say, 'Ere I could write or spell,
 The bard, who from my cradle wished me well,
 Told me I should the prating sparrow blame,
 And bade me imitate the turtle's flame.'

DOWN-HALL:

A BALLAD,¹ TO THE TUNE OF KING JOHN AND THE
 ABBOT OF CANTERBURY, 1715.

- 1 I SING not old Jason, who travelled through Greece,
 To kiss the fair maids, and possess the rich Fleece;
 Nor sing I Æneas, who, led by his mother,
 Got rid of one wife, and went far for another:
 Derry down, down, hey derry down.
- 2 Nor him who through Asia and Europe did roam,
 Ulysses by name, who ne'er cried to go home,
 But rather desired to see cities and men,
 Than return to his farms, and converse with old Pen.
- 3 Hang Homer and Virgil! their meaning to seek,
 A man must have poked into Latin and Greek;
 Those who love their own tongue, we have reason
 to hope,
 Have read them translated by Dryden and Pope.
- 4 But I sing of exploits that have lately been done
 By two British heroes, called Matthew and John:²

¹ Down-hall in the county of Essex, three miles south-east from Hatfield Broad Oak Church, beautifully seated on a rising ground, above a stream which runs through Hatfield town, having a fine prospect over the adjacent country; purchased for Prior by his friend Lord Harley.—² Mr Prior, and Mr John Morley, of Halstead.

- And how they rid friendly from fine London town,
Fair Essex to see, and a place they call Down.
- 5 Now ere they went out you may rightly suppose
How much they discoursed both in prudence and
prose;
For, before this great journey was thoroughly
concerted,
Full often they met, and as often they parted.
- 6 And thus Matthew said, Look you here, my friend
John,
I fairly have travelled years thirty and one;
And, though I still carried my sovereign's warrants,
I only have gone upon other folks' errands.
- 7 And now in this journey of life I would have
A place where to bait, 'twixt the court and the grave:
Where joyful to live, not unwilling to die;—
Gadzooks! I have just such a place in my eye.
- 8 There are gardens so stately, and arbours so thick,
A portal of stone, and a fabric of brick;
The matter next week shall be all in your power;
But the money, gadzooks! must be paid in an hour.
- 9 For things in this world must by law be made certain:
We both must repair unto Oliver Martin;
For he is a lawyer of worthy renown,
I'll bring you to see, he must fix you at Down.
- 10 Quoth Matthew, I know, that, from Berwick to Dover,
You've sold all our premises over and over:
And now, if your buyers and sellers agree,
You may throw all our acres into the South Sea,

- 11 But a word to the purpose: to-morrow, dear friend,
We'll see what to-night you so highly commend;
And, if with a garden and house I am blessed,
Let the Devil and Coningsby¹ go with the rest.
- 12 Then answered Squire Morley; Pray get a calash,
That in summer may burn, and in winter may splash;
I love dirt and dust; and 'tis always my pleasure,
To take with me much of the soil that I measure.
- 13 But Matthew thought better; for Matthew thought
right,
And hired a chariot so trim and so tight,
That extremes both of winter and summer might
pass:
For one window was canvass, the other was glass.
- 14 Draw up, quoth friend Matthew; pull down, quoth
friend John,
We shall be both hotter and colder anon.
Thus talking and scolding, they forward did speed;
And Ralpho paced by, under Newman the Swede.
- 15 Into an old inn did this equipage roll,
At a town they call Hodson, the sign of the Bull;
Near a nymph* with an urn, that divides the high
way,
And into a puddle throws mother of tea.
- 16 Come here, my sweet landlady, pray how d'ye do;
Where is Cicely so cleanly, and Prudence, and Sue,
And where is the widow that dwelt here below,
And the ostler that sung about eight years ago?

¹ Lord Coningsby was one of the members of the committee of the Privy Council, who examined Mr Prior at the accession of George I. From the account given by the poet of what passed on that occasion, he appears to have been very roughly treated by that nobleman.

- 17 And where is your sister, so mild and so dear?
Whose voice to her maids like a trumpet was clear.
By my troth! she replies, you grow younger, I
think:
And pray, Sir, what wine does the gentleman drink?
- 18 Why now let me die, Sir, or live upon trust,
If I know to which question to answer you first;
Why things, since I saw you, most strangely have
varied,
The ostler is hanged, and the widow is married.
- 19 And Prue left a child for the parish to nurse;
And Cicely went off with a gentleman's purse;
And as to my sister, so mild and so dear,
She has lain in the churchyard full many a year.
- 20 Well, peace to her ashes! what signifies grief!
She roasted red veal, and she powdered lean beef;
Full nicely she knew to cook up a fine dish;
For tough were her pullets, and tender her fish.
- 21 For that matter, Sir, be you squire, knight, or lord,
I'll give you whate'er a good inn can afford;
I should look on myself as unhappily sped,
Did I yield to a sister, or living, or dead.
- 22 Of mutton a delicate neck and a breast
Shall swim in the water in which they were drest;
And, because you great folks are with rarities taken,
Addle-eggs shall be next course, tossed up with
rank bacon.
- 23 Then supper was served, and the sheets they were
laid;
And Morley most lovingly whispered the maid.

The maid! was she handsome? why truly so-so:
But what Morley whispered we never shall know.

24 Then up rose these heroes as brisk as the sun,
And their horses, like his, were prepared to run.
Now when in the morning Matt asked for the score,
John kindly had paid it the evening before.

25 Their breakfast so warm to be sure they did eat,
A custom in travellers mighty discreet;
And thus with great friendship and glee they went
on,
To find out the place you shall hear of anon,
Called Down, down, hey derry down.

26 But what did they talk of from morning till noon;
Why, of spots in the sun, and the man in the moon;
Of the czar's gentle temper, the stocks in the city,
The wise men of Greece, and the Secret Committee.

27 So to Harlow they came; and, hey! where are you
all?
Show us into the parlour, and mind when I call;
Why, your maids have no motion, your men have no
life;
Well, master, I hear you have buried your wife.

28 Come this very instant, take care to provide
Tea, sugar, and toast, and a horse and a guide;
Are the Harrisons here, both the old and the young?
And where stands fair Down, the delight of my
song?

29 O squire, to the grief of my heart I may say,
I have buried two wives since you travelled this way;

And the Harrisons both may be presently here ;
And Down stands, I think, where it stood the last
year.

30 Then Joan brought the tea-pot, and Caleb the toast ;
And the wine was frothed out by the hand of mine
host ;

But we cleared our extempore banquet so fast,
That the Harrisons both were forgot in the haste.

31 Now hey for Down-Hall ! for the guide he was got ;
The chariot was mounted, the horses did trot ;
The guide he did bring us a dozen miles round ;
But oh ! all in vain : for no Down could be found.

32 O thou popish guide, thou hast led us astray,
Says he, How the devil should I know the way ?
I never yet travelled this road in my life ;
But Down lies on the left, I was told by my wife.

33 Thy wife, answered Matthew, when she went abroad,
Ne'er told thee of half the by-ways she had trod :
Perhaps she met friends, and brought pence to thy
house,
But thou shalt go home without ever a souse.

34 What is this thing, Morley, and how can you mean it ?
We have lost our estate here, before we have seen it.
Have patience, soft Morley in anger replied :
To find out our way, let us send off our guide.

35 O here I spy Down, cast your eye to the west,
Where a windmill so stately stands plainly confessed.
On the west, replied Matthew, no windmill I find ;
As well thou mayst tell me, I see the west wind :

- 36 Now pardon me, Morley, the windmill I spy,
But, faithful Achates, no house is there nigh.
Look again, says mild Morley; gadzooks! you are
blind:
The mill stands before; and the house lies behind.
- 37 O, now a low ruined white shed I discern,
Untiled and unglazed; I believe 'tis a barn.
A barn! why you rave, 'tis a house for a squire,
A justice of peace, or a knight of our shire.
- 38 A house should be built, or with brick, or with stone.
Why 'tis plaster and lath; and I think that's all
one;
And such as it is, it has stood with great fame,
Been called a hall, and has given its name
To Down, down, hey derry down.
- 39 O Morley! O Morley! if that be a hall,
The fame with the building will suddenly fall—
With your friend Jemmy Gibbs¹ about buildings
agree;
My business is land; and it matters not me.
- 40 I wish you could tell what a deuce your head ails:
I showed you Down-hall; did you look for Ver-
sailles!
Then take house and farm as John Ballet will let
you,
For better for worse, as I took my Dame Betty.
- 41 And now, Sir, a word to the wise is enough;
You'll make very little of all your old stuff:

¹ James Gibbs, architect of the Ratcliffe Library, Oxford, and many other buildings.

And to build at your age, by my troth, you grow
simple!

Are you young and rich, like the master of Wimple? ¹

42 If you have these whims of apartments and gardens,
From twice fifty acres you'll ne'er see five farthings:
And in yours I shall find the true gentleman's fate;
Ere you finish your house, you'll have spent your
estate.

43 Now let us touch thumbs, and be friends ere we part.
Here, John, is my thumb, and here, Mat, is my heart;
To Halstead I speed, and you go back to town.
Thus ends the first part of the ballad of Down.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

VERSES

SPOKEN TO LADY HENRIETTA CAVENDISH-HOLLES HARLEY,
COUNTESS OF OXFORD.

IN THE LIBRARY OF ST JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, NOVEMBER 9, 1719.

MADAM,

SINCE Anna visited the Muses' seat
(Around her tomb let weeping angels wait!)
Hail thou, the brightest of thy sex, and best,
Most gracious neighbour,² and most welcome guest.
Not Harley's self, to Cam and Isis dear,
In virtues and in arts great Oxford's heir;
Not he such present honour shall receive,
As to his consort we aspire to give.

Writings of men our thought to-day neglects,
To pay due homage to the softer sex: 10
Plato and Tully we forbear to read,
And their great followers whom this house has bred,

¹ Edward Earl of Oxford.—² The family seat was then at Wimple.

To study lessons from thy morals given, 13
 And shining characters, impressed by Heaven.
 Science in books no longer we pursue,
 Minerva's self in Harriet's face we view;
 For, when with beauty we can virtue join,
 We paint the semblance of a form divine.

Their pious incense let our neighbours bring,
 To the kind memory of some bounteous king; 20
 With grateful hand, due altars let them raise,
 To some good knight's¹ or holy prelate's² praise:
 We tune our voices to a nobler theme,
 Your eyes we bless, your praises we proclaim;
 Saint John's was founded in a woman's name.
 Enjoined by statute, to the fair we bow;
 In spite of time, we keep our ancient vow;
 What Margaret Tudor was, is Harriet Harley now.

PROLOGUE TO THE ORPHAN,³

REPRESENTED BY SOME OF THE WESTMINSTER SCHOLARS,
 AT HICKFORD'S DANCING ROOM, FEBRUARY 2, 1720.

SPOKEN BY LORD DUPLIN, WHO ACTED CORDELIO THE PAGE.

WHAT! would my humble comrades have me say,
 Gentle spectators, pray excuse the play;
 Such work by hireling actors should be done,
 Whom you may clap or hiss for half a crown.
 Our generous scenes for friendship we repeat;
 And, if we don't delight, at least we treat.
 Ours is the damage, if we chance to blunder;
 We may be asked 'whose patent we act under?'
 How shall we gain you, à la mode de France?
 We hired this room; but none of us can dance; 10

¹ Sir T. White, founder of St John's College, Oxon.—² Archbishop Laud also was a generous benefactor.—³ A few lines of this prologue occur in another, which has been given already.

In cutting capers we shall never please; 11
Our learning does not lie below our knees.

Shall we procure you symphony and sound,
Then you must each subscribe two hundred pound.
There we should fail too, as to point of voice;
Mistake us not; we're no Italian boys;
True Britons born from Westminster we come;
And only speak the style of ancient Rome.
We would deserve, not poorly beg, applause;
And stand or fall by Friend's and Busby's laws.¹ 20

For the distressed, your pity we implore:
If once refused, we'll trouble you no more,
But leave our Orphan squalling at your door.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

H. Oh! with what woes am I oppressed!

W. Be still, you senseless calf!

What if the gods should make you blessed?

H. Why then I'd sing and laugh:

But if they wont, I'll wail and cry.

W. You'll hardly laugh before you die.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

A TALE.

ONCE on a time, in sunshine weather,
Falsehood and Truth walked out together,
The neighbouring woods and lawns to view,
As opposites will sometimes do.
Through many a blooming mead they past,
And at a brook arrived at last.
The purling stream, the margin green,
With flowers bedecked, a vernal scene,

¹ Masters of Westminster school.

Invited each itinerant maid, 9
 To rest a while beneath the shade.
 Under a spreading beech they sat,
 And passed the time with female chat;
 Whilst each her character maintained;
 One spoke her thoughts, the other feigned.
 At length, quoth Falsehood, sister Truth,
 (For so she called her from her youth)
 What if, to shun yon sultry beam,
 We bathe in this delightful stream;
 The bottom smooth, the water clear,
 And there's no prying shepherd near!— 20
 With all my heart, the nymph replied,
 And threw her snowy robes aside,
 Stripped herself naked to the skin,
 And with a spring leaped headlong in.
 Falsehood more leisurely undressed,
 And, laying by her tawdry vest,
 Tricked herself out in Truth's array,
 And 'cross the meadows tripped away.¹

From this cursed hour, the fraudulent dame,
 Of sacred Truth usurps the name, 30
 And, with a vile, perfidious mind,
 Roams far and near, to cheat mankind;
 False sighs suborns, and artful tears,
 And starts with vain pretended fears;
 In visits, still appears most wise,
 And rolls at church her saint-like eyes;
 Talks very much, plays idle tricks,
 While rising stock² her conscience pricks;
 When being, poor thing, extremely gravelled,
 She secrets oped, and all unravelled. 40

¹ Hence, perhaps, D'Israeli's famous sarcasm about 'Peel finding the Whigs bathing, and running away with their clothes.'—² South Sea, 1720.

But on she will, and secrets tell
Of John and Joan, and Ned and Nell,
Reviling every one she knows,
As fancy leads, beneath the rose.
Her tongue, so voluble and kind,
It always runs before her mind;
As times do serve, she slyly pleads,
And copious tears still show her needs.
With promises as thick as weeds;
Speaks pro and con, is wondrous civil,
To-day a saint, to-morrow devil.

41

50

Poor Truth she stripped, as has been said,
And naked left the lovely maid,
Who, scorning from her cause to wince,
Has gone stark-naked ever since;
And ever naked will appear,
Beloved by all who Truth revere.

THE CONVERSATION.

A TALE.

It always has been thought discreet
To know the company you meet;
And sure there may be secret danger
In talking much before a stranger.
'Agreed: What then?' Then drink your ale;
I'll pledge you, and repeat my tale.

No matter where the scene is fixed:
The persons were but oddly mixed;
When sober Damon thus began
(And Damon is a clever man),
'I now grow old; but still, from youth,
Have held for modesty and truth.

10

The men, who by these sea-marks steer, 13
In life's great voyage never err;
Upon this point I dare defy
The world. I pause for a reply.'

'Sir, either is a good assistant,'
Said one who sat a little distant:

'Truth decks our speeches and our books;
And modesty adorns our looks: 20

But farther progress we must take;
Not only born to look and speak,
The man must act. The Stagyrte
Says thus, and says extremely right;
Strict justice is the sovereign guide,
That o'er our actions should preside;
This queen of virtues is confessed
To regulate and bind the rest.
Thrice happy if you once can find
Her equal balance poise your mind; 30
All different graces soon will enter,
Like lines concurrent to their centre.'

'Twas thus, in short, these two went on,
With yea and nay, and pro and con,
Through many points divinely dark,
And Waterland assaulting Clarke;
Till, in theology half lost,
Damon took up the Evening-Post;
Confounded Spain, composed the North,
And deep in politics held forth. 40

'Methinks we're in the like condition,
As at the Treaty of Partition;
That stroke, for all King William's care,
Begot another tedious war.
Matthew, who knew the whole intrigue,
Ne'er much approved that mystic league:

In the vile Utrecht Treaty too,
 Poor man! he found enough to do.
 Sometimes to me he did apply;
 But Down-right Dunstable was I,
 And told him where they were mistaken,
 And counselled him to save his bacon.
 But (pass his politics and prose)
 I never herded with his foes;
 Nay, in his verses, as a friend,
 I still found something to commend.
 Sir, I excused his Nut-brown Maid,
 Whate'er severer critics said;
 Too far, I own, the girl was tried;
 The women all were on my side.
 For Alma I returned him thanks;
 I liked her with her little pranks;
 Indeed, poor Solomon in rhyme
 Was much too grave to be sublime.'

47

60

Pindar and Damon scorn transition,
 So on he ran a new division;
 Till, out of breath, he turned to spit;
 (Chance often helps us more than wit).
 T'other that lucky moment took,
 Just nicked the time, broke in, and spoke.

70

'Of all the gifts the gods afford
 (If we may take old Tully's word)
 The greatest is a friend; whose love
 Knows how to praise, and when reprove:
 From such a treasure never part,
 But hang the jewel on your heart:
 And, pray, sir, (it delights me) tell;
 You know this author mighty well?'

'Know him! d'ye question it? Odds-fish!
 Sir, does a beggar know his dish?

I loved him; as I told you, I 81
 Advised him—' Here a stander-by
 Twitched Damon gently by the cloak,
 And thus, unwilling, silence broke;
 'Damon, 'tis time we should retire,
 The man you talk with is Mat Prior.'
 Patron thro' life, and from thy birth my friend,
 Dorset! to thee this fable let me send:
 With Damon's lightness weigh thy solid worth;
 The foil is known to set the diamond forth:
 Let the feigned tale this real moral give, 90
 How many Damons, how few Dorsets, live!

THE FEMALE PHAETON.

- 1 Thus Kitty,¹ beautiful and young,
 And wild as colt untamed,
 Bespoke the fair from whence she sprung,
 With little rage inflamed:
- 2 Inflamed with rage at sad restraint,
 Which wise mamma ordained;
 And sorely vexed to play the saint,
 Whilst wit and beauty reigned:
- 3 'Shall I thumb holy books, confined
 With Abigails, forsaken:
 Kitty's for other things designed,
 Or I am much mistaken.
- 4 'Must Lady Jenny frisk about,
 And visit with her cousins;
 At balls must she make all the rout,
 And bring home hearts by dozens!

¹Lady Catharine Hyde, late Duchess of Queensberry.

- 5 'What has she better, pray, than I,
What hidden charms to boast,
That all mankind for her should die;
Whilst I am scarce a toast!
- 6 'Dearest mamma! for once let me,
Unchained, my fortune try;
I'll have my earl as well as she,¹
Or know the reason why.
- 7 'I'll soon with Jenny's pride quit score,
Make all her lovers fall,
They'll grieve I was not loosed before;
She, I was loosed at all.'
- 8 Fondness prevailed, mamma gave way;
Kitty, at heart's desire,
Obtained the chariot for a day,
And set the world on fire.

THE JUDGMENT OF VENUS.

- 1 WHEN Kneller's works of various grace
Were to fair Venus shown;
The goddess spied in every face
Some features of her own.
- 2 Just so! (and pointing with her hand)
So shone, says she, my eyes²
When from two goddesses I gained
An apple for a prize.
- 3 When in the glass, and river too,
My face I lately viewed,

¹ The Earl of Essex married Lady Jane Hyde.—² Lady Ranelagh.

Such was I, if the glass be true,
If true the crystal flood.

4 In colours of this glorious kind¹
Apelles painted me;
My hair thus flowing with the wind,
Sprung from my native sea.

5 Like this,² disordered, wild, forlorn,
Big with ten thousand fears,
Thee, my Adonis, did I mourn,
Even beautiful in tears.

6 But, viewing Myra placed apart,
I fear, says she, I fear,
Apelles, that Sir Godfrey's art
Has far surpassed thine here.

7 Or I, a goddess of the skies,
By Myra am outdone,
And must resign to her the prize,
The apple which I won.

8 But, soon as she had Myra seen,
Majestically fair,
The sparkling eye, the look serene,
The gay and easy air;

9 With fiery emulation filled,
The wondering goddess cried,
Apelles must to Kneller yield,
Or Venus must to Hyde.

¹ Lady Salisbury.—² Lady Jane, sister to the Duke of Douglas; afterwards married to Sir John Stewart.

DAPHNE AND APOLLO:

IMITATED, FROM THE FIRST BOOK OF OVID'S
METAMORPHOSES.

'Nympha, precor, Penei, mane.'—

APOLLO.

ABATE, fair fugitive, abate thy speed,
Dismiss thy fears, and turn thy beauteous head;
With kind regard a panting lover view;
Less swiftly fly, less swiftly I'll pursue:
Pathless, alas! and rugged is the ground,
Some stone may hurt thee, or some thorn may wound.

DAPHNE. (*Aside.*)

This care is for himself, as sure as death!
One mile has put the fellow out of breath;
He'll never do, I'll lead him t'other round;
Washy he is, perhaps not over sound.

10

APOLLO.

You fly, alas! not knowing whom you fly;
Nor ill-bred swain, nor rusty clown, am I:
I Claros isle and Tenedos command.

DAPHNE.

Thank you; I would not leave my native land.

APOLLO.

What is to come, by certain arts I know.

DAPHNE.

Pish! Partridge¹ has as fair pretence as you.

¹ An almanack maker and astrologer at the beginning of the present (eighteenth) century. See Swift's *Miscellanies*.

APOLLO.

Behold the beauties of my locks——

17

DAPHNE.

——A fig!——

That may be counterfeit, a Spanish wig.
Who cares for all that bush of curling hair,
Whilst your smooth chin is so extremely bare?

APOLLO.

I sing——

DAPHNE.

——That never shall be Daphne's choice:
Syphacio had an admirable voice.

APOLLO.

Of every herb I tell the mystic power;
To certain health the patient I restore;
Sent for, caressed——

DAPHNE.

——Ours is a wholesome air;

You'd better go to town, and practise there;
For me, I've no obstructions to remove;
I'm pretty well; I thank your father Jove:
And physic is a weak ally to love.

30

APOLLO.

For learning famed, fine verses I compose.

DAPHNE.

So do your brother quacks and brother beaux.
Memorials only, and reviews, write prose.

APOLLO.

From the bent yew I send the pointed reed,
Sure of its aim, and fatal in its speed.——

DAPHNE.

Then leaving me, whom sure you would not kill! 33
 In yonder thicket exercise your skill:
 Shoot there at beasts; but for the human heart,
 Your cousin Cupid has the only dart.

APOLLO.

Yet turn, O beauteous maid! yet deign to hear
 A love-sick deity's impetuous prayer;
 O let me woo thee as thou wouldst be wooed!

DAPHNE.

First, therefore, be not so extremely rude.
 Tear not the hedges down, nor tread the clover,
 Like an hobgoblin, rather than a lover.
 Next, to my father's grotto sometimes come;
 At ebbing-tide he always is at home.
 Read the Courant with him, and let him know 50
 A little politics, how matters go
 Upon his brother rivers, Rhine or Po.
 As any maid or footman comes or goes,
 Pull off your hat, and ask how Daphne does:
 These sort of folks will to each other tell,
 That you respect me; that, you know, looks well.
 Then, if you are, as you pretend, the god
 That rules the day, and much upon the road,
 You'll find a hundred trifles in your way,
 That you may bring one home from Africa: 60
 Some little rarity, some bird, or beast;
 And now and then a jewel from the east;
 A lacquered cabinet, some china ware,
 You have them mighty cheap at Pekin fair!
 Next, *nota bene*, you shall never rove,
 Nor take example by your father Jove.

Last, for the ease and comfort of my life, 67
 Make me your (Lord! what startles you?) your wife.
 I'm now (they say) sixteen, or something more;
 We mortals seldom live above fourscore:
 Fourscore; you're good at numbers, let us see,
 Seventeen suppose, remaining sixty-three;
 Ay, in that span of time you'll bury me.
 Mean time, if you have tumult, noise, and strife,
 (Things not abhorrent to a married life!)
 They'll quickly end, you see; what signify
 A few odd years to you that never die!
 And, after all, you're half your time away,
 You know your business takes you up all day;
 And, coming late to bed, you need not fear, 80
 Whatever noise I make, you'll sleep, my dear!
 Or, if a winter-evening should be long,
 Even read your physic-book, or make a song.
 Your steeds, your wife, diachalon, and rhyme,
 May take up any honest godhead's time.
 Thus, as you like it, you may love again,
 And let another Daphne have her reign.

Now love, or leave, my dear; retreat, or follow:
 I Daphne (this premised) take thee Apollo.
 And may I split into ten thousand trees, 90
 If I give up on other terms than these!

She said; but what the amorous god replied
 (So fate ordained) is to our search denied;
 By rats, alas! the manuscript is eat,
 O cruel banquet! which we all regret.
 Bavius, thy labours must this work restore;
 May thy good-will be equal to thy power!

THE MICE.

TO MR ADRIAN DRIFT. MDCCCVIII.

Two mice, dear boy, of genteel fashion,
 And (what is more) good education,
 Frolic and gay, in infant years,
 Equally shared their parents' cares.
 The sire of these two babes (poor creature!)
 Paid his last debt to human nature;
 A wealthy widow left behind,
 Four babes, three males, one female kind.
 The sire being under ground and buried,
 'Twas thought his spouse would soon have married;
 Matches proposed, and numerous suitors, 11
 Most tender husbands, careful tutors,
 She modestly refused, and showed
 She'd be a mother to her brood.

Mother! dear mother! that endearing thought
 Has thousand and ten thousand fancies brought.
 Tell me, oh! tell me, (thou art now above)
 How to describe thy true maternal love;
 Thy early pangs, thy growing anxious cares,
 Thy flattering hopes, thy fervent pious prayers, 20
 Thy doleful days and melancholy nights,
 Cloistered from common joys and just delights:
 How thou didst constantly in private mourn,
 And wash with daily tears thy spouse's urn;
 How it employed your thoughts and lucid time,
 That your young offspring might to honour climb;
 How your first care, by numerous griefs oppressed,
 Under the burden sunk, and went to rest;
 How your dear darling, by consumption's waste,
 Breathed her last piety into your breast; 30

How you, alas! tired with your pilgrimage, 31
 Bowed down your head, and died in good old age.
 Though not inspired, oh! may I never be
 Forgetful of my pedigree, or thee!
 Ungrateful howsoe'er, mayn't I forget
 To pay this small, yet tributary debt!
 And when we meet at God's tribunal throne,
 Own me, I pray thee, for a pious son.

But why all this? is this your fable?
 Believe me, Mat, it seems a babble: 40
 If you will let me know the intent on 't.
 Go to your Mice, and make an end on 't.

Well then, dear brother:
 As sure as Hudi's¹ sword could swaddle,
 Two Mice were brought up in one cradle;
 Well bred, I think, of equal port,
 One for the gown, one for the court:
 They parted (did they so, an't please you?)
 Yes, that they did (dear sir) to ease you.
 One went to Holland, where they huff folk, 50
 T' other to vend his wares in Suffolk.
 That Mice have travelled in old times,
 Horace and Prior tell in rhymes,
 Those two great wonders of their ages,
 Superior far to all the sages!
 Many days passed, and many a night,
 Ere they could gain each other's sight;
 At last, in weather cold, nor sultry,
 They met at the Three Cranes in Poultry.
 After much buss and great grimace 60
 (Usual you know in such a case),
 Much chat arose, what had been done,
 What might before next summer's sun;

¹ Hudibras.

Much said of France, of Suffolk's goodness,
 The gentry's loyalty, mob's rudeness.
 That ended, o'er a charming bottle,
 They entered on this tittle-tattle.

Quoth Suffolk, by pre-eminence
 In years, though (God knows) not in sense;
 All's gone, dear brother, only we 70
 Remain to raise posterity;
 Marry you, brother; I'll go down,
 Sell nouns and verbs, and lie alone;
 May you ne'er meet with feuds or babble,
 May olive-branches crown your table!
 Somewhat I'll save, and for this end,
 To prove a brother and a friend.
 What I propose is just, I swear it;
 Or may I perish, by this claret!
 The dice are thrown, choose this or that 80
 ('Tis all alike to honest Mat);
 I'll take then the contrary part,
 And propagate with all my heart.
 After some thought, some Portuguese,¹
 Some wine, the younger thus replies;

Fair are your words, as fair your carriage,
 Let me be free, drudge you in marriage;
 Get me a boy called Adrian,
 Trust me, I'll do for't what I can.

Home went well pleased the Suffolk tony, 90
 Heart free from care, as purse from money;
 He got a lusty squalling boy
 (Doubtless the dad's and mamma's joy).
 In short, to make things square and even,
 Adrian he named was by Dick Stephen.
 Mat's debt thus paid, he now enlarges,

¹ Snuff.

And sends you in a bill of charges, 97
 A cradle, brother, and a basket
 (Granted as soon as e'er I ask it);
 A coat not of the smallest scantling,
 Frocks, stockings, shoes, to grace the bantling;
 These too were sent (or I'm no drubber)
 Nay, add to these the fine gum-rubber;
 Yet these won't do, send t'other coat,
 For, faith, the first's not worth a groat,
 Dismally shrunk, as herrings shotten,
 Supposed originally rotten.
 Pray let the next be each way longer,
 Of stuff more durable, and stronger;
 Send it next week, if you are able. 110
 By this time, sir, you know the fable.
 From this, and letters of the same make,
 You'll find what 'tis to have a name-sake.
 Cold and hard times, sir, here (believe it).
 I've lost my curate too, and grieve it.
 At Easter for what I can see,
 (A time of ease and vacancy)
 If things but alter, and not undone,
 I'll kiss your hands, and visit London.
 Molly sends greeting; so do I, sir; 120
 Send a good coat, that's all; good-by, sir.

 TWO RIDDLES.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE EXAMINER, MDCGX.

SPHINX was a monster that would eat
 Whatever stranger she could get;
 Unless his ready wit disclosed
 The subtle riddle she proposed.

Œdipus was resolved to go,
And try what strength of parts would do.
Says Sphinx, On this depends your fate;
Tell me what animal is that
Which has four feet at morning bright,
Has two at noon, and three at night?
'Tis man, said he, who, weak by nature,
At first creeps, like his fellow creature,
Upon all four; as years accrue,
With sturdy steps he walks on two;
In age, at length, grows weak and sick,
For his third leg adopts a stick.

5

10

Now, in your turn, 'tis just, methinks,
You should resolve me, Madam Sphinx.
What greater stranger yet is he,
Who has four legs, then two, then three;
Then loses one, then gets two more,
And runs away at last on four?

20

EPIGRAM EXTEMPORE.¹

I stood, sir, patient at your feet,
Before your elbow chair;
But make a bishop's throne your seat,
I'll kneel before you there.
One only thing can keep you down,
For your great soul too mean;
You'd not, to mount a bishop's throne,
Pay homage to the queen.

¹ This epigram is printed from a pamphlet published in 1751, entitled, 'The friendly and honest Advice of an old Tory to the Vice Chancellor of Cambridge,' 8vo.

NELL AND JOHN.

- 1 WHEN Nell, given o'er by the doctor, was dying,
And John at the chimney stood decently crying;
'Tis in vain, said the woman, to make such ado,
For to our long home we must all of us go!
- 2 True, Nell, replied John; but, what yet is the worst
For us that remain, the best always go first;
Remember, dear wife, that I said so last year,
When you lost your white heifer, and I my brown
mare!
-

BIBO AND CHARON.

WHEN Bibo thought fit from the world to retreat,
As full of champagne as an egg's full of meat,
He waked in the boat; and to Charon he said,
He would be rowed back, for he was not yet dead.
Trim the boat, and sit quiet, stern Charon replied:
You may have forgot, you were drunk when you died.

WIVES BY THE DOZEN.

O DEATH! how thou spoil'st the best project of life!
Said Gabriel, who still, as he buried one wife,
For the sake of her family, married her cousin;
And thus, in an honest collateral line,
He still married on till his number was nine,
Full sorry to die till he made up his dozen.

FATAL LOVE.

POOR Hal caught his death standing under a spout,
Expecting till midnight, when Nan would come out,
But fatal his patience, as cruel the dame,
And cursed was the weather that quenched the man's
flame.

Whoe'er thou art, that read'st these moral lines,
Make love at home, and go to bed betimes.

THE MODERN SAINT.

HER time with equal prudence Silvia shares,
First writes a billet-doux, then says her prayers;
Her mass and toilet; vespers and the play;
Thus God and Ashtaroth divide the day.
Constant she keeps her Ember-week and Lent,
At Easter calls all Israel to her tent;
Loose without bawd, and pious without zeal,
She still repeats the sins she would conceal.
Envy herself from Silvia's life must grant,
An artful woman makes a modern saint.

10

THE PARALLEL.

PROMETHEUS, forming Mr Day,
Carved something like a man in clay.
The mortal's work might well miscarry;
He, that does heaven and earth control,
Alone has power to form a soul,
His hand is evident in Harry.

Since one is but a moving clod,
T'other the lively form of God;
Squire Wallis, you will scarce be able
To prove all poetry but fable.

10

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WHO WAS FOND OF FORTUNE TELLING.

You, madam, may with safety go,
Decrees of destiny to know;
For at your birth kind planets reigned,
And certain happiness ordained:
Such charms as yours are only given
To chosen favourites of heaven.

But, such is my uncertain state,
'Tis dangerous to try my fate;
For I would only know from art
The future motions of your heart,
And what predestinated doom
Attends my love for years to come;
No secrets else, that mortals learn,
My cares deserve, or life concern;
But this will so important be,
I dread to search the dark decree;
For, while the smallest hope remains,
Faint joys are mingled with my pains;
Vain distant views my fancy please,
And give some intermitting ease:
But should the stars too plainly show
That you have doomed my endless woe,
No human force, or art, could bear
The torment of my wild despair.

10

19

This secret then I dare not know,

And other truths are useless now.
 What matters, if unblest in love,
 How long or short my life will prove!
 To gratify what low desire,
 Should I with needless haste inquire,
 How great, how wealthy, I shall be?
 Oh! what is wealth or power to me!
 If I am happy, or undone,
 It must proceed from you alone.

A GREEK EPIGRAM IMITATED.

WHEN hungry wolves had trespassed on the fold,
 And the robbed shepherd his sad story told,
 'Call in Alcides,' said a crafty priest;
 'Give him one half, and he'll secure the rest.'
 No! said the shepherd, if the Fates decree,
 By ravaging my flock, to ruin me,
 To their commands I willingly resign,
 Power is their character, and patience mine;
 Though, troth! to me there seems but little odds,
 Who prove the greatest robbers, wolves or gods! 10

THE WANDERING PILGRIM,

HUMBLY ADDRESSED TO SIR THOMAS FRANKLAND,
 BART. POST-MASTER, AND PAYMASTER-
 GENERAL TO QUEEN ANNE.

1 WILL PIGGOT¹ must to Coxwould² go,
 To live, alas! in want,

¹ This merry petition was written to obtain the porter's place for Will Piggot.—² Twelve miles north, beyond the city of York.

Unless Sir Thomas say, No, no;
The allowance is too scant.

2 The gracious knight full well does weet,
Ten farthings ne'er will do
To keep a man each day in meat,
Some bread to meat is due.

3 A Rechabite poor Will must live,
And drink of Adam's ale,
Pure element no life can give,
Or mortal soul regale.

4 Spare diet, and spring-water clear,
Physicians hold are good;
Who diets thus, need never fear
A fever in the blood.

5 But pass—the Æsculapian crew,
Who eat and quaff the best,
They seldom miss to bake and brew,
Or lin¹ to break their fast.

6 Could Yorkshire-tyke but do the same,
Then he like them might thrive;
But Fortune, Fortune, cruel dame!
To starve thou dost him drive.

7 In Will's old Master's plenteous days,
His memory e'er be blessed!
What need of speaking in his praise?
His goodness stands confessed.

8 At his famed gate stood Charity,
In lovely sweet array;

¹ 'Lin:' forget.

Ceres and Hospitality

Dwelt there both night and day.

- 9 But, to conclude, and be concise,
Truth must Will's voucher be,
Truth never yet went in disguise,
For naked still is she.
- 10 There is but one, but one alone,
Can set the pilgrim free,
And make him cease to pine and moan;
O Frankland! it is thee.
- 11 Oh! save him from a dreary way,
To Coxwould he must hie,
Bereft of thee, he wends astray,
At Coxwould he must die.
- 12 Oh! let him in thy hall but stand,
And wear a porter's gown,
Duteous to what thou mayst command,
Thus William's wishes crown.
-

VENUS'S ADVICE TO THE MUSES.

Thus to the Muses spoke the Cyprian dame;
'Adorn my altars, and revere my name.
My son shall else assume his potent darts,
Twang goes the bow, my girls; have at your hearts!'
The Muses answered, 'Venus, we deride
The vagrant's malice, and his mother's pride;
Send him to nymphs who sleep on Ida's shade,
To the loose dance, and wanton masquerade;

Our thoughts are settled, and intent our look, 9
On the instructive verse, and moral book;
On female idleness his power relies;
But, when he finds us studying hard, he flies.'

CUPID TURNED PLOUGHMAN.

FROM MOSCHUS.

His lamp, his bow, and quiver, laid aside,
A rustic wallet o'er his shoulders tied;
Sly Cupid, always on new mischief bent,
To the rich field and furrowed tillage went;
Like any ploughman toiled the little god,
His tune he whistled, and his wheat he sowed;
Then sat and laughed, and to the skies above
Raising his eye, he thus insulted Jove:
Lay by your hail, your hurtful storms restrain,
And, as I bid you, let it shine or rain, 10
Else you again beneath my yoke shall bow,
Feel the sharp goad, and draw the servile plough;
What once Europa was, Nannette is now.

PONTIUS AND PONTIA.

- 1 PONTIUS (who loves, you know, a joke,
 Much better than he loves his life)
 Chanced t'other morning to provoke
 The patience of a well bred wife.
- 2 Talking of you, said he, my dear,
 Two of the greatest wits in town,

One asked, if that high furze of hair
Was, bona fide, all your own.

- 3 Her own! most certain, t'other said;
For Nan, who knows the thing, will tell ye,
The hair was bought, the money paid,
And the receipt was signed Ducailly.
- 4 Pontia (that civil prudent she,
Who values wit much less than sense,
And never darts a repartee,
But purely in her own defence)
- 5 Replied, these friends of yours, my dear,
Are given extremely much to satire!
But pr'ythee, husband, let one hear
Sometimes less wit, and more good-nature.
- 6 Now I have one unlucky thought,
That would have spoiled your friend's conceit;
Some hair I have, I'm sure, unbought:
Pray bring your brother wits to see 't.
-

CUPID TURNED STROLLER.

FROM ANACREON.

At dead of night, when stars appear,
And strong Boötes turns the bear;
When mortals sleep their cares away,
Fatigued with labours of the day,
Cupid was knocking at my gate;
Who's there! says I, who knocks so late,

Disturbs my dreams, and breaks my rest! 7
O fear not me, a harmless guest,
He said, but open, open, pray;
A foolish child, I've lost my way,
And wander here this moonless night,
All wet and cold, and wanting light.
With due regard his voice I heard,
Then rose, a ready lamp prepared,
And saw a naked boy below,
With wings, a quiver, and a bow;
In haste I ran, unlocked my gate,
Secure and thoughtless of my fate;
I set the child an easy chair
Against the fire, and dried his hair; 20
Brought friendly cups of cheerful wine,
And warmed his little hands in mine.
All this I did with kind intent;
But he, on wanton mischief bent,
Said, Dearest friend, this bow you see,
This pretty bow belongs to me:
Observe, I pray, if all be right;
I fear the rain has spoiled it quite.
He drew it then, and straight I found
Within my breast a secret wound. 30
This done, the rogue no longer staid,
But leaped away, and laughing said,
'Kind host, adieu! we now must part;
Safe is my bow, but sick thy heart.'

TO A POET OF QUALITY.

PRAISING THE LADY HINCHINBROKE.

- 1 Of thy judicious muse's sense,
Young Hinchinbroke so very proud is,
That Sacharissa and Hortense
She looks, henceforth, upon as dowdies.
 - 2 Yet she to one must still submit,
To dear mamma must pay her duty,
She wonders, praising Wilmot's wit,
Thou shouldst forget his daughter's beauty.
-

THE PEDANT.

LYSANDER talks extremely well;
On any subject let him dwell,
His tropes and figures will content ye:
He should possess to all degrees
The art of talk; he practises
Full fourteen hours in four-and-twenty.

CAUTIOUS ALICE.

So good a wife doth Lissy make,
That from all company she flieth;
Such virtuous courses doth she take,
That she all evil tongues defieth;
And, for her dearest spouse's sake,
She with his brethren only lieth.

THE INCURABLE.

PHILLIS, you boast of perfect health in vain,
 And laugh at those who of their ills complain;
 That with a frequent fever Chloe burns,
 And Stella's plumpness into dropsy turns!
 O Phillis, while the patients are nineteen,
 Little, alas! are their distempers seen.
 But thou, for all thy seeming health, art ill,
 Beyond thy lover's hopes, or Blackmore's skill;
 No lenitives can thy disease assuage,
 I tell thee, 'tis incurable—'tis age.

10

TO FORTUNE.

WHILST I in prison or in court look down,
 Nor beg thy favour, nor deserve thy frown,
 In vain, malicious fortune, hast thou tried,
 By taking from my state, to quell my pride:
 Insulting girl! thy present rage abate;
 And, wouldst thou have me humbled, make me great.

NONPAREIL.

- 1 Let others from the town retire,
 And in the fields seek new delight;
 My Phillis does such joys inspire,
 No other objects please my sight.
- 2 In her alone I find whate'er
 Beauties a country landscape grace:
 No shade so lovely as her hair,
 Nor plain so sweet as in her face.

- 3 Lilies and roses there combine,
More beauteous than in flowery field;
Transparent is her skin so fine,
To this each crystal stream must yield.
- 4 Her voice more sweet than warbling sound,
Though sung by nightingale or lark;
Her eyes such lustre dart around,
Compared to them, the sun is dark.
- 5 Both light and vital heat they give :
Cherished by them, my love takes root;
From her kind looks does life receive,
Grows a fair plant, bears flowers and fruit.
- 6 Such fruit, I ween, did once deceive
The common parent of mankind;
And made transgress our mother Eve:
Poison its core, though fair its rind.
- 7 Yet so delicious is its taste,
I cannot from the bait abstain,
But to the enchanting pleasure haste,
Though I were sure 'twould end in pain.
-

CHASTE FLORIMEL.

- 1 No—I'll endure ten thousand deaths,
Ere any farther I'll comply;
Oh! sir, no man on earth that breathes
Had ever yet his hand so high!
- 2 Oh! take your sword, and pierce my heart,
Undaunted see me meet the wound,
Oh! will you act a Tarquin's part?
A second Lucrece you have found.

- 3 Thus to the pressing Corydon,
Poor Florimel, unhappy maid!
Fearing by love to be undone,
In broken dying accents said.
- 4 Delia, who held the conscious door,
Inspired by truth and brandy, smiled,
Knowing that, sixteen months before,
Our Lucrece had her second child.
- 5 And, hark ye! madam, cried the bawd,
None of your flights, your high rope dodging;
Be civil here, or march abroad;
Oblige the squire, or quit the lodging.
- 6 Oh! have I—Florimel went on—
Have I then lost my Delia's aid?
Where shall forsaken virtue run,
If by her friend she is betrayed?
- 7 Oh! curse on empty friendship's name!
Lord, what is all our future view!
Then, dear destroyer of my fame,
Let my last succour be to you!
- 8 From Delia's rage, and fortune's frown,
A wretched love-sick maid deliver!
Oh! tip me but another crown,
Dear sir, and make me yours for ever.

DOCTORS DIFFER.

WHEN Willis¹ of Ephraim heard Rochester² preach,
Thus Bentley said to him, I pr'ythee, dear brother,

¹ Bp. of Gloucester.—² Bp. Atterbury.

How lik'st thou this sermon? 'Tis out of my reach.

His is one way, said Willis, and ours is another:
I care not for carping; but this I can tell,
We preach very sadly, if he preaches well.

EPIGRAM ON BISHOP ATTERBURY.

MEEK Francis lies here, friend: without stop or stay,
As you value your peace, make the best of your way.
Though at present arrested by death's caitiff paw,
If he stirs, he may still have recourse to the law.
And in the King's Bench should a verdict be found,
That by livery and seisin his grave is his ground,
He will claim to himself what is strictly his due,
And an action of trespass will straightway ensue,
That you without right on his premises tread,
On a simple surmise that the owner is dead.

ON BISHOP ATTERBURY'S BURYING THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM MDCCXX.

'I HAVE no hopes,' the duke he says, and dies;
'In sure and certain hopes,' the prelate cries:
Of these two learned peers, I pr'ythee, say, man,
Who is the lying knave, the priest or layman?
The duke he stands an infidel confessed,
'He's our dear brother,' quoth the lordly priest.
The duke, though knave, still 'brother dear,' he cries;
And who can say, the reverend prelate lies?

UPON HONOUR.

A FRAGMENT.

HONOUR, I say, or honest fame,
 I mean the substance, not the name;
 (Not that light heap of tawdry wares,
 Of ermine, coronets, and stars,
 Which often is by merit sought,
 By gold and flattery oftener bought;
 The shade, for which ambition looks
 In Selden's¹ or in Ashmole's² books:)
 But the true glory, which proceeds,
 Reflected bright, from honest deeds, 10
 Which we in our own breast perceive,
 And kings can neither take nor give.

ENIGMA.

By birth I'm a slave, yet can give you a crown;
 I dispose of all honours, myself having none;
 I'm obliged by just maxims to govern my life,
 Yet I hang my own master, and lie with his wife.
 When men are a-gaming, I cunningly sneak,
 And their cudgels and shovels away from them take.
 Fair maidens and ladies I by the hand get,
 And pick off their diamonds, tho' ne'er so well set.
 For when I have comrades we rob in whole bands,
 Then presently take off your lands from your hands.
 But, this fury once over, I've such winning arts, 11
 That you love me much more than you do your own
 hearts.

¹ Titles of honour.—² Order of the Garter.

ANOTHER.

FORMED half beneath, and half above the earth,
 We sisters owe to art our second birth;
 The smith's and carpenter's adopted daughters,
 Made on the land, to travel on the waters.
 Swifter they move, as they are straiter bound,
 Yet neither tread the air, or wave, or ground;
 They serve the poor for use, the rich for whim,
 Sink when it rains, and when it freezes swim.

THE OLD GENTRY.

- 1 THAT all from Adam first began,
 None but ungodly Woolston doubts;
 And that his son, and his son's son,
 Were all but ploughmen, clowns, and louts.
- 2 Each, when his rustic pains began,
 To merit pleaded equal right;
 'Twas only who left off at noon
 Or who went on to work till night.
- 3 But coronets we owe to crowns,
 And favour to a court's affection;
 By nature we are Adam's sons,
 And sons of Anstis¹ by election.
- 4 Kingsale! eight hundred years have rolled,
 Since thy forefathers held the plough;
 When this in story shall be told,
 Add, that my kindred do so now.
- 5 The man who by his labour gets
 His bread, in independent state,

¹ Garter King at Arms.

Who never begs, and seldom eats,
Himself can fix or change his fate.

THE INSATIABLE PRIEST.

- 1 LUKE PREACH-ILL admires what we laymen can mean;
That thus by our profit and pleasure are swayed,
He has but three livings, and would be a dean;
His wife died this year, he has married his maid.
 - 2 To suppress all his carnal desires in their birth,
At all hours a lusty young hussy is near;
And, to take off his thoughts from the things of this
earth,
He can be content with two thousand a year.
-

A FRENCH SONG IMITATED.

- 1 WHY thus from the plain does thy shepherdess rove,
Forsaking her swain, and neglecting his love!
You have heard all my grief, you see how I die,
Oh! give some relief to the swain whom you fly.
 - 2 How can you complain, or what am I to say,
Since my dog lies unfed, and my sheep run astray!
Need I tell what I mean, that I languish alone,
When I leave all the plain, you may guess 'tis for one.
-

A CASE STATED.

- 1 Now how shall I do with my love and my pride;
Dear Dick,¹ give me counsel, if friendship has any;

¹ Mr Shelton.

Pr'ythee purge, or let blood, surly Richard replied,
And forget the coquette in the arms of your
Nanny.¹

2 While I pleaded with passion how much I deserved,
For the pains and the torments of more than a
year;

She looked in an almanack, whence she observed,
That it wanted a fortnight to Barthol'mew-fair.

3 My Cowley and Waller how vainly I quote,
While my negligent judge only hears with her eye!
In a long flaxen wig, and embroidered new coat,
Her spark saying nothing talks better than I.

UPON PLAYING AT OMBRE WITH TWO LADIES.

I KNOW that fortune long has wanted sight,
And therefore pardoned when she did not right;
But yet till then it never did appear,
That, as she wanted eyes, she could not hear;
I begged that she would give me leave to lose,
A thing she does not commonly refuse!
Two matadores are out against my game,
Yet still I play, and still my luck's the same;
Unconquered in three suits it does remain,
Whereas I only ask in one to gain;
Yet she, still contradicting, gifts imparts,
And gives success in every suit—but hearts.

10

¹ Mrs Durham.

CUPID'S PROMISE,

A FRENCH SONG PARAPHRASED.

- 1 Soft Cupid, wanton, amorous boy,
The other day, moved with my lyre,
In flattering accents spoke his joy,
And uttered thus his fond desire.
 - 2 Oh! raise thy voice! one song I ask;
Touch then thy harmonious string;
To Thyrsis easy is the task,
Who can so sweetly play and sing.
 - 3 Two kisses from my mother dear,
Thyrsis, thy due reward shall be;
None, none, like beauty's queen is fair,
Paris has vouched this truth for me.
 - 4 I straight replied, 'Thou know'st alone
That brightest Chloe rules my breast,
I'll sing thee two instead of one,
If thou 'lt be kind, and make me blest.
 - 5 One kiss from Chloe's lips, no more
I crave; he promised me success:
I played with all my skill and power,
My glowing passion to express.
 - 6 But oh! my Chloe, beauteous maid!
Wilt thou the wished reward bestow?
Wilt thou make good what love has said,
And, by thy grant, his power show?
-

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD.

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE, IN LADY OXFORD'S STUDY, 1717.

PEN, ink, and wax, and paper send
To the kind wife, the lovely friend;
Smiling, bid her freely write
What her happy thoughts indite;
Of virtue, goodness, peace, and love,
Thoughts which angels may approve.

A LETTER

TO THE HONOURABLE LADY MARGARET CAVENDISH
HARLEY, WHEN A CHILD.

MY noble, lovely, little Peggy,
Let this my first epistle beg ye,
At dawn of morn and close of even,
To lift your heart and hands to heaven.
In double beauty say your prayer;
Our Father first,—then Notre Pere:
And, dearest child, along the day,
In everything you do and say,
Obey and please my lord and lady,
So God shall love, and angels aid ye.
If to these precepts you attend,
No second letter need I send,
And so I rest your constant friend.

LINES¹

WRITTEN UNDER THE PRINT OF TOM BRITTON THE SMALL-
COAL-MAN, PAINTED BY MR WOOLASTON.

THOUGH doomed to small coal, yet to arts allied,
Rich without wealth, and famous without pride;
Music's best patron, judge of books and men,
Beloved and honoured by Apollo's train,
In Greece or Rome sure never did appear
So bright a genius, in so dark a sphere:
More of the man had artfully been saved,
Had Kneller painted, and had Vertue graved.

TRUTH TOLD AT LAST.

SAYS Pontius in rage, contradicting his wife,
'You never yet told me one truth in your life.'
Vexed Pontia no way could this thesis allow,
'You're a cuckold, says she; do I tell you truth now?'

WRITTEN

IN LADY HOWE'S OVID'S EPISTLES.

HOWEVER high, however cold, the fair,
However great the dying lover's care,
Ovid, kind author, found him some relief,
Ranged his unruly sighs, and set his grief;
Taught him what accents had the power to move,
And always gained him pity, sometimes love.
But oh! what pangs torment the destined heart,
That feels the wound, yet dares not show the dart!
What ease could Ovid to his sorrows give,
Who must not speak, and therefore cannot live! 10

¹ A remarkable man, who, although he carried small coal about in a wheelbarrow, was an excellent musician.—*Sir John Hawkins' History of Music*, vol. v. p. 70.

AN EPISTLE. MDCCXVI.

I PRAY, good Lady Harley, let Jonathan know,
How long you intend to live incognito.

Your humble servant,

ELKANAH SETTLE.

ANOTHER EPISTLE.

I PRAY Lady Harriot the time to assign
When she shall receive a turkey and chine ;
That a body may come to St James' to dine.

TRUE'S EPITAPH,

If wit or honesty could save
Our mouldering ashes from the grave,
This stone had still remained unmarked,
I still writ prose, True still have barked.
But envious fate has claimed its due,
Here lies the mortal part of True ;
His deathless virtues must survive,
To better us that are alive.

His prudence and his wit were seen
In that, from Mary's grace and mien,
He owned the power, and loved the queen.
By long obedience he confessed
That serving her was to be blessed.—
Ye murmurers, let True evince
That men are beasts, and dogs have sense !

His faith and truth all Whitehall knows,
He ne'er could fawn or flatter those
Whom he believed were Mary's foes :
Ne'er skulked from whence his sovereign led him,

Or snarled against the hand that fed him.— 20
 Read this, ye statesmen now in favour,
 And mend your own, by True's behaviour!

EPIGRAM.

To Richmond and Peterburgh, Mat gave his letters,
 And thought they were safe in the hands of his betters.
 How happened it then that the packets were lost?
 These were knights of the garter, not knights of the
 post.

THE VICEROY.

A BALLAD.

TO THE TUNE OF LADY ISABELLA'S TRAGEDY.

- 1 OF Nero, tyrant, petty king,¹
 Who heretofore did reign
 In famed Hibernia, I will sing,
 And in a ditty plain.
- 2 He hated was by rich and poor,
 For reasons you shall hear;
 So ill he exercised his power,
 That he himself did fear.
- 3 Full proud and arrogant was he,
 And covetous withal;
 The guilty he would still set free,
 But guiltless men enthrall.
- 4 He, with a haughty impious nod,
 Would curse and dogmatize;
 Nor fearing either man or God:
 Gold he did idolize.

¹ Lord Coningsby, one of the lords justices of Ireland.

- 5 A patriot¹ of high degree,
Who could no longer bear
This upstart Viceroy's tyranny,
Against him did declare.
- 6 And, armed with truth, impeached the don
Of his enormous crimes,
Which I'll unfold to you anon,
In low, but faithful rhymes.
- 7 The articles recorded stand
Against this peerless peer,
Search but the archives of the land,
You'll find them written there.
- 8 Attend, and justly I'll recite
His treasons to you all,
The heads set in their native light
(And sigh poor Gaphny's fall).
- 9 That traitorously he did abuse
The power in him reposed;
And wickedly the same did use,
On all mankind imposed.
- 10 That he, contrary to all law,
An oath did frame and make,
Compelling the militia
The illegal oath to take.
- 11 Free quarters for the army too
He did exact and force
On Protestants; his love to show,
Than Papists used them worse.

¹ The Earl of Bellamont impeached Coningsby.

- 12 On all provisions destined for
The camp at Limerick,
He laid a tax full hard and sore,
Though many men were sick.
- 13 The suttlers too he did ordain
For licenses should pay,
Which they refused with just disdain,
And fled the camp away.
- 14 By which provisions were so scant,
That hundreds there did die;
The soldiers food and drink did want,
Nor famine could they fly.
- 15 He so much loved his private gain,
He could not hear or see;
They might, or die, or might complain,
Without relief, pardie.
- 16 That, above and against all right,
By word of mouth did he,
In council sitting, hellish spite,
The farmer's fate decree:
- 17 That he, O Ciel! without trial,
Straightway should hangèd be;
Though then the courts were open all,
Yet Nero judge would be.
- 18 No sooner said, but it was done,
The Bourreau did his worst;
Gaplmy, alas! is dead and gone,
And left his judge accursed.

- 19 In this concise despotic way
Unhappy Gaphny fell;
Which did all honest men affray,
As truly it might well.
- 20 Full two good hundred pounds a year,
This poor man's real estate,
He settled on his favourite dear,
And Culliford can say 't.
- 21 Besides, he gave five hundred pound
To Fielding his own scribe,
Who was his bail; one friend he found,
He owed him to the bribe.
- 22 But for this horrid murder vile
None did him prosecute;
His old friend helped him o'er the stile:
With Satan who'd dispute?
- 23 With France, fair England's mortal foe,
A trade he carried on;
Had any other done 't, I trow
To Tripos he had gone.
- 24 That he did likewise traitorously,
To bring his ends to bear,
Enrich himself most knavishly;
O thief without compare!
- 25 Vast quantities of stores did he
Embezzle and purloin;
Of the king's stores he kept a key,
Converting them to coin.

- 26 The forfeited estates also,
Both real and personal,
Did with the stores together go,
Fierce Cerberus swallowed all.
- 27 Meanwhile the soldiers sighed and sobbed,
For not one *sous* had they;
His Excellence had each man fobbed,
For he had sunk their pay.
- 28 Nero, without the least disguise,
The papists at all times
Still favoured, and their robberies
Looked on as trivial crimes.
- 29 The protestants whom they did rob
During his government,
Were forced with patience, like good Job,
To rest themselves content.
- 30 For he did basely them refuse
All legal remedy;
The Romans still he well did use,
Still screened their roguery.
- 31 Succinctly thus to you I've told,
How this Viceroy did reign;
And other truths I shall unfold,
For truth is always plain.
- 32 The best of queens he had reviled,
Before and since her death,
He, cruel and ungrateful, smiled
When she resigned her breath.

- 33 Forgetful of the favours kind
She had on him bestowed,
Like Lucifer his rancorous mind,
He loved nor her nor God.
- 34 But listen, Nero, lend thine ears,
As still thou hast them on;
Hear what Britannia says with tears,
Of Anna dead and gone.
- 35 'Oh! sacred be her memory,
For ever dear her name!
There never was, nor e'er can be,
A brighter, juster dame.
- 36 'Blessed be my sons, and eke all those
Who on her praises dwell!
She conquered Britain's fiercest foes,
She did all queens excel.
- 37 'All princes, kings, and potentates,
Ambassadors did send;
All nations, provinces, and states,
Sought Anna for their friend.
- 38 'In Anna they did all confide,
For Anna they could trust:
Her royal faith they all had tried,
For Anna still was just.
- 39 'Truth, mercy, justice, did surround
Her awful judgment seat,
In her the Graces all were found,
In Anna all complete.

- 40 'She held the sword and balance right,
And sought her people's good;
In clemency she did delight,
Her reign not stained with blood.
- 41 'Her gracious goodness, piety,
In all her deeds did shine,
And bounteous was her charity;
All attributes divine.
- 42 'Consummate wisdom, meekness all,
Adorned the words she spoke;
When they from her fair lips did fall;
And sweet her lovely look.
- 43 'Ten thousand glorious deeds to crown,
She caused dire war to cease:
A greater empress ne'er was known,
She fixed the world in peace.
- 44 'This last and godlike act achieved,
To heaven she winged her flight;
Her loss with tears all Europe grieved;
Their strength, and dear delight.
- 45 'Leave we in bliss this heavenly saint,
Revere, ye just, her urn;
Her virtues high and excellent,
Astræa gone we mourn.
- 46 'Commemorate, my sons, the day
Which gave great Anna birth:
Keep it for ever and for aye,
And annual be your mirth!'

- 47 Illustrious George now fills the throne,
Our wise benign good king:
Who can his wondrous deeds make known,
Or his bright actions sing?
- 48 Thee, favourite Nero, he has deigned
To raise to high degree!
Well thou thy honours hast sustained,
Well vouched thy ancestry.
- 49 But pass: These honours on thee laid,
Can they e'er make thee white!
Don't Gaphny's blood, which thou hast shed,
Thy guilty soul affright?
- 50 Oh! is there not, grim mortal, tell,
Places of bliss and woe!
Oh! is there not a heaven, a hell;
But whither wilt thou go?
- 51 Can nought change thy obdurate mind?
Wilt thou for ever rail;
The prophet on thee well refined,
And set thy wit to sale.
- 52 How thou art lost to sense and shame,
Three countries witness be;
Thy conduct all just men do blame,
Libera nos, Domine!
- 53 Dame Justice waits thee, well I ween,
Her sword is brandished high:
Nought can thee from her vengeance screen,
Nor canst thou from her fly.

- 54 Heavy her ire will fall on thee,
 The glittering steel is sure;
 Sooner or later, all agree,
 She cuts off the impure.
- 55 To her I leave thee, gloomy peer,
 Think on thy crimes committed;
 Repent, and be for once sincere,
 Thou ne'er wilt be De-Witted.

APOLOGY TO A LADY,

WHO TOLD ME I COULD NOT LOVE HER HEARTILY,
 BECAUSE I HAD LOVED OTHERS.

IN IMITATION OF MR WALLER.

- 1 FAIR Sylvia, cease to blame my youth
 For having loved before;
 So men, ere they have learned the truth,
 Strange deities adore.*
- 2 My youth ('tis true) has often ranged,
 Like bees o'er gaudy flowers;
 And many thousand loves has changed,
 Till it was fixed in yours.
- 3 For, Sylvia, when I saw those eyes,
 'Twas soon determined there;
 Stars might as well forsake the skies,
 And vanish into air!
- 4 If I from this great rule do err,
 New beauties to explore;
 May I again turn wanderer,
 And never settle more!

AGAINST MODESTY IN LOVE.

- 1 For many unsuccessful years
At Cynthia's feet I lay;
And often bathed them with my tears,
Despaired, but durst not pray.
 - 2 No prostrate wretch, before the shrine
Of any saint above,
E'er thought his goddess more divine,
Or paid more awful love.
 - 3 Still the disdainful dame looked down
With an insulting pride;
Received my passion with a frown,
Or tossed her head aside.
 - 4 When Cupid whispered in my ear,
'Use more prevailing charms,
Fond, whining, modest fool, draw near,
And clasp her in your arms.
 - 5 'With eager kisses tempt the maid,
From Cynthia's feet depart;
The lips he warmly must invade
Who would possess the heart.'
 - 6 With that I shook off all my fears,
My better fortune tried;
And Cynthia gave what she for years
Had foolishly denied.
-

ON A YOUNG LADY'S GOING TO TOWN
IN THE SPRING.

- 1 ONE night unhappy Celadon,
 Beneath a friendly myrtle's shade,
 With folded arms and eyes cast down,
 Gently reposed his love-sick head;
 Whilst Thyrsis, sporting on the neighbouring plain,
 Thus heard the discontented youth complain:
 - 2 'Ask not the cause why sickly flowers
 Faintly recline their drooping heads;
 As fearful of approaching showers,
 They strive to hide them in their beds;
 Grieving with Celadon they downward grow,
 And feel with him a sympathy of woe.
 - 3 'Chloris will go; the cruel fair,
 Regardless of her dying swain,
 Leaves him to languish, to despair,
 And murmur out in sighs his pain.
 The fugitive to fair Augusta flies,
 To make new slaves, and gain new victories.'
 - 4 So restless monarchs, though possessed
 Of all that we call state or power,
 Fancy themselves but meanly blessed,
 Vainly ambitious still of more.
 Round the wide world impatiently they roam,
 Not satisfied with private sway at home.
-

WHEN THE CAT IS AWAY, THE MICE MAY PLAY.

A FABLE,¹ INSCRIBED TO DR SWIFT.

In domibus Mures avido dente omnia captant:

In domibus Fures avida mente omnia raptant.

- 1 A LADY once (so stories say)
By rats and mice infested,
With gins and traps long sought to slay
The thieves; but still they 'scaped away,
And daily her molested.
- 2 Great havoc 'mongst her cheese was made,
And much the loss did grieve her;
At length Grimalkin to her aid
She called (no more of cats afraid),
And begged him to relieve her.
- 3 Soon as Grimalkin came in view,
The vermin back retreated;
Grimalkin swift as lightning flew,
Thousands of mice he daily slew,
Thousands of rats defeated.
- 4 Ne'er cat before such glory won;
All people did adore him;
Grimalkin far all cats outshone,
And in his lady's favour none
Was then preferred before him.
- 5 Pert Mrs Abigail alone
Envied Grimalkin's glory;

¹ The hints of this and the following fable appear to have originated from the fable of the Old Lady and her Cats, printed in the General Postscript, Nov. 7, 1709. They have been both ascribed to Swift.

Her favourite lap-dog now was grown
Neglected; him she did bemoan,
And raved like any Tory.

6 She cannot bear, she swears she won't,
To see the cat regarded;
But firmly is resolved upon 't,
And vows, that, whatsoe'er comes on 't,
She'll have the cat discarded.

7 She begs, she storms, she fawns, she frets,
Her arts are all employed,
And tells her lady, in a pet,
Grimalkin cost her more in meat
Than all the rats destroyed.

8 At length this spiteful waiting-maid
Produced a thing amazing;
The favourite cat's a victim made,
To satisfy this prating jade,
And fairly turned a-grazing.

9 Now lap-dog is again restored
Into his lady's favour;
Sumptuously kept at bed and board,
And he (so Nab has given her word)
Shall from all vermin save her.

10 Nab much exults at this success,
And, overwhelmed with joy,
Her lady fondly does caress,
And tells her, Fubb can do no less
Than all her foes destroy.

11 But vain such hopes; the mice that fled
Return now Grim's discarded;

Whilst Fubb till ten, on silken bed,
Securely lolls his drowsy head,
And leaves the cheese unguarded.

12 Nor rats nor mice the lap-dog fear,
Now uncontrolled their theft is;
And whatso'er the vermin spare,
Nab and her dog betwixt them share,
Nor pie nor pippin left is.

13 Meanwhile, to cover their deceit,
At once, and slander Grim;
Nab says, the cat comes, out of spite,
To rob her lady every night,
So lays it all on him.

14 Nor corn secure in garret high,
Nor cheesecake safe in closet;
The cellars now unguarded lie,
On every shelf the vermin prey;
And still Grimalkin does it.

15 The gains from corn apace decayed,
No bags to market go:
Complaints came from the dairy-maid,
The mice had spoiled her butter trade,
And eke her cheese also.

16 With this same lady once there lived
A trusty servant maid,
Who, hearing this, full much was grieved,
Fearing her lady was deceived,
And hastened to her aid.

17 Much art she used for to disclose
And find out the deceit;

At length she to the lady goes,
Discovers her domestic foes,
And opens all the cheat.

- 18 Struck with the sense of her mistake,
The lady, discontented,
Resolves again her cat to take,
And ne'er again her cat forsake,
Lest she again repent it.
-

THE WIDOW AND HER CAT.

A FABLE.¹

- 1 A widow kept a favourite cat,
At first a gentle creature;
But, when he was grown sleek and fat,
With many a mouse, and many a rat,
He soon disclosed his nature.
- 2 The fox and he were friends of old,
Nor could they now be parted;
They nightly slunk to rob the fold,
Devoured the lambs, the fleeces sold;
And puss grew lion-hearted.
- 3 He scratched the maid, he stole the cream,
He tore her best laced pinner;
Nor chanticleer upon the beam,
Nor chick, nor duckling, 'scapes, when Grim
Invites the fox to dinner.
- 4 The dame full wisely did decree,
For fear he should dispatch more,

¹ Some ascribe this to Swift.

That the false wretch should worried be;
But, in a saucy manner, he
Thus speeched it like a Lechmere:¹

5 'Must I, against all right and law,
Like polecat vile be treated?
I, who so long with tooth and claw
Have kept domestic mice in awe,
And foreign foes defeated!

6 'Your golden pippins, and your pies,
How oft have I defended!
'Tis true, the pinner which you prize,
I tore in frolic; to your eyes
I never harm intended.

7 'I am a cat of honour.'—'Stay!'
Quoth she, 'no longer parley;
Whate'er you did in battle slay,
By law of arms, became your prey:
I hope you won it fairly.

8 'Of this we'll grant you stand acquit,
But not of your outrages:
Tell me, perfidious! was it fit
To make my cream a perquisite,
And steal, to mend your wages?

9 'So flagrant is thy insolence,
So vile thy breach of trust is,
That longer with thee to dispense,
Were want of power, or want of sense—
Here, Towzer!—do him justice.'

¹ The celebrated lawyer.

A PARAPHRASE FROM THE FRENCH.

IN grey-haired Celia's withered arms

As mighty Lewis lay,

She cried, 'If I have any charms,

My dearest, let's away!

For you, my love, is all my fear,

Hark how the drums do rattle ;

Alas, sir ! what should you do here

In dreadful day of battle ?

Let little Orange stay and fight,

For danger's his diversion ;

10

The wise will think you in the right,

Not to expose your person.

Nor vex your thoughts how to repair

The ruins of your glory ;

You ought to leave so mean a care

To those who pen your story.

Are not Boileau and Corneille paid

For panegyric writing ?

They know how heroes may be made

Without the help of fighting.

20

When foes too saucily approach,

'Tis best to leave them fairly ;

Put six good horses in your coach,

And carry me to Marly.

Let Boufflers, to secure your fame,

Go take some town, or buy it ;

Whilst you, great sir, at Nostredame,

Te Deum sing in quiet !'

SONGS, SET TO MUSIC BY THE MOST
EMINENT MASTERS.

I.—SET BY MR ABEL.

READING ends in melancholy;
Wine breeds vices and diseases;
Wealth is but care, and love but folly;
Only friendship truly pleases.
My wealth, my books, my flask, my Molly,
Farewell all, if friendship ceases.

II.—SET BY MR PURCELL.

- 1 WHITHER would my passion run,
Shall I fly her, or pursue her?
Losing her, I am undone;
Yet would not gain her, to undo her.
- 2 Ye tyrants of the human breast,
Love and reason! cease your war,
And order death to give me rest;
So each will equal triumph share.

III.—SET BY MR DE FESCH.

- 1 STREPHONETTA, why d'ye fly me,
With such rigour in your eyes?
Oh! 'tis cruel to deny me,
Since your charms I so much prize.
- 2 But I plainly see the reason,
Why in vain I you pursued;
Her to gain 'twas out of season,
Who before the chaplain wooed.

IV.—SET BY MR SMITH.

- 1 Come, weep no more, for 'tis in vain;
Torment not thus your pretty heart;
Think, Flavia, we may meet again,
As well as, that we now must part.
- 2 You sigh and weep; the gods neglect
That precious dew your eyes let fall:
Our joy and grief with like respect
They mind; and that is, not at all.
- 3 We pray, in hopes they will be kind,
As if they did regard our state:
They hear; and the return we find
Is, that no prayers can alter fate.
- 4 Then clear your brow, and look more gay,
Do not yourself to grief resign;
Who knows but that those powers may
The pair, they now have parted, join!
- 5 But, since they have thus cruel been,
And could such constant lovers sever;
I dare not trust, lest now they're in,
They should divide us two for ever.
- 6 Then, Flavia, come, and let us grieve,
Remembering though upon what score;
This our last parting look believe,
Believe we must embrace no more.
- 7 Yet, should our sun shine out at last;
And fortune, without more deceit,
Throw but one reconciling cast,
To make two wandering lovers meet;

- 8 How great then would our pleasure be,
 To find Heaven kinder than believed;
 And we, who had no hopes to see
 Each other, to be thus deceived!
- 9 But say, should Heaven bring no relief,
 Suppose our sun should never rise:
 Why then what's due to such a grief,
 We've paid already with our eyes.

V.—SET BY MR DE FESCH.

- 1 Let perjured fair Amynta know,
 What for her sake I undergo;
 Tell her, for her how I sustain
 A lingering fever's wasting pain;
 Tell her, the torments I endure,
 Which only, only she can cure.
- 2 But, oh! she scorns to hear, or see,
 The wretch that lies so low as me;
 Her sudden greatness turns her brain,
 And Strephon hopes, alas! in vain;
 For ne'er 'twas found (though often tried)
 That pity ever dwelt with pride.

VI.—SET BY MR SMITH.

- 1 PHILLIS, since we have both been kind,
 And of each other had our fill;
 Tell me what pleasure you can find,
 In forcing nature 'gainst her will.
- 2 'Tis true, you may with art and pain
 Keep in some glowings of desire;
 But still those glowings which remain
 Are only ashes of the fire.

- 3 Then let us free each other's soul,
And laugh at the dull constant fool,
Who would love's liberty control,
And teach us how to whine by rule.
- 4 Let us no impositions set,
Or clogs upon each other's heart;
But, as for pleasure first we met,
So now for pleasure let us part.
- 5 We both have spent our stock of love,
So consequently should be free;
Thyrsis expects you in yon grove;
And pretty Chloris stays for me.

VII.—SET BY MR DE FESCH.

- 1 PHILLIS, this pious talk give o'er,
And modestly pretend no more;
It is too plain an art;
Surely you take me for a fool,
And would by this prove me so dull,
As not to know your heart.
- 2 In vain you fancy to deceive,
For truly I can ne'er believe
But this is all a sham;
Since any one may plainly see,
You'd only save yourself with me,
And with another damn.

VIII.—SET BY MR SMITH.

- 1 STILL, Dorinda, I adore;
Think I mean not to deceive you;
For I loved you much before,

And, alas! now love you more,
Though I force myself to leave you.

- 2 Staying, I my vows shall fail;
 Virtue yields, as love grows stronger;
 Fierce desires will sure prevail;
 You are fair; and I am frail,
 And dare trust myself no longer.
- 3 You, my love, too nicely coy,
 Lest I should have gained the treasure,
 Made my vows and oaths destroy
 The pleasing hopes I did enjoy
 Of all my future peace and pleasure.
- 4 To my vows I have been true,
 And in silence hid my anguish,
 But I cannot promise too
 What my love may make me do,
 While with her for whom I languish.
- 5 For in thee strange magic lies,
 And my heart is too, too tender;
 Nothing's proof against those eyes,
 Best resolves and strictest ties
 To their force must soon surrender.
- 6 But, Dorinda, you're severe,
 I most doting, thus to sever;
 Since from all I hold most dear,
 That you may no longer fear,
 I divorce myself for ever.

IX.—SET BY MR DE FESCH.

- 1 Is it, O love, thy want of eyes,
Or by the Fates decreed,
That hearts so seldom sympathise,
Or for each other bleed!
- 2 If thou wouldst make two youthful hearts
One amorous shaft obey;
'Twould save thee the expense of darts,
And more extend thy sway.
- 3 Forbear, alas! thus to destroy
Thyself, thy growing power;
For that which would be stretched by joy,
Despair will soon devour.
- 4 Ah! wound then my relentless fair,
For thy own sake and mine;
That boundless bliss may be my share,
And double glory thine.

X.—SET BY MR SMITH.

WHY, Harry, what ails you, why look you so sad?
To think and ne'er drink, will make you stark mad.
'Tis the mistress, the friend, and the bottle, old boy,
Which create all the pleasure poor mortals enjoy;
But wine of the three is the most cordial brother,
For one it relieves, and it strengthens the other.

XI.—SET BY MR SMITH.

- 1 SINCE my words, though ne'er so tender,
With sincerest truth expressed,
Cannot make your heart surrender,
Nor so much as warm your breast;

- 2 What will move the springs of nature;
What will make you think me true;
Tell me, thou mysterious creature,
Tell poor Strephon what will do!
- 3 Do not, Charmion, rack your lover
Thus by seeming not to know
What so plainly all discover,
What his eyes so plainly show.
- 4 Fair one, 'tis yourself deceiving,
'Tis against your reason's laws;
Atheist-like the effect perceiving,
Still to disbelieve the cause.

XII.—SET BY MR DE FESCH.

- 1 MORELLA, charming without art,
And kind without design,
Can never loose the smallest part
Of such a heart as mine.
- 2 Obliged a thousand several ways,
It ne'er can break her chains;
While passion, which her beauties raise,
My gratitude maintains.

XIII.—SET BY MR DE FESCH.

- 1 LOVE, inform thy faithful creature
How to keep his fair one's heart;
Must it be by truth of nature,
Or by poor dissembling art!
- 2 Tell the secret, show the wonder,
How we both may gain our ends;

I am lost if we're asunder,
 Ever tortured if we're friends.

XIV.—SET BY MR DE FESCH.

TOUCH the lyre, on every string,
 TOUCH it, Orpheus, I will sing,
 A song which shall immortal be;
 Since she I sing's a deity:
 A Leonora, whose blest birth
 Has no relation to this earth.

XV.—SET BY MR SMITH.

- 1 ONCE I was unconfined and free,
 Would I had been so still!
 Enjoying sweetest liberty,
 And roving at my will.
- 2 But now, not master of my heart,
 Cupid does so decide,
 That two she-tyrants shall it part,
 And so poor me divide.
- 3 Victoria's will I must obey,
 She acts without control:
 Phillis has such a taking way,
 She charms my very soul.
- 4 Deceived by Phillis' looks and smiles,
 Into her snares I run;
 Victoria shows me all her wiles,
 Which yet I dare not shun.
- 5 From one I fancy every kiss
 Has something in 't divine;

And, awful, taste the balmy bliss,
That joins her lips with mine.

6 But, when the other I embrace,
Though she be not a queen,
Methinks 'tis sweet with such a lass
To tumble on the green.

7 Thus here you see a sharèd heart,
But I, meanwhile, the fool ;
Each in it has an equal part,
But neither yet the whole.

8 Nor will it, if I right forecast,
To either wholly yield ;
I find the time approaches fast,
When both must quit the field.

XVI.—SET BY MR DE FESCH.

1 FAREWELL, Amynta, we must part ;
The charm has lost its power,
Which held so fast my captived heart
Until this fatal hour.

2 Hadst thou not thus my love abused,
And used me ne'er so ill,
Thy cruelty I had excused,
And I had loved thee still.

3 But know, my soul disdains thy sway,
And scorns thy charms and thee,
To which each fluttering coxcomb may
As welcome be as me.

- 4 Think in what perfect bliss you reigned,
How loved before thy fall;
And now, alas! how much disdained
By me, and scorned by all.
- 5 Yet thinking of each happy hour,
Which I with thee have spent,
So robs my rage of all its power,
That I almost relent.
- 6 But pride will never let me bow,
No more thy charms can move;
Yet thou art worth my pity now,
Because thou hadst my love.

XVII.—SET BY MR SMITH.

- 1 ACCEPT, my love, as true a heart
As ever lover gave;
'Tis free (it vows) from any art,
And proud to be your slave.
- 2 Then take it kindly, as 'twas meant,
And let the giver live;
Who with it would the world have sent,
Had it been his to give.
- 3 And, that Dorinda may not fear
I e'er will prove untrue,
My vows shall, ending with the year,
With it begin anew.

XVIII.—SET BY MR DE FESCH.

- 1 NANNY blushes when I woo her,
And, with kindly-chiding eyes,

Faintly says, I shall undo her,
Faintly, O forbear! she cries.

2 But her breasts while I am pressing,
While to hers my lips I join,
Warmed she seems to taste the blessing,
And her kisses answer mine.

3 Undebauched by rules of honour,
Innocence with nature charms;
One bids, gently push me from her,
The other, take me in her arms.

XIX.—SET BY MR SMITH.

1 SINCE we your husband daily see
So jealous out of season,
Phillis, let you and I agree
To make him so with reason.

2 I'm vexed to think, that every night
A sot, within thy arms,
Tasting the most divine delight,
Should sully all your charms;

3 While fretting I must lie alone,
Cursing the powers divine,
That undeservedly have thrown
A pearl unto a swine.

4 Then, Phillis, heal my wounded heart,
My burning passion cool;
Let me at least in thee have part
With thy insipid fool.

XX.—SET BY C. R.

- 1 PHILLIS, give this humour over,
We too long have time abused;
I shall turn an arrant rover,
If the favour's still refused.
- 2 Faith! 'tis nonsense out of measure,
Without ending thus to see
Women forced to taste a pleasure
Which they love as well as we.
- 3 Let not pride and folly share you,
We were made but to enjoy;
Ne'er will age or censure spare you,
E'er the more for being coy.
- 4 Never fancy time's before you,
Youth, believe me, will away;
Then, alas! who will adore you,
Or to wrinkles tribute pay!
- 5 All the swains on you attending
Show how much your charms deserve;
But, miser like, for fear of spending,
You amidst your plenty starve.
- 6 While a thousand freer lasses,
Who their youth and charms employ;
Though your beauty theirs surpasses,
Live in far more perfect joy.

XXI.

HASTE, my Nannette, my lovely maid,
Haste to the bower thy swain has made;

For thee alone I made the bower,
 And strewed the couch with many a flower.
 None but my sheep shall near us come:
 Venus be praised! my sheep are dumb!
 Great god of love, take thou my crook,
 To keep the wolf from Nannette's flock!
 Guard thou the sheep, to her so dear;
 My own, alas, are less my care.
 But, of the wolf if thou'rt afraid,
 Come not to us to call for aid;
 For with her swain my love shall stay,
 Though the wolf prowl, and the sheep stray.

XXII.—SET BY MR DE FESCH.

- 1 SINCE by ill fate I'm forced away,
 And snatched so soon from those dear arms;
 Against my will I must obey,
 And leave those sweet endearing charms.
- 2 Yet still love on; and never fear,
 But you and constancy will prove
 Enough my present flame to bear,
 And make me, though in absence, love.
- 3 For, though your presence fate denies,
 I feel, alas! the killing smart;
 And can with undiscerned eyes
 Behold your picture in my heart.

XXIII.—SET BY MR DE FESCH.

- 1 IN vain, alas! poor Strephon tries
 To ease his tortured breast;
 Since Amoret the cure denies,
 And makes his pain a jest.

2 Ah! fair one, why to me so coy,
And why to him so true;
Who with more coldness slights the
joy,
Than I with love pursue?

3 Die then, unhappy lover! die,
For, since she gives thee death,
The world has nothing that can buy
A minute more of breath.

4 Yet, though I could your scorn outlive,
'Twere folly; since to me
Not love itself a joy can give,
But, Amoret, in thee.

XXIV.—SET BY MR DE FESCH.

1 WELL! I will never more complain,
Or call the fates unkind;
Alas, how fond it is, how vain!
But self-conceitedness does reign
In every mortal mind.

2 'Tis true they long did me deny,
Nor would permit a sight;
I raged; for I could not espy,
Or think that any harm could lie
Disguised in that delight.

3 At last, my wishes to fulfill,
They did their power resign;
I saw her; but I wish I still
Had been obedient to their will,
And they not unto mine.

- 4 Yet I by this have learned the wit,
Never to grieve or fret;
Contentedly I will submit,
And think that best which they think fit,
Without the least regret.

XXV.—SET BY MR C. R.

- 1 CHLOE beauty has and wit,
And an air that is not common;
Every charm in her does meet,
Fit to make a handsome woman.
- 2 But we do not only find
Here a lovely face or feature;
For she's merciful and kind,
Beauty's answered by good nature.
- 3 She is always doing good,
Of her favours never sparing,
And, as all good christians should,
Keeps poor mortals from despairing.
- 4 Jove the power knew of her charms,
And that no man could endure them,
So, providing 'gainst all harms,
Gave to her the power to cure them.
- 5 And 'twould be a cruel thing,
When her black eyes have raised desire,
Should she not her bucket bring,
And kindly help to quench the fire.

XXVI.

- 1 SINCE, Moggy, I mun bid adieu,
How can I help despairing?
Let cruel fate us still pursue,
There's nought more worth my caring.
- 2 'Twas she alone could calm my soul,
When racking thoughts did grieve me;
Her eyes my trouble could control,
And into joys deceive me.
- 3 Farewell, ye brooks; no more along
Your banks mun I be walking;
No more you'll hear my pipe or song,
Or pretty Moggy's talking.
- 4 But I by death an end will give
To grief, since we mun sever;
For who can after parting live,
Ought to be wretched ever.

XXVII.

- 1 SOME kind angel, gently flying,
Moved with pity at my pain,
Tell Corinna, I am dying,
Till with joy we meet again.
- 2 Tell Corinna, since we parted,
I have never known delight;
And soon shall be broken-hearted,
If I longer want her sight.
- 3 Tell her how her lover, mourning,
Thinks each lazy day a year;

Cursing every morn returning,
Since Corinna is not here.

- 4 Tell her too, not distant places,
Will she be but true and kind,
Joined with time and change of faces,
E'er shall shake my constant mind.

XXVIII.—NELLY.

- 1 WHILEST others proclaim
This nymph or that swain,
Dearest Nelly the lovely I'll sing;
She shall grace every verse,
I'll her beauties rehearse,
Which lovers can't think an ill thing.

- 2 Her eyes shine as bright
As stars in the night,
Her complexion divinely is fair;
Her lips, red as a cherry,
Would a hermit make merry,
And black as a coal is her hair.

- 3 Her breath, like a rose,
Its sweets does disclose,
Whenever you ravish a kiss;
Like ivory enchased,
Her teeth are well placed,
An exquisite beauty she is.

- 4 Her plump breasts are white,
Delighting the sight,
There Cupid discovers her charms;
Oh! spare then the rest,

SONGS.

And think of the best;
'Tis heaven to die in her arms.

5 She's blooming as May,
Brisk, lively, and gay,
The Graces play all round about her;
She's prudent and witty,
Sings wondrously pretty,
And there is no living without her.

THE END.